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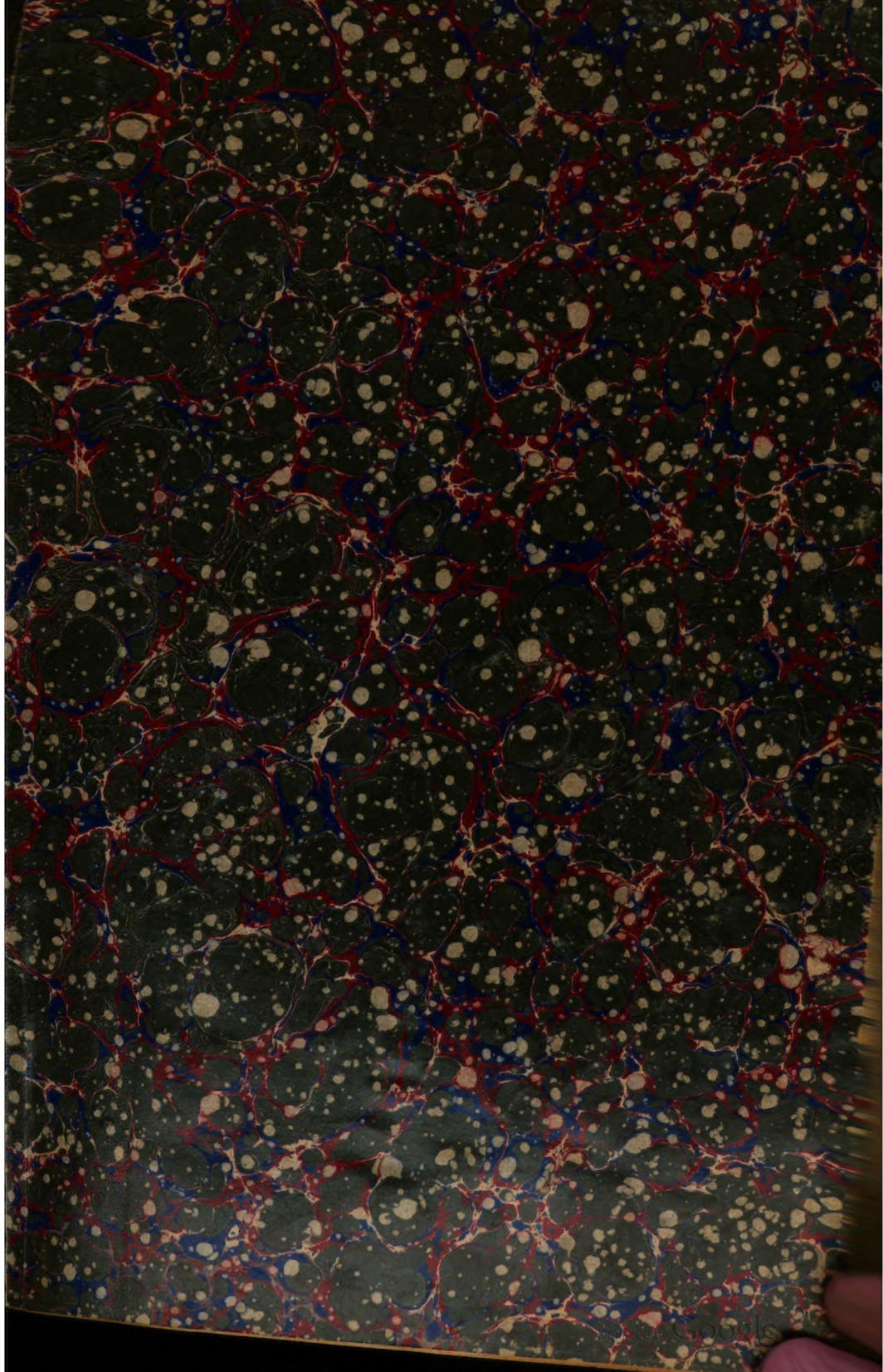
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HOMER'S ILIAD.

HOMER'S ILIAD:

TRANSLATED

BY

WILLIAM MUNFORD.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

1846.

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THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

VOL. II.

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Neptune assists the Greeks — The exploits of Idomeneus.

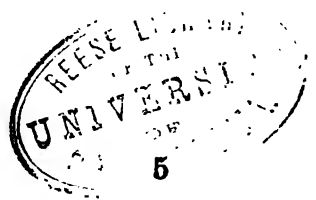


THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN Jove had now the Trojans and their chief
Brought near the ships of Greece, he left them there,
The toil and pain of battle to endure
Unintermitting, while his radiant eyes,
With heavenly glories bright, he turn'd away, 5
Beholding other lands, where dwelt the tribes
Of Thracians, tamers of the savage steed,
Of Mysians, in close conflict stout and brave,
And Hippemolgians, far-renown'd, who feed
On milk alone,^a and live a length of days, 10
Most innocent and upright of mankind.
No longer towards the Trojan shore he turn'd
His sparkling eyes ; for in his mind no thought
Admission found,^b that any of the gods
Would join the fight, assisting either host. 15
But Neptune, who the world's foundation shakes,
Not inattentive, mark'd him ; for he sat,
The battle and the war with anxious gaze
Observing, from the topmost pinnacle
Of Thracian Samos, crown'd with waving woods. 20
Thence all mount Ida rose upon his view ;

The town of Priam thence was plainly seen,
And all the Grecian fleet. There, from the deep
Emerg'd, he sat, and with compassion saw
Th' Achaians by their Trojan foes subdu'd. 25
Fierce wrath and indignation fir'd his breast
Against the king of heaven. Instantly,
Impetuous, down the craggy steep he rush'd
Of that huge mountain ! c Trembled all the woods
And cliffs abrupt, beneath th' immortal feet 30
Of mighty Neptune ! Three prodigious strides
He took, and, with a fourth, his journey's end,
At Ægæ, reach'd, where, in the seas profound,
His glorious palace stands, of solid gold
Refulgent, incorruptible. Arriv'd, 35
He harness'd to the car his brass-hoof'd steeds,
Swift-wing'd, and deck'd with radiant manes of gold.
Himself in golden armor shines ; he takes
The splendid whip, and mounts the seat sublime.
O'er ocean's waves the winged coursers flew ; 40
Huge whales unwieldy left their secret caves,
And joyfully around him gamboll'd, all
Acknowledging their king ; the gladsome sea,
Subsiding, gave him way ; the coursers bore
So rapidly the smoothly-gliding car 45
That not a briny drop of billowy spray
Bedew'd the whirling axle ! To the ships
They bore their lord. There is a cavern wide,
Within the bottom of the gulfy main,
Half way between rough Imbros' rocky isle 50
And Tenedos. Earth-shaking Neptune there
His coursers stay'd, and, from the car releas'd,
Fed with ambrosia ; then with golden chains,
Infrangible, indissolubly firm,
He bound their feet, that fix'd they should abide 55



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Till his return ; he to the Grecian host
Pursu'd his way. The Trojan multitude,
Thronging tumultuous, like a raging fire
Or tempest, follow'd Hector, Priam's son, L
With inextinguishable fury fraught ; 60
Shouting and loudly clamoring, confident
To win that day the navy of the Greeks,
And there to slaughter all Achaia's sons.
But Neptune, who encircles all the earth
And rocks her solid basis, from the deep 65
Ascending, rous'd the Greeks again to war,
Resembling Calchas, in his rev'rend form
And loud commanding voice.^d Th' Ajaces first
The god address'd, whose valiant minds, self-mov'd,
Were ardent for the combat : You, my friends, 70
Will save Achaia's host, rememb'ring now
Your valor, and disdaining direful flight.
Here is the greatest peril ; not so much
At other points I fear the bold attack
Of Trojans, who in crowds have overleap'd 75
Our lofty bulwarks, for the Greeks elsewhere
Will keep them all in check ; but here, I dread
Exceedingly, destruction may befall ;
For hither Hector, like devouring flame
Tremendous comes, Hector, who madly boasts 80
Himself a son of Jove omnipotent.
But you, may some one of the gods empower
Yet to resist him, standing firm and bold,
And others hearten like yourselves to fight.
Then may you, even now, with valorous strength 85
Repulse him, furious as he is, and urg'd
By the strong impulse of Olympian Jove !
Earth-shaking, earth-surrounding Neptune said,
And, touching with his sceptre, fill'd them both

With powerful valor ; active made their limbs, 90
 Buoyant and light their feet, and strong their hands.
 But like a hawk, swift-darting on the wing,
 Who, from a lofty rock precipitous,
 Over the fields a timorous bird pursues,
 The god abruptly vanish'd from their sight ! 95
 The swifter Ajax, great Oileus' son,
 First knew the power divine, and thus address'd
 His comrade, Ajax son of Telamon :
 Ajax, since some one of the gods, who dwell
 On high Olympus, now in Calchas' form 100
 Exhorts us bravely for the ships to fight,
 (For he that spake was not that aged seer,
 Expounder of celestial auguries ;
 I saw his gait majestic and his shape,
 As he withdrew, and therefore know full well 105
 A god he was, for gods are easily
 From mortal men distinguish'd,) therefore now
 The spirit in my bosom is arous'd
 To war and combat ; active and alert
 My hands and feet both spring to meet the foe. 110
 Him Telamonian Ajax answer'd thus :
 So now with me, my hands invincible,
 Spontaneous grasp the spear ; with courage high
 My bosom is dilated, and my feet
 Unwonted impulse feel. I long to strive 115
 Singly with Hector, Priam's mighty son,
 Fir'd as he is with more than mortal rage.
 Such conf'rence held the chiefs, replete with joy
 And warlike ardor, by the god infus'd.
 Meanwhile, the girder of the spacious earth 120
 Rallied the Grecians in the rear, who, hidden
 Within their ships, reliev'd their languid limbs,
 From flight laborious. Spent by painful toil

They lay, with hearts afflicted, while they view'd
 Their foes, whose multitude had scal'd their wall. 125
 Tears from their eyelids at that woful sight
 Profusely flow'd ; for no escape from death
 That day they look'd for. But the god who shakes
 The steadfast earth, rallied their warlike bands
 With ease, by speedy intervention. First 130
 Teucer and Leitus he rous'd ; and next,
 Peneleus, gallant hero ; Thoas then ;
 Merion, Deipyrus, Antilochus ;
 All skill'd in war, all terrors of the field.
 Their valiant minds he thus to fight arou's'd : ° 135
 O shame ! ye Argives, strong in vigorous youth !
 To you I trusted, by your dauntless might,
 To save our navy ; but if you retreat,
 Shunning this doleful strife, the day indeed
 Is come when we must fall by Trojan hands ! 140
 Ye gods ! what wonder do these eyes behold !
 What direful prodigy ! (which I, alas !
 Hop'd never to have seen,) the troops of Troy
 Invading e'en our ships ! those dastard troops
 Who, heretofore, resembled timid stags, 145
 Renown'd for speed alone ; a feeble race,
 Adapted not for combat, who, through woods
 Straggle unguarded, soon to be the prey
 Of panthers or of wolves : so hitherto
 The Trojans dar'd not for a moment stand 150
 The valor and dread prowess of the Greeks ;
 But now, far distant from their town, they fight
 Beside our hollow ships, unhappy fruit
 Of our own general's fault, and failing zeal
 In us his people, who, by him displeas'd, 155
 Are now reluctant to defend our ships ;
 Preferring e'en amidst them to be slain

With dire disgrace ! But if, indeed, 'tis true,
 That blame to Agamemnon must attach,
 Heroic son of Atreus, king of men, 160
 For foul dishonor to the great Achilles ; L
 Yet we by no means should the battle shun,
 But quickly remedy these ills ; for minds
 Of good men, when distemper'd, soon are heal'd.
 It is not well that you, our bravest chiefs, 165
 Your fiery valor should relinquish thus.
 For my part, I would pity and forgive
 A dastard, whose involuntary fears
 Detain'd him from the field ; but wrath severe
 Your careless folly kindles in my breast ! 170
 O, weak and thoughtless, your neglect will soon
 Some heavier woe produce ! But think, I pray,
 Upon the shame, the scandal, which to-day
 Attends on all ; for, lo ! a contest hard
 And dreadful has arisen ! Hector now, 175
 Mighty in battle, combats at our ships ;
 Hector, the strong and terrible, who burst
 Our solid gates and broke their massy bars.
 Exhorting thus with animating speech,
 Neptune the Greeks excited. Two brave bands 180
 Around th' Ajaces form'd a phalanx strong,
 Whose order Mars himself would not have blam'd,
 Nor wise Minerva, who the nations rules.
 The bravest heroes chosen from the rest,
 Await the Trojans and their godlike chief ; 185
 Supporting spear with spear and shield with shield,
 In closest order ; buckler leaning well
 On buckler, helm on helm, and man on man.
 Their crested casques, with waving horse-hair crown'd,
 Nodding above their shining summits, touch'd, 190
 So dense they stood in terrible array !

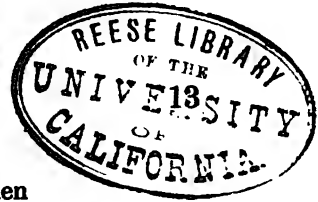
With javelins brandish'd in their valiant hands,
 And pointed towards the foe, right on they mov'd ;
 While each brave bosom for th' encounter burn'd !
 But first, the Trojan host made fierce assault 195
 With thronging multitudes ; for in their van
 Great Hector rush'd impetuous, like a rock,
 Bearing destruction from a mountain's brow,^s
 Which, by a wintry torrent swollen with rain,
 Is from its deep-set craggy bed dislodg'd, 200
 Then whirl'd aloft, it falls ; the crashing wood
 Beneath it thunders ; rolling down the steep,
 With weight resistless and augmenting speed,
 It hurries to the champaign ; there at length,
 It rolls no more, though rapidly impell'd ; 205
 So Hector menac'd, till the shore he reach'd
 Of ocean, easily to force his way,
 With direful slaughter to the tents and ships ;
 But that battalion dense, in phalanx form'd,
 Encount'ring, near their javelins' points he stopp'd ! 210
 Achaia's valiant sons, with falchions huge
 And double-pointed javelins, smiting hard,
 Repuls'd him : he, perforce, was driven back,
 Struggling in vain ; but, to its highest pitch
 His thund'ring voice he rais'd, and to the charge 215
 His troops excited : Trojans, Lycians bold,
 And Dardans in close combat ever firm,
 Be brave, be resolute ! Not long the Greeks
 Shall stand against me, though embodied dense,
 E'en like a living tower ; but, I trust, 220
 Will fly before my lance, if truly me, |
 The greatest of the gods now urges on,
 Loud-thund'ring consort of the queen of heaven.
 He said, and fir'd with courage ev'ry man.
 Deiphobus, among them, Priam's son, 225

Elate with valor strode. In front he held
His large round buckler, covering all his frame,
And proudly march'd, with light and lofty strides.
Against him, Merion aim'd his shining spear,
Which err'd not,^a but that solid buckler smote, 230
Of tough bull-hides ; but entrance none was found ;
For near its brazen spike the weapon's staff
Snapp'd short ! Deiphobus, his ample shield
Held at arm's length, outstretch'd ; dreading the lance
Of warlike Merion ; he, retiring, sought 235
The squadron of his friends, with stern regret
For victory lost, and for his broken spear.
Then to the tents and ships he took his way,
To bring a javelin, left within his tent ;
But others fought, and boundless clamor rose. 240
Then Telamonian Teucer was the first
Who slew a warrior, Imbrius, Mentor's son,
Whose plenteous pastures many coursers fed.
Before th' arrival of the sons of Greece,
He at Pedæum dwelt, and had to wife 245
Medesicasta, Priam's daughter fair,
Of spurious birth ; but when Achaia's fleet
Came o'er the main, to Ilion he repair'd,
And shone illustrious in the Trojan ranks,
With Priam's self residing, by the king 250
Belov'd and honor'd like his princely sons.
Him, with a deadly lance, beneath his ear
Brave Teucer smote ; he drew the weapon forth,
The warrior fell, as on a mountain's brow,
Conspicuous from afar, a tall ash falls, 255
Hewn down, with verdant foliage, to the ground !
His armor, bright with brass, around him rang.
Fierce Teucer rush'd his body to despoil,
But as he forward sprang, great Hector hurl'd

A shining javelin ; he, its brazen point 260
 Observing, narrowly escap'd ; it reach'd
 Amphimachus, Cteatus' warlike son,^k
 Of Actor's noble race, as to the fight
 He bravely rush'd, and through his bosom drove.
 With thund'ring sound he fell, and o'er him rang 265
 His armor. Hector hasten'd from his head
 To snatch the splendid helmet ; but at him
 Approaching, Ajax threw a beamy spear. <
 His flesh it reach'd not, all with radiant brass
 Terrific clad, but smote his buckler's orb, 270
 And by that blow, with forceful fury dealt,
 E'en him repuls'd. Unwillingly the chief
 Left both the slaughter'd heroes. Them the Greeks
 Drew from the crowd. Amphimachus was borne
 By Stichius, and Menestheus, godlike chief, 275
 Princes of Athens, to Achaia's host ;
 And Imbrius by th' Ajaces, ardent both
 With fiery valor. As two lions stout,
 Through thickets dark and wild, in greedy jaws
 A kid between them carry, snatch'd away 280
 From threat'ning teeth of dogs, and hold it high
 Above the ground ; so Imbrius' bloody corse
 The two Ajaces bore, of armor soon
 By them despoil'd. Oileus' son his head
 From the smooth neck divided, to revenge 285
 Amphimachus, and toss'd it, like a ball,
 Among the Trojans, rolling, till at length
 It rested in the dust at Hector's feet.
 But Neptune's heart is now with wrath inflam'd,
 His grandson fallen in the dreadful fight.^l 290
 He speeds his course among the tents and ships,
 Rousing the Greeks and framing woes for Troy.
 Then spear-renown'd Idomeneus he met,^m

Returning from a soldier who had left
 The fight, disabled by a wound severe, 295
 Inflicted by a javelin in the groin ;
 His brave associates brought him from the field.
 The chieftain having, with attentive care,
 The surgeons well admonish'd, left the tent,
 Eager again the battle to partake. 300
 Him the great ruler of the seas profound,
 Address'd, with voice well feign'd. He Thoas seem'd,
 Andræmon's son, Ætolia's warlike lord,
 Who, honor'd by his people as a god,
 All Pleuron rul'd and lofty Calydon : 305
 Monarch of Crete, Idomeneus ! where now
 Have fled the proud vindictive menaces
 Of Greece against the Trojans ? Idomen,
 The Cretan chieftain, him this answer gave :
 Thoas, to my perception not a Greek 310
 Deserves reproach, for all to duty's call
 Are now alike obedient, none forsake
 Through fear or sloth the combat ; but it seems
 Such is the will of Jove omnipotent,
 That here, remote from Argos, all the Greeks 315
 Shall fall without renown. Yet, Thoas, still
 As thou wast ever valiant heretofore,
 And others didst rebuke whene'er they fail'd
 In duty, be not thou in fight remiss,
 But others too exhort. To him the god 320
 Whose trident heaves the globe : Idomeneus,
 May every man who, willingly, to-day
 Neglects his duty, never hence return,
 But here become the sport of Trojan dogs.
 Come then, resume thine armor, and with me 325
 Hasten to combat. It behooves us now
 No time to waste, but active zeal employ,

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For even two important aid may yield.
Great is the power of union, even of men
For prowess not distinguish'd, and we both 330
Have known full well to combat with the brave.
This said, the god withdrew among the throng
Of toiling heroes : but Idomeneus,
Returning to his tent, was soon array'd
In splendid arms, and took two shining spears. 335
Then forth he came, the lightning's vivid flash
Resembling,^a when the son of Saturn hurls
His dreadful thunderbolt with powerful arm,
A sign to mortals, from the Olympian height,
When all the mountain brightens with the blaze, 340
And dazzling splendors gleam through heaven's expanse ;
So shone the polish'd armor of the king,
As towards the fight he hasten'd. Near his tent
Meriones he met, his comrade bold,^o
Who to replace a broken javelin came. 345
Him, thus the might of Idomen address'd :^p
O son of Molus, Merion swift of foot,
My best belov'd associate ! Why hast thou
Come hither, leaving now the burning strife ?
Hast thou sustained a wound, retaining still 350
The weapon's painful head ? or dost thou bring
To me some message ? Never in my tent
Choose I to loiter, but to fight return.
To whom, discreetly, thus Meriones :
O prince of Cretans, clad in brazen arms, 355
I come to get a javelin from thy tent,
If any there remain ; for that which late
I bore in battle, on the shield I broke
Of proud Deiphobus, that boastful chief.
The Cretan monarch Idomen replied : 360
Spears truly thou shalt find within my tent ;

Not one alone, but twenty, if thou wilt,
 Against the walls reclining, beamy bright,
 From Trojans taken, whom myself have slain ;
 For not aloof from enemies do I 365
 The battle wage. Hence many spears I have,
 And bossy bucklers ; many starry helms
 And polish'd breastplates, beautiful and bright.
 Him, thoughtful Merion answer'd wisely, thus :
 I also, in my tent and sable ship, 370
 Have many Trojan spoils ; though now not near.
 Neither have I forgotten, in the least,
 My valor, but among the foremost stand
 Conspicuous when the fire of battle burns.
 Some other of the mail-clad Grecian host 375
 May not have seen my deeds ; but thou, I think,
 Hast known them well. To this Idomeneus,
 The Cretan king : Full well, indeed, I know
 How great thy valor. Is it requisite
 To tell me this ? For, should we at the ships 380
 Be now selected, (all the bravest men,)
 To form an ambush, in which service hard
 Courage is best distinguish'd, who is base
 And who is valiant evidently seen ;
 (For then the dastard's color, changing oft, 385
 Betrays his inward fear ; he cannot sit
 With mind compos'd and steady, but he shrinks
 Crouching, with bended knees and feet drawn up ;
 His heart beats quick, with palpitation strong,
 Against his trembling bosom, while his teeth 390
 Chatter with rattling noise ; not so the brave ;
 His color fix'd abides, nor does he feel
 Excessive tremor, from the moment when
 He stands in ambush, but his bosom beats
 With stern impatience for the bloody strife :) 395

E'en in that trying scene none would deny
Thy courage and thy prowess ; for whene'er
A spear or arrow shall have smitten thee
Toiling in battle, not upon thy nape,
Nor in thy back that weapon will have struck, 400
But in thy breast or bowels, full in front,
As forward thou art rushing, through the crowd
Of heroes in the van. But let us march,
And talk no longer, idly standing here
Like prattling boys, lest some with censure foul 405
Bewray us both. Go thou into my tent
And take a javelin of the largest there.
He said ; Meriones, a match for Mars,
Took instantly a javelin from the tent,
And, ardent for the combat, to the field 410
Follow'd Idomeneus. As direful Mars,
The bane of mortals, marches to the war,
And Terror follows him, his favorite son,
Dauntless and strong, whose dreadful countenance
Appals the bravest hero ; they from Thrace 415
Come, clad in armor, to th' Ephyrian bands,
Or Phlegyans stout and bold ;^r the prayers of both
They heed not, but to either glory give,
According to their will ; so terrible,
Idomeneus and Merion, chiefs of men, 420
Array'd in shining arms to battle rush'd.
But Merion first address'd the Cretan king :
Son of Deucalion, at what point wilt thou
The combat join ? Upon our army's right ?
Or in the centre ? or the left wing now 425
Shall we prefer ? for nowhere else our aid
So needful seems, to save Achaia's host.
To him Idomeneus, the Cretan king :
Others there are the centre to defend ;

The two Ajaces ; Teucer, who excels 430
 All other Greeks in skilful archery,
 And does good service too in standing fight.
 They will employ him well ; ' strong as he is,
 And rous'd with utmost fury to the fight ;
 E'en Hector, Priam's son ; hard will it be 435
 For him, however fierce and terrible,
 Their martial strength, invincible till now,
 To conquer and to fire Achaia's fleet ;
 If Jove in person cast no burning torch
 Upon our ships ; for not indeed to man, 440
 Will Ajax son of Telamon succumb ;
 If mortal man he be, upon the fruits
 Of Ceres fed, and may be smitten through
 By javelins, or be crush'd by pond'rous rocks.
 Not even to Achilles would he yield, 445
 (That breaker of the squadrons) in close fight,
 Though in pursuit he cannot vie with him.
 Now let us therefore on the left engage,
 That quickly we may know whether renown
 To others we shall yield, or from them win. 450
 He said ; and Merion, like impetuous Mars,
 Flew to the battle where the chief enjoin'd.
 The Trojans when they saw Idomeneus,
 Dreadful in combat as devouring fire,
 Attended by his comrade, both array'd 455
 In arms refulgent, all against him rush'd,
 With mutual exhortations. Closing then,
 Both armies fought with equal fury near
 The naval prows. As when by whistling winds,
 Storms are excited in a sultry day, 460
 When all the roads with stifling dust are fill'd,
 A cloud immense is rais'd, and high in air
 It low'ring stands ; so dense the warring crowds

Encounter'd, with fell purpose, all intent
 To reach with javelins keen their foemen's hearts. 466
 The life-destroying battle, horror glar'd
 Excessive,^a bristling with long lances, held
 In hands of heroes, flesh of men to wound !
 The blaze of burnish'd armor on all sides
 Dazzled the eye, from helmets glitt'ring bright, 470
 From newly-polish'd breastplates, from broad shields
 Refulgent, as together terribly
 The warriors rush'd. Truly, of dauntless heart
 He must have been, who could with joy have view'd
 That scene, and in his bosom felt no dread ! 475
 Two mighty sons of Saturn opposite,
 Contriv'd for many heroes cruel woes.
 Jove to the Trojans and their mighty chief,
 Design'd the vict'ry, glory to confer
 On swift Achilles ; yet intended not 480
 Entire destruction to Achaia's host,
 Beneath the walls of Ilion ; though he gave
 Glory to Thetis and her matchless son.
 But Neptune interposing, rous'd anew
 The Greeks to combat, (from his hoary deep 485
 Emerging secretly,) for much it griev'd
 His heart to see them by the Trojans slain,
 And furious was his wrath against heaven's king.
 Both powers celestial they, of race divine,
 And parentage the same ; but Jove supreme 490
 Was eldest, and in wisdom far excell'd.
 Hence Neptune dar'd not openly give aid,
 But, veil'd in human shape, by secret art
 Inspir'd the Greeks with valor, and impell'd
 To strife incessant. Thus those powerful gods 495
 The chain of furious discord and dire war
 All-levelling,^v around both armies drew,

Infrangible, indissolubly strong,
 Which warring multitudes together press'd,
 And many knees unstrung. There, though in arms 500
 Now grown half grey, the bold Idomeneus,^w
 The Greeks exhorting, on the Trojans sprang,
 And fear diffus'd among them, for he slew
 Othryoneus, who in Cabetes dwelt.
 He lately to the glory of the war 505
 Had been attracted, for he sought to wed
 Cassandra, loveliest daughter of the king,
 No dowry offering ; but, achievement great,
 He promis'd to expel Achaia's sons
 From Trojan ground : for this, did Priam old 510
 Promise in turn, and pledge his sacred nod,
 That fair Cassandra rich reward should be ;
 And he confiding, fought ; but as he strode
 With high and haughty steps, Idomeneus,
 With fatal aim, his shining javelin hurl'd ; 515
 Nor could the brazen cuirass which he wore
 That blow resist, but in his bowels deep
 The weapon stuck. He fell with clanging arms,
 And thus the victor gloried o'er the slain : ^x
 Othryoneus ! above all mortals thee 520
 I will applaud, if truly thou perform
 That arduous task, which, for his daughter's love,
 To Dardan Priam thou hast undertaken !
 We could have promis'd too, and not in vain :
 Atrides' fairest daughter we would bring 525
 From Argos, and to thee in wedlock give,
 If thou with us wouldst sack the spacious town
 Of many-peopled Ilion. Now with me
 Come to the ships, that we may there consult
 About these nuptials ! Thou shalt find us not 530
 Ungenerous in providing thee a bride !

He said, and by the foot the carcass dragg'd
 Amidst the raging fight. Him to revenge
 Stout Asius forward strode, before his steeds,⁷
 Which, panting, on his shoulders blew their breath, 535
 Restrain'd with caution by his charioteer.
 He hop'd to slay the Cretan king ; but, him
 Idomeneus preventing, hurl'd a lance
 Which smote him in the throat, beneath the chin,
 And quite transfix'd. He fell as falls an oak 540
 Or poplar, or a lofty pine, far seen,
 Which from a mountain's summit, shipwrights cleave
 With newly-sharpen'd axes, for the mast
 Of some large ship ; so prostrate he lay, stretch'd
 Before his steeds and car, grinding his teeth 545
 In agony, and clasping with his hands
 The bloody plain. Astonish'd, for a time,
 With sense suspended, stood his charioteer,
 And dar'd not turn the coursers to escape
 His dreadful foe ! But him, the swift in fight, 550
 Antilochus, transfix'd with javelin keen,
 Nor could his brazen breastplate turn the point
 Which tore his bowels ; from the splendid car
 Gasping he fell. Antilochus, the son
 Of noble Nestor, seiz'd his steeds, and drove 555
 His prize of battle to Achaia's host.
 But fierce Deiphobus, for Asius' death
 Incens'd, approach'd Idomeneus, and aim'd
 His shining javelin ; he observing, shunn'd
 The brazen dart ; for, stooping near the ground, 560
 And hidden by his buckler's ample orb,
 Which, thick with hides of oxen, plated o'er
 With brass refulgent, and supported well
 By two strong baldricks, on his arm he bore,
 He shelter'd all his body. O'er its verge 565

The javelin flew ; but tinkling rang the shield,
 As grazing slightly on the rim it glanc'd ;
 Yet not in vain that hand, robust and strong,
 Had hurl'd it ; for it glided swiftly on,
 And great Hypsenor, son of Hippasus, 570
 His people's shepherd, in the liver smote,
 Deep in the flank, and instantly in death
 His knees unstrung. Deiphobus exclaim'd
 With loud exulting shout : Not unaveng'd
 Lies Asius with the dead ; but on his way 575
 To gloomy Pluto's adamantine gates,
 Will joyful be, since I have given him one
 T' attend him thither. Thus he spake, while grief
 Each Argive bosom felt ; and most the heart
 Of brave Antilochus ; but not unmann'd 580
 With sorrow, he neglected not his friend,
 But ran to guard him, and his ample shield
 Before him spread. Two comrades, dearly lov'd,
 Mecisteus, son of Echius, and divine
 Alastor, stooping rais'd him from the ground, 585
 And bore their doleful burthen to the ships
 With sighs and heavy groans. But not from fight
 Idomeneus retir'd, nor in the least
 His efforts bold remitted : for he sought
 Incessantly some Trojan to the realm 590
 Of Erebus to send, or, clad in arms,
 Himself to fall, endeavoring to repel
 Destruction from the Greeks. A hero then
 He slew ; Alcathous,* offspring best belov'd
 Of Jove-nurs'd Æsyetes, son-in-law 595
 Of great Anchises, who to him had given
 His eldest daughter, Hippodamia fair,
 Her father's and her honor'd mother's joy
 And dear delight, within their princely halls ;

THE ILIAD.



For all her young companions she excell'd
 In beauty, graceful works and spotless mind :
 They gave her, therefore, to the worthiest youth
 Of all in spacious Troas. Neptune him
 By stern Idomeneus subdued, a veil
 Of darkness spreading o'er his beauteous eyes, 605
 And chaining to the ground his comely limbs ;
 Helpless he stood, unable to retreat,
 E'en like a steadfast column, motionless,
 Or lofty tree with verdant foliage crown'd.
 Full in his breast the chief his javelin plung'd, 610
 Cleaving his brazen cuirass, which till then
 Had death averted. Harshly rang the brass
 With arid clangor, by the javelin cleft ! ^{aa}
 He thund'ring fell ; while in his heart the spear
 Stuck fast, and by the palpitation strong 615
 Was shaken, even to its upper end ;
 Till by degrees impetuous Mars withdrew
 His forceful impulse. With exulting shouts
 Idomeneus exclaim'd : Deiphobus,
 Think'st thou that justly we have now repaid 620
 Thy empty boast, by slaying three for one ?
 Brave warrior ! come thyself, and me oppose,
 That thou mayst know, by proof, how great a son
 Of Jove I am ! ^{bb} He, Minos first begat,
 Of Crete the guardian ; from wise Minos sprang 625
 The great Deucalion, his illustrious son,
 Who me begat, a king of many men,
 In spacious Crete ; me, who have hither sail'd
 With num'rous ships, a deadly bane to thee,
 And to thy father and the Trojan race ! 630
 He said ; Deiphobus, with various thoughts
 Divided, doubtful stood, whether to call
 Some other of the valiant sons of Troy,

To aid him, or alone to try the fight.
 At length, he deem'd it best Æneas' aid 635
 To seek, and found him on the battle's verge
 Standing inactive ; for continual wrath
 Possess'd his heart that Priam paid him not
 Those honors which his valor justly claim'd.^{cc}
 Deiphobus, approaching, him address'd : 640
 Æneas, chieftain of the Trojans bold,
 Duty requires thee urgently to save
 Thy sister's husband from the foe, if ought
 Thy bosom feels for him. Then follow me ;
 Let us defend Alcathous, who thee, 645
 In former days of helpless infancy,
 Cherish'd with kind affection in his house ;
 Him now, Idomeneus the spear-renown'd,
 Has slain and spoil'd. He said, and deeply mov'd
 Æneas' soul. Against Idomeneus 650
 He took his way, impatient for the fight.
 But brave Idomeneus no terror felt
 As would a tender boy ; firmly he stood,
 Awaiting his approach ; like a fierce boar,
 Who in the mountains, in a desert place, 655
 Confiding in his strength, boldly awaits
 The sound tumultuous, echoing through the wood,
 Of many huntsmen coming ; on his back
 He rears his bristles ; terribly his eyes
 Flash lightning ; keen he whets his dreadful tusks ; 660
 Determin'd to repulse both dogs and men.
 So stood Idomeneus the spear-renown'd,
 And mov'd not from his post, the Trojan chief,
 Rapid in fight, awaiting ; yet he call'd
 Upon his comrades ; looking round for help, 665
 To brave Ascalaphus, Deipyrus,
 Aphareus, Merion, Antilochus ;

All terrible in battle. Calling them,
 He spake with winged accents. Come, my friends,
 And bring me aid ; for I am here alone, 670
 And greatly fear Æneas, swift of foot,^{dd}
 Advancing. He against me fiercely comes,
 Prodigious strength possessing, men to slay,
 And that which yields most benefit in fight,
 The bloom of vig'rous youth ; for if, like him, 675
 I now were young, and valiant as I am,
 Soon should he win from me the prize of fame,
 Or I from him. As thus he spake, they all
 As by one mind impell'd, beside him stood
 With shields uplifted. On the other side, 680
 Æneas his associates to the fight
 Exhorted likewise ; brave Deiphobus,
 Paris, and young Agenor, godlike chief,
 Who leaders of the Trojans were with him.
 His people follow'd, as a numerous flock 685
 Behind a stately ram, when to the stream
 They come to drink, and joy their shepherd feels ;^{ee}
 So joyful was Æneas when he view'd
 The warriors who pursu'd his steps to fame.
 Around Alcathous they to combat rush'd, 690
 Encountering with huge lances ; and the brass
 Grated harsh discord, rattling horribly
 Around their warlike bosoms, while hard blows
 With mutual rage were dealt. Two heroes then,
 Excelling all the rest, Æneas this, 695
 And that Idomeneus, like gods of war,
 With brazen darts to slay each other strove.
 First at Idomeneus, Æneas aim'd ;
 But he observing, shunn'd the deadly dart,
 Which, whirling onward, trembled in the ground, 700
 Despatch'd in vain, though by a mighty arm.

Idomeneus, with his, upon the waist
 Smote Enomaus, and his cuirass broke.
 The greedy javelin deep his entrails drank ;^a
 He falling in the dust, embrac'd the ground 705
 With dying hands convulsive. From the slain
 His spear of length immense the chief drew forth,
 But could not seize the spoil, press'd as he was
 By hostile weapons ; for his aged limbs
 No longer as in youth retain'd their strength 710
 Unbroken, active in the glorious strife,
 Swiftly to spring, a javelin to regain,
 Or shun the darts of foes. He therefore well
 Had in close conflict fought, and turn'd from Greece
 Her evil day ; but slowly now his feet 715
 Bore him reluctant from that bloody fray.
 At him, with tardy pace retiring thence,
 Deiphobus a shining javelin aim'd,
 Against him warm'd with never-ceasing hate.
 Yet even then he err'd ; but with that spear 720
 Transfix'd Ascalaphus, of Mars the son.^{aa}
 It pierc'd his shoulder with resistless force,
 And prostrate fallen in the dust, he grasp'd
 The ground in agony. Not then did Mars,
 Loud-clamoring, terrible and furious, know 725
 His son had perish'd in that scene of death ;
 But far away, upon th' Olympian hill,^{ba}
 Under a canopy of golden clouds,
 He sat, by Jove detain'd, where all the rest,
 Immortal gods, were sitting, from the war 730
 Forc'd to refrain. Meanwhile the battle, join'd
 With rage, augmented round Ascalaphus.
 Deiphobus his radiant helmet seiz'd ;
 But Merion, swift as Mars himself, approach'd
 With sudden spring, and on the warrior's arm 735

A wound imprinted ; from his hand unnerv'd
 The conic helmet fell, and on the ground
 Resounding rang.¹¹ Meriones forthwith
 Flew like a vulture to the wounded prince,
 And pluck'd the forceful javelin from his arm, 740
 Then quickly to his own brave friends return'd.
 Polites, brother of Deiphobus,
 Him in his friendly arms embracing, bore
 From the dread-roaring conflict, till he reach'd
 His coursers swift of foot, in rear of all 745
 The furious battle, with his charioteer
 And lightly rolling car. They to the town
 Convey'd him, groaning heavily with pain
 Severe tormented, while the streaming blood
 Flow'd from the recent wound ; but others fought, 750
 And inextinguishable uproar rose.
 Then fierce Æneas rushing on the Greeks,
 Calator's son Aphareus, in the throat
 Stabb'd with a javelin as he towards him turn'd.
 His helpless head upon his shoulder sunk, 755
 Weigh'd by his helmet down ;¹² his shield high-rais'd
 Upon him fell, and death, destroyer dread,
 Diffus'd around him everlasting night.
 Antilochus observing Thoon turn
 His back defenceless, smote him with a lance, 760
 And cut the vein asunder which along
 The spine extends, and reaches to the neck.¹³
 That vein he cleft. The warrior low in dust
 Fell with expanded hands, for help in vain
 Expanded, toward his friends. Antilochus 765
 Upon him leap'd and tore his arms away,
 Looking around with caution. Troy's brave bands
 Closing on all sides, smote incessantly
 His ample shield, which rapidly was turn'd

To guard him ; but no dart could graze the flesh 770
 Of brave Antilochus, for Neptune's arm,
 Which shakes the solid globe, protected well
 Amidst unnumber'd weapons, Nestor's son,
 Who never from the Trojans stood aloof,
 But wag'd the fight amidst their thickest throng, 775
 Nor ceas'd the motion of his restless spear
 A moment ; turning ever towards the foe,
 It shook with fierce impatience in his hand,^{mn}
 Eager a distant enemy to strike
 Or rush to closer conflict. Him engag'd 780
 Amidst the tumult, Adamas the son
 Of Asius noted ; he approaching, struck
 With javelin keen his buckler's spacious orb.
 But that sharp lance cerulian Neptune broke,
 Guarding the life of brave Antilochus. 785
 Part in the buckler stood, a stake half burnt
 Resembling,^{an} on the ground a fragment fell.
 Alarm'd he turn'd to shun approaching fate,
 Striving to reach the concourse of his friends ;
 But, with a spear, Meriones o'ertook 790
 And smote him 'twixt the navel and the groin,
 A part where keenest pain the stroke inflicts
 Of cruel Mars on miserable men !
 There stuck the lance ; he, bending double, lay
 Gasping, as pants an ox, by herdsmen held 795
 With pliant cords, and forcibly dragg'd along^{oo}
 Reluctant, struggling. So the wounded youth
 For a short period panted : soon indeed
 His bosom ceas'd to heave, for Merion drew
 The javelin forth, and darkness clos'd his eyes. 800
 But with a Thracian sword, heavy and huge,
 Stout Helenus upon the temples smote
 Deipyrus, and dash'd his helmet off.

Ringing it fell, and roll'd among the feet
 Of warring multitudes ; there, caught at length 805
 By some one of the Greeks, while breathless lay
 Its owner, wrapp'd in Stygian night profound.
 Grief touch'd the heart of Atreus' warlike son,
 Great Menelaus ; menacing he rush'd
 Against the royal hero Helenus, 810
 Shaking a spear, his enemy a bow
 Drew to the breast ; so both at once took aim ;
 One with the javelin keen, prepar'd to strike,
 The other's arrow pointed from the string.
 The son of Priam, with his weapon, struck 815
 The Spartan's concave cuirass ; but the shaft
 Rebounded from the plate, as slender grains
 Of beans or peas, blown from a forceful fan ^{pp}
 In some large barn, leap lightly from the floor,
 By the shrill breeze and winnowing motion driven : 820
 So, from the cuirass of the glorious chief,
 Rebounding flew that arrow driven afar.
 But Menelaus, great in battle, smote
 Brave Helenus' strong hand, which firmly held
 His polish'd bow ; that hand the brazen lance 825
 Transfix'd, and nail'd it to the wood ; dismay'd
 And shunning death, he to his friends retir'd,
 Holding his arm aloft, and far behind
 The pond'rous javelin trailing." From the wound
 The great Agenor pluck'd it, and of wool 830
 A bandage made, which round his hand he wrapp'd ;
 A sling supplied it, by a soldier brought
 To him his people's chieftain. But meanwhile
 Pisander rush'd at Menelaus, led
 By evil fate to his own life's last stage, 835
 By thee, O Menelaus, to be slain
 In cruel fight ! When they, oppos'd in arms,

Advanc'd to try the combat, Atreus' son
 First miss'd his aim, hurling his spear awry ;
 But glorious Menelaus' bossy shield 840
 Pisander struck, yet could not perforate ;
 That solid shield repell'd the blow, and broke
 The javelin near its head ; he then rejoic'd
 At heart, expecting vict'ry soon to win.
 But brave Atrides drew his sword, with studs 845
 Of silver bright, and towards him fiercely sprang.
 He, from beneath his shield, a battle-axe
 Of brass well-temper'd drew ; its handle, long
 And smoothly polish'd, was of olive made.
 So both together struck. Pisander smote 850
 The Spartan's helmet, on its towering crest
 Of waving horse-hair ; but the Spartan him,
 Full in the forehead, just above his nose.
 The breaking bones crack'd horribly, his eyes
 Burst from their sockets, both the gory balls 855
 Fell at his feet, and roll'd involv'd in dust !
 He falling, backward sunk ; his enemy,
 Pressing with heavy foot his lifeless breast,
 His armor seiz'd, and thus exulting, cried :
 So shall ye quit the Grecian fleet, at length, 860
 Ye perjur'd Trojans, never satisfied
 With horrid war ! Ye need no other crime
 To stain your fame with foul reproach, but that
 Which, villains as ye are, against myself
 Ye perpetrated, heeding not at all 865
 The wrath of Jove, loud thund'ring from on high,
 Avenger just of hospitable laws.
 Your lofty city soon will he destroy,
 Since, unprovok'd, ye basely bore away
 My blooming bride and treasures, though as friends 870
 And honor'd guests by me ye were receiv'd.

Now, too, ye hope to cast consuming flame
 Upon our ships, and slay the valiant Greeks.
 But for a time your fury shall be check'd.
 O father Jove ! 'tis said that more than men 875
 And deathless gods thou art supremely wise,
 Yet from thyself these evils all proceed !
 Behold ! this Trojan crew, though worst of men,
 Enjoy thy favor ! They in crimes exult,
 And cannot quench their cruel thirst for blood 880
 And war all-levelling. The joys of sense
 Are often wearisome ; e'en sweet repose,
 Love's ecstasy, the melody of song,
 The sprightly festive dance, which other men
 To direful war prefer ; but they, for strife 885
 Their ruthless appetite can never cloy.
 This said, illustrious Menelaus gave
 His comrades slain Pisander's bloody spoils.
 Himself, among the foremost, fought again.
 Then towards him rush'd Harpalion, gallant son 890
 Of royal Pylæmenes, who to war
 Follow'd his father to the Trojan shore,
 But never to his native land return'd.
 He, with his spear assailing near at hand,
 Atrides' buckler in its centre smote, 895
 But could not penetrate, then turn'd forthwith
 To shun approaching death, and to his friends
 Retir'd, but look'd with caution round the field,
 Lest as he went some dart should pierce his breast.
 At him, retreating, Merion aim'd a shaft, 900
 Pointed with brass, which smote him near the hip,
 And, piercing deep, beneath his bladder pass'd,
 Under the bone. The warrior, falling low,
 Lay helpless in his fond associate's arms,
 Outstretch'd, and breathing out his spirit, like 905

A dying worm,^{uu} while gushing blood, dark-red,
 Ran bubbling from his side, and dyed the ground.
 Around him Paphlagonia's heroes bold,
 With hearts afflicted, throng'd. With friendly hands
 They rais'd, and laid him, lifeless, on a car, 910
 Which bore him thence to sacred Iliou. Them,
 A mournful train, his hapless father too^{vv}
 Accompanied, with many sighs and tears,
 His slaughter'd son bewailing, for whose death
 No recompense was found. But for the slain 915
 Fierce anger Paris felt, whose guest he was,
 Of many Paphlagonians. He despatch'd
 A brazen-pointed arrow at the foe.
 A Grecian youth there was, Euchenor nam'd,^{ww}
 Son of the prophet Polyidus, rich 920
 And meritorious; he at Corinth dwelt,
 And, knowing well his lamentable fate,
 To Iliou cross'd the deep. Oft had the wise
 And reverend Polyidus told his death,
 By dire disease at home, or by the hands 925
 Of hostile Trojans, at Achaia's fleet.
 He, therefore, shunn'd his countrymen's reproach
 And loathsome sickness, speedy death in fight
 To lingering pain preferring. Him, beneath
 The cheek and ear that deadly arrow smote. 930
 Soon from his members flew the soul away,
 And horrid darkness compass'd him around.
 So did they combat like devouring fire.
 But Hector, lov'd of Jove, not yet had heard
 Nor knew at all, that on the navy's left 935
 His troops were beaten by the Greeks, for there
 The scale of victory to Greece inclin'd;
 With such strong influence had the god who girds
 The spacious globe, whose earthquakes rock the ground,

Impell'd them, and so powerful was his aid. 940
 Hector remain'd, where first within the gates --
 And wall he leap'd victorious, having forc'd
 A passage through the bands compact and strong
 Of buckler-bearing Grecians. There the ships
 Of Ajax and Protesilaus stood, 945
 On hoary ocean's margin, drawn ashore.
 The wall adjoining, there was lowest. Swift
 In battle were the warriors and their steeds.
 The stout Bœotians, and Ionians, clad ^{xx}
 In flowing tunics, trailing on the ground, 950
 The Locrians, Phthians, and Epeians tall,
 Conspicuous in the field, him, rushing on
 With warlike ardor, from the fleet restrain'd,
 Yet could not from themselves repel him quite,
 Dreadful as burning flame. With them in arms 955
 A chosen band of brave Athenians stood,
 Their leader great Menestheus, Peteus' son,
 Whom Phidas, Stichius, Bias too the strong,
 Attended. Meges, Phyleus' offspring, sway'd
 Th' Epeian heroes, aided in the field 960
 By Dracius and Amphion; Medon led
 The Phthians, with Podarces firm in fight,
 Medon, Oileus' son, of spurious birth,
 Brother of Ajax; he in Phylace,
 Far distant from his native country, dwelt, 965
 Since he the brother of his stepdame slew,
 Of Eriopis, great Oileus' wife.
 Podarces was renown'd Iphiclus' son,
 Phylacides. They, clad in armor, led
 The Phthians great of soul,^{yy} and for the ships 970
 Fought bravely, by Bœotia's warlike force
 Supported. But from Ajax Telamon
 The swifter Ajax never was apart,

E'en for a moment. As in ground new-clear'd
 Two sable oxen, match'd in spirit well,^{ss} 975
 Draw steadily a large and heavy plough,
 While drops of sweat their foreheads broad bedew,
 Oozing beneath their horns; the yoke alone
 Disjoins them, toiling through the rugged soil
 And turning down the mould, with furrows deep; 980
 So labor'd they, together in the fight
 Closely united. Ajax Telamon
 His faithful troops attended in the field,
 Many and brave, who bore his shield by turns,
 When toil and sweat exhausting, made his knees 985
 Feeble and faint; but with Oileus' son
 His Locrians were not; they in standing fight
 Encounter'd not the foe, for brazen helmets,
 Crested with horse-hair, guarded not their heads,
 Nor carried they in battle heavy shields 990
 Orbicular, nor brandish'd ashen spears;
 But arm'd with slings of tightly-twisted wool,
 And trusting in their skill to aim them well,
 They came to Troy; from these they volleys threw
 Incessantly, and thinn'd the Trojan ranks. 995
 The brave Ajaces, active in the van,
 The Trojans check'd, and Hector's rage defied;
 The Locrian troops, unseen, hurl'd hard and sharp
 Their missiles from the rear, nor could the foe
 That deadly dint endure, but quite forgot 1000
 Their prowess, by those weapons all confus'd.
 Now with disgrace defeated, from the tents
 And ships of Greece the Trojan host had fled
 To Ilion's height, had not Polydamas^{ab}
 Approaching, thus to daring Hector said: 1005
 O Hector! hard it is for thee to yield
 To prudent counsel! But because renown

THE ILIAD.



Is justly thine, for mighty deeds in arms,
The gift of God, wilt thou for wisdom too
The preference claim ? But all things even thou 1010
Canst not, alike, accomplish. God bestows
On one man strength and valor in the field ;
He gives another, in the graceful dance
Enchanting skill ; a third, the sweet-ton'd lyre
And song melodious ; but the thund'ring god 1015
Omnipotent the bosom of a fourth
Fills with a wise discerning mind, whose fruits
By many are enjoy'd ; for mighty states
That mind preserves, but most the sage himself
Enjoys its good effects. I then will speak 1020
As best to me appears. See, all around
The flaming circle of the battle burns !
Our valiant Trojans, since they pass'd the wall,
Some stand aloof receding from the fight,
Others against superior numbers wage 1025
Unequal contest, scatter'd through the fleet.
Do thou, retiring, therefore, hither all
Our chiefs assemble, that we may consult
Fully and wisely, whether to renew
The fierce attack, and rush upon the ships, 1030
If Jove will victory give, or hence retire
Without more loss ; for truly, much I fear
Lest yet the Greeks their debt of yesterday
May pay us amply. In their navy still
A man remains, of war insatiable ! 1035
Not long, I think, will he from fight refrain.
So spake Polydamas, and Hector heard
Well-pleas'd his prudent counsel. From his car
He leap'd to earth,^{ac} and said : Polydamas,
Do thou the chieftains here retain, while I 1040
The combat yonder will participate,

And check the foe ; but soon will I return,
 Such orders given as urgent need demands.
 This said, he rush'd along, a mountain crown'd
 With snow resembling,^{ad} and, with thund'ring shouts, 1045
 Flew through the ranks of Trojans and allies.
 The chiefs to Panthus' son, Polydamas,
 Lover of valor, throng'd, when Hector's voice
 They heard ; but he, with anxious search,
 Among the foremost warriors sought in vain 1050
 For brave Deiphobus, the manly strength
 Of royal Helenus, young Adamas
 The son of Asius, and for Asius' self,
 Renown'd Hyrtacides ; for none of these
 He found exempt from painful wounds or death. 1055
 Some prostrate lay beside Achaia's prows,
 Of life bereft by valiant Argive hands ;
 Others, by cruel wounds detain'd from fight,
 Were resting at the wall ; but soon he found
 The godlike Paris, fair-hair'd Helen's spouse, 1060
 Upon the left of all that scene of woe,
 Cheering the troops, and urging every man
 To deeds of valor. Him, with hasty wrath,
 Hector approaching, sternly thus rebuk'd :
 O Paris, scarce a man ! comely indeed, 1065
 But mad with guilty lust, deceiver base !
 Where now is brave Deiphobus ? the strength
 Of royal Helenus ? where Adamas
 The son of Asius ? where is Asius' self,
 And great Othryoneus ? The time is come 1070
 When tower-girt Ilion from her lofty height
 Is falling ; swift destruction is thy fate.
 The youth of godlike form this answer gave :
 O Hector ! since it pleases thee to blame
 When blame is not deserv'd, at other times 1075

I may have been less active in the field,
 Though me my mother bore, not utterly
 Devoid of valor ; but, to-day at least,
 Since thou hast rous'd the battle at the ships,
 We have been bravely with the Greeks engag'd, 1080
 Abiding here, and fighting without rest.
 The friends by thee demanded all are slain ;
 Deiphobus and Helenus alone
 Have left the fatal field, disabled they
 By wounds receiv'd, from javelins, in the arm ; 1085
 But mighty Jove presery'd them both from death.
 Now lead the way, where'er thy valiant heart
 And soul incite thee. We, with willing minds,
 Will bravely follow, failing not to prove
 Our utmost efforts ; but beyond his strength 1090
 No man, however ardent, can achieve.
 The hero, speaking thus, his brother's ire
 Appeas'd, and they together went where most
 The battle rag'd and furious was the strife ;
 Around Cebriones, Polydamas 1095
 The blameless chief, Orthæus, Phalces bold,
 Palmys, and Polyphetes, godlike chief ;
 Ascanius too, and Morys, warlike sons
 Of great Hippotion, who, their turn to take
 Of martial duty,^{af} had the day before 1100
 Arriv'd from fair Ascania's fertile fields,
 And now to combat were by Jove impell'd.
 Then on they march'd, resembling, in their course,
 A storm of furious winds,^{ag} which, rushing down
 From the dread thunder of almighty Jove,^{ah} 1105
 Falls first on land, then mingles with the main
 With deafening noise and tumult horrible,
 Bearing along unnumber'd surges huge
 Of loudly-roaring ocean, rolling high,

Foaming and tossing, wave succeeding wave ; 1110
 So thronging Trojans, man succeeding man,
 In arms refulgent, with their chieftains strode.
 But Hector led the way, Priam's great son !
 In front he march'd, like Mars, the bane of man,
 Holding his shield before him, strongly fram'd 1115
 Of tough bull-hides, and plated well with brass,
 While nodding o'er his temples shone his helm.
 He tried in every part the phalanx firm
 Of Greece to break, with threat'ning attitude
 Approaching, shelter'd by his ample shield, 1120
 But shook not so the bosoms of the Greeks.
 Gigantic Ajax first, with lofty strides
 Advanc'd to meet him, and this challenge gave :
 Come nearer, mighty hero ! why attempt
 The Greeks to terrify ? No novices 1125
 Are we in battle, but the cruel scourge
 Of Jove subdues us. Truly thou, indeed,
 Art confident our navy to destroy,
 But we have warlike hands to guard it well.
 Much sooner shall your populous city fall 1130
 Before our prowess, sack'd and wasted quite.
 The time is yet at hand, when even thou
 In shameful flight shall ask of father Jove
 Wings for thy coursers, swifter far than hawks,
 Through clouds of dust to bear thee back to Troy. 1135
 As thus he spake, auspicious on the right
 A soaring eagle flew. Achaia's host,
 With joyful shouts, that happy omen hail'd.
 But glorious Hector, undismay'd, replied :
 — Ajax, thou babbler bold, ^{at} in body huge, 1140
 Small wit possessing, what vain boast is this ?
 For, O that I as surely could be son
 Of Ægis-bearing Jove forever, born

Of Juno, queen of heaven, in honors held
Equal to great Minerva and Apollo, 1145
As this day, certainly, shall ruin bring
On all the Greeks ! Among them thou shalt fall,
If thou, presumptuous, wilt abide my lance,
Which soon shall lacerate thy pamper'd flesh.
Then, with thy gore and plenteous fat, the dogs 1150
And fowls of Troy shall glut their greedy throats,
Thy carcass prostrate at the ships of Greece.
He spoke, and led his heroes to the fight.
They follow'd bold, with uproar terrible,
And from the multitude behind them rose 1155
Loud acclamations. But Achaia's host
Shouted responsive, nor their warlike might
Forgot, but firmly stood the fierce assault
Of all the bravest Trojans ; while the roar
Of either army to th' ethereal heights 1160
Ascended and the starry courts of Jove.

NOTES.

BOOK XIII.

^a *And Hippemolgians, far-renown'd, who feed
On milk alone.* l. 9-10.

The Hippemolgians were, perhaps, as the name seems to import, a people who fed on the milk of mares, as many of the Tartar tribes do at this day.

^b ——— *for in his mind no thought
Admission found.* l. 13-14.

Mr. Rollin makes the following observations on this passage:—
“ Though the sentiments of Homer concerning providence be very just and beautiful, we must not imagine that the poet keeps always up to this exactness, and thinks always right upon this subject. His Jupiter is not capable of a continual attention; and, whether drawn off by distraction, weariness, or want of rest, his eyes are not constantly fixed upon all that passes. Neptune, who was watching for an opportunity to assist the Greeks, lays hold of a favorable moment when Jupiter's views were thrown aside from Troy. Juno had found means to lay him asleep, that during his repose she might raise a storm against Hercules (see post, Book XIV.); and long before she knew how to deceive him by advancing the birth of Eurystheus, who thereby became master of Hercules, against Jupiter's intention. In heathen authors, the light is always mixed with darkness.”

^c ——— *Instantly,
Impetuous, down the craggy steep he rush'd
Of that huge mountain.* l. 27-9.

Mr. Rollin says, “ Nothing can come up to the beauty of the de-

scription which Homer gives us of the passage of Neptune. I shall here do little else than copy the remarks of Mr. Boivin. This god was in the isle of Samothracia. His arms, his chariot and horses were at Ægæ, a town in Eubœa or Achaia. He makes but four steps to get thither. The god puts on his arms, mounts his chariot, and departs. Nothing is more rapid than his course. He flies over the waters. The verses of Homer in that place run swifter than the god himself. I appeal to the readers of the Greek text, if they are at all acquainted with the difference between the rapidity of a dactyl, and the slowness of a spondee.

“Βῆ δ’ ἄλκων ἐπὶ κῆματ’, ἀταλλε δὲ κήτε’ ὕπ’ αὐτοῦ
Πάντιοθεν ἐκ πευθμῶν, οὐδ’ ἠγνοίησεν ἄνακτα.
Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα δίστατο· τοὶ δ’ ἐπέτορτο
‘Ρίμφα μάλ’, οὐδ’ ὑπέρσφθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων·

It is sufficient to have ears to perceive the rapidity of Neptune's chariot in the very sound of the first and two last lines, each of which is entirely composed of dactyls, except that one spondee which must necessarily terminate the verse. Mr. Boileau has translated this passage in his version of Longinus:

“Il attelle son char, et, montant fierement,
Lui fait fendre les flots de l' humide élément.
Des qu'on le voit marcher sur ces liquides plaines,
D'aise on entend sauter les pesantes balaines.
L'eau frémit sous le dieu qui lui donne la loi,
Et semble avec plaisir reconnoître son roi.
Cependant le char vole,” &c.

These lines are certainly admirable; yet we must own they are by far inferior to the Greek in numbers and harmony, which our language (the French) is not so capable of as the Greek and Latin; as it wants the distinction of long and short syllables, which, in those two languages form the feet, and agreeably diversify the cadence. But, notwithstanding this defect of language, the French poet, in this verse,

“D'aise on entend sauter les pesantes balaines,”

has well expressed the agility of the leap, and the heaviness of the monstrous fish, two things directly opposite, but happily described by the sound of the words and the cadence of the verse, which rises swiftly and falls heavily.”

^d *Resembling Calchas, in his rev'rend form
And loud commanding voice.* l. 67-8.

The meaning of this fiction, that Neptune, in the shape of Calchas, aided the Greeks, appears to be that the Greeks, being driven to their ships on the brink of the sea, and rendered desperate by the impossibility of escaping if their fleet should be burnt, were excited to extraordinary acts of valor. Calchas also, their venerable priest, in whom, as a person acquainted with the will of the gods, they had great confidence, exhorting them to make another effort to retrieve their affairs.

^e *Their valiant minds he thus to fight arou's'd.* l. 135.

Neptune's military harangue, delivered in the character of Calchas, is perhaps one of the best in the Iliad. Every motive by which brave men could be awakened to deeds of heroism, is adduced and urged in the most forcible manner. Self-preservation, patriotism, shame, honor and glory are all skilfully and eloquently appealed to. With great art he attributes the retreat of the brave men he addresses not to want of valor, but to displeasure against Agamemnon for the wrong he had done Achilles; and encourages them by insinuating that a reconciliation between those heroes may yet take place.

^f ——— *Two brave bands
Around th' Ajaces form'd a phalanx strong.* l. 180-1.

See Mr. Pope's note on this subject. But whether the organization of the phalanx mentioned by Homer was, in fact, such as Eustathius describes, seems very doubtful.

^g *Great Hector rush'd impetuous, like a rock,
Bearing destruction from a mountain's brow.* l. 197-8.

Mr. Pope's translation of this noble simile, is eminently beautiful. His observations upon it are also excellent.

^h *Against him, Merion aim'd his shining spear,
Which err'd not.* l. 229-30.

It seems, from this circumstance, that the rule by which the phalanx was formed, did not prevent the warriors in the front rank from throwing their spears at the enemy. They did not act on the defensive only, as the description by Eustathius seems to imply.

ⁱ *Brave Teucer smote ; he drew the weapon forth.* l. 253.

The stroke of Teucer's lance appears to have been inflicted without advancing beyond the line of the phalanx ; but immediately afterwards he rushes forward out of the line to strip the dead body. It is probable that, in such cases, one of the rear rank filled the place of the advancing warrior until his return, that the front might constantly remain unbroken.

^k *Amphimachus, Cteatus' warlike son.* l. 262.

See the catalogue, Book II. l. 827, from which it appears, that Amphimachus was a chieftain of the Epeians. There was also a leader of the Carians of the same name. *Ibid.* l. 1151.

^l *His grandson fallen in the dreadful fight.* l. 290.

Cteatus, father of Amphimachus, was it seems, one of Neptune's numerous progeny.

^m *Then spear-renown'd Idomeneus he met.* l. 293.

Homer skilfully contrives to diversify his poetry by introducing a great variety of characters, and making the valor of each of his heroes conspicuous successively. With this design, he renders Idomeneus the chief character in the present book, and now assigns an honorable reason for his temporary absence from the battle, viz. an act of humane attention to a wounded soldier.

ⁿ *Then forth he came, the lightning's vivid flash
Resembling.* l. 336-7.

This is one of the most lively and sublime comparisons in all Homer's works. It bursts upon the reader, like the flash it describes, suddenly and unexpectedly, but strikes him at the same time with its beauty and propriety. Admirable as it is, however, Shakspeare has one which may vie with it :

“Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth ;
And, ere a man hath power to say, Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.”

^o *Meriones he met, his comrade bold.* l. 344.

“The word *δερῶν*, in the original, does not signify a servant,

but a military officer of inferior rank. It may mean an armor-bearer." *Clarke*. Patroclus is often called *ἑσπέρων*, minister, and *ἑταῖρος*, comrade or associate of Achilles. The charioteer too is frequently designated by the word *ἑσπέρων*.

• *Him, thus the might of Idomen address'd.* l. 346.

This animated conversation between Idomeneus and Meriones has been much censured by the critics, but is ably vindicated by Mr. Pope. The point of honor which gives rise to it is very well suggested by the occasion. It takes place too, not in the scene of action, but in the camp behind the army, at a time when the Trojans were prevented from advancing by the firm opposition of the phalanx. Idomeneus, it is true, indulges a little too much the talkative disposition of an old man, especially in the comparison he draws between the coward and brave man; which, however, is so fine in itself, that, for the sake of its beauty, every reader must be tempted to pardon the Cretan monarch's unnecessary loquacity.

• ——— *As direful Mars,*

The bane of mortals, marches to the war. l. 411 – 12.

After walking awhile with majestic simplicity, the poet suddenly soars aloft into regions of great sublimity. It is observable, that whether he falls or rises, he always does it naturally, and without affectation; never striving to swell his diction above the grandeur of his thoughts, nor disgusting the reader with words without meaning.

• *Come, clad in armor, to th' Ephyrian bands,*

Or Phlegyans stout and bold. l. 416 – 17.

"These tribes, Pausanias (lib. ix. ch. 36,) says, delighted most in war of all the Greeks." — *Clarke*.

• *Son of Deucalion, at what point wilt thou*

The combat join? l. 423 – 4.

"That Meriones might not seem to doubt whether they should engage where assistance was most wanted, or where it was not wanted, Pope contends that the words *οὐ ποθὶ οὐτῷ δέεσθαι*, must be understood as conveying the idea that the Greeks, being equally pressed on all parts, equally needed aid everywhere. But the purport of those

words will not bear this construction. To the mind of Meriones doubting, and inquiring whether they shall engage on the right, or left, or in the centre, it occurs that the left wing of the army stands most in need of assistance. This is, therefore, his meaning, and there is no absurdity in the case." — *Clarke*.

‘ *They will employ him well.* l. 433.

The mind of Idomeneus being full of the image of Hector, he speaks of him at first in the warmth of his feelings, without mentioning his name; as if no Trojan but Hector was engaged in combat against the Ajaces, and therefore Meriones could not mistake the person alluded to. He afterwards seems to recollect himself, and mentions the name. This is one among the many nice touches of nature to be met with in Homer.

“ *The life-destroying battle, horror glar’d*
Excessive. l. 466 – 7.

The poet, returning to the battle, rouses the torpid feelings of the reader with a forcible description, transporting him at once, by the magic of genius, to the scene itself of blood and terror.

“ *The chain of furious discord and dire war*
All levelling. l. 496 – 7.

It is perhaps impossible to describe in a more lively manner, a close and furious conflict in which neither party had any decisive advantage. The phrase *ὁμοῦτον πολέμοιο*, frequently occurs in the original, and seems to signify, “war, which puts all men on a level,” because all alike, good or bad, wise or foolish, noble or mean, are equally exposed to danger in battle; or its meaning may be, “war pernicious to both parties,” whether victors or vanquished; in which sense its truth is evident from the history of the progress and consequences of the Trojan war itself. On the present occasion, this epithet appears very appropriate.

“ ——— *There, though in arms*
Now grown half grey, the bold Idomeneus. l. 500 – 1.

This circumstance is mentioned to show that Idomeneus was of that age which is best adapted to steady, standing fight, and therefore

had now the best opportunity of signalizing himself by extraordinary exploits.

* *And thus the victor gloried o'er the slain.* l. 519.

I concur most heartily with Mr. Pope in his censure of this passage, and others of the like nature. His remarks on the subject are such as do honor to his head and heart. The only excuse for Homer is, that he described the manners of the times such as they were. I think it evident from other passages of a different character, that he did not approve these traits of cruelty and barbarism; though, to make his poem a picture true to the life, he considered it proper to insert them. In my opinion, he would have done better by softening a little the lineaments of atrocity; or if, indeed, the nature of his subject compelled him to introduce them, he should have more explicitly and pointedly expressed his own disapprobation.

† ——— *Him to revenge*

Stout Asius forward strode, before his steeds. l. 533-4.

Asius appears to have discovered that, under the present circumstances, the advice of Polydamas was wise, and that he could fight more conveniently afoot than in his chariot. But he loses his life as a just punishment for his previous impiety and presumption; while the fine horses and chariot he brought with him, became a prize to his enemies. His death and that of his charioteer are well described.

‡ ——— *A hero then*

He slew; Alcahous. l. 593-4.

The character of Alcahous, and circumstances attending his death, are calculated strongly to excite our sympathy. There is something marvellous and awful in the effect of Neptune's interposition; but the reader cannot refrain from accusing that god of giving Idomeneus an unfair advantage.

§ ——— *Harshly rang the brass,*

With arid clangor, by the javelin cleft! l. 612-13.

In these lines I have endeavored to imitate the wonderfully expressive line of the original:

Δὴ τότε γ' ἄλυν ἄυσεν, ἐρεινόμενος περὶ δουρὶ·

^{bb} *That thou mayst know, by proof, how great a son
Of Jove I am.* l. 623 - 4.

The stately and haughty character of Idomeneus is remarkable in this speech, and indeed throughout the book.

^{cc} ——— *that Priam paid him not
Those honors which his valor justly claim'd.* l. 638 - 9.

The reason assigned for the conduct of Æneas does not appear much to his credit ; that he failed to exert himself zealously in fighting for his country, because Priam did not give him those honors to which he considered himself entitled ! But such is, most commonly, the infirmity of poor human nature in cases of this description. See Pope's note.

^{dd} ——— *for I am here alone,
And greatly fear Æneas, swift of foot.* l. 670 - 1.

According to modern ideas of the point of honor, no hero would acknowledge himself afraid on any occasion ; but Homer's heroes are more candid. They often retire from superior force, and never scruple to acknowledge their feelings without reserve, whatever they may be.

^{ee} *His people follow'd, as a numerous flock
Behind a stately ram, when to the stream
They come to drink, and joy their shepherd feels.* l. 685 - 7.

Eustathius observes, that "when sheep leave the pasture and drink freely, it is a certain sign that they have found good pasturage, and are all sound ; it is therefore upon this account that Homer says the shepherd rejoices." But surely, when the sheep are going to water, it cannot be said that they have drank freely. The worthy commentator must therefore be mistaken, in supposing this to be Homer's meaning, which plainly and obviously is, that the shepherd rejoices in viewing the number and apparent good condition of his flock.

^{ff} *The greedy javelin deep his entrails drank.* l. 704.

Here, as in many other places, the fiery imagination of Homer gives life and passion to inanimate things.

^{gg} *Transfix'd Ascalaphus, of Mars the son.* l. 721.

See Book II. l. 678 - 9.

¹⁰ *But far away, upon th' Olympian hill.* l. 737.

This short excursion of the poet's fancy to Olympus, has a pleasing effect, by presenting a contrast between the peaceful abode of the gods, and the troubled scene of war and confusion between the Greeks and Trojans.

¹¹ *The conic helmet fell, and on the ground
Resounding rang.* l. 737-8.

The reader will perceive, perhaps, in these lines, a faint resemblance of the inimitable original :

ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρὸς
'Αυλώπης τρυφάλεια χαμαὶ βόμβησεν πεσοῦσα.

¹² *His helpless head upon his shoulder sunk,
Weigh'd by his helmet down.* l. 755-6.

It is impossible to describe anything in a more picturesque manner, than this wound and death are described. The reader, in imagination, sees the warrior fall.

¹³ *And cut the vein asunder which along
The spine extends, and reaches to the neck.* l. 761-2.

The great knowledge which Homer had of anatomy has often been remarked by commentators. In this passage he displays it in a special manner.

¹⁴ *It shook with fierce impatience in his hand.* l. 778.

The martial fire and zeal of Antilochus are here described with astonishing energy, by giving his spear life in his hands, and ascribing to it the passions he felt. This young hero is evidently one of Homer's favorites. He is always introduced with honor. The poet's remark, that Neptune protected Nestor's son, implies that he saved the son for the uncommon merit of the father.

¹⁵ ——— *A stake half burnt
Resembling.* l. 787.

This short and homely but expressive simile, is omitted in Pope's translation.

¹⁶ *Gasping, as pants an ox, by herdsmen held.* l. 795.

The versification of the original in this passage is perhaps excelled

by none in Homer. A humble attempt is here made to imitate its admirable expression. Mr. Pope appears to have mistaken the meaning of this simile. The panting of the dying warrior is not compared by Homer to that of a dying ox, but to the panting of an ox fatigued by resisting the herdsman, who drag him along with cords.

*Rebounded from the plate, as slender grains
Of beans or peas, blown from a forceful fan.* l. 817-18.

Homer's comparisons drawn from rural life are, in my opinion, among the most beautiful in his poems. This, in particular, presents a natural and lively image of the thing intended to be illustrated by it. Persons of simple, unsophisticated taste, who ascribe to agriculture the honor justly due to it, as the primitive, most useful and virtuous occupation of man, will never be disgusted with such images in the most elevated poetry.

*Holding his arm aloft, and far behind
The pond'rous javelin trailing.* l. 828-9.

It is remarkable how skilfully Homer contrives, by introducing minute but natural circumstances, to place almost every incident he delineates fully before the eyes of the reader. The circumstance that Helenus held his arm aloft, being encumbered with the long javelin sticking in the wound, is one of this character; minute indeed, but natural and picturesque.

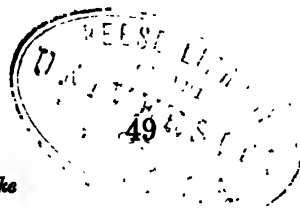
The breaking bones crack'd horribly. l. 854.

This description is a specimen of the horrific. The deaths in Homer's battles are varied almost *ad infinitum*, and yet there are few which do not excite pity or terror. That here described produces both those emotions.

So shall ye quit the Grecian fleet, at length. l. 860.

Mr. Pope's observations on this speech of Menelaus are very judicious. It is, indeed, such a speech as becomes the character of a noble-minded, virtuous and injured hero. His expostulation with the Trojans, appears to spring from honorable feelings outraged by injustice. His complaint of Jupiter's favoring those who perpetrated such iniquity is natural, and not impious, when taken in connection with his previous declaration of confidence that Jupiter will punish them at last

BOOK XIII.



^{uu} *Outstretch'd, and breathing out his spirit, like
A dying worm.* l. 905-6.

The death last described was horrible; this appears a masterly delineation of another in the pathetic style. What reader can refrain from pitying Harpalion and his wretched father?

^{vv} ——— *his hapless father too.* l. 912.

"The Pylæmenes here mentioned as father of Harpalion, is not the same who, in Book V. is said to have been slain by Menelaus, but a namesake of his, as Eustathius says. For Homer did not write rashly, or heedlessly and negligently; nor fabricate the names of his heroes, but celebrated them according to historical truth. There is no reason why there might not have been two leaders of the Paphlagonians by the name of Pylæmenes. Whether one was the father, and the other the grandfather of Harpalion (as Barnes conjectures,) is uncertain." — *Clarke.*

^{ww} *A Grecian youth there was, Euchenor nam'd.* l. 919.

Euchenor, as well as Achilles, came to Troy with a foreknowledge that he should be slain there; but the difference between them was this, that Achilles knew he would enjoy long life if he staid at home; but Euchenor was assured that, whether he went to Troy or not, he could not avoid an early death. — *Eustathius.*

^{xx} *The stout Bæotians, and Ionians, clad
In flowing tunics, trailing on the ground.* l. 949-50.

The particular customs and modes of dress to which Homer often alludes, and which, it is not reasonable to suppose he invented, are conclusive proofs that, in many respects, his work was intended as a history.

^{yy} *The Phthians great of soul.* l. 970.

The people of Achilles were called Phthiotes, not Phthians. — *Eustathius.*

^{zz} ——— *As in ground new-clear'd
Two sable oxen, match'd in spirit well.* l. 974-5.

Here is another agricultural simile admirably well applied, and exactly corresponding in every important particular.

^{ab} ——— *had not Polydamas*

Approaching, thus to daring Hector said. l. 1005.

The patriotism and wisdom of Polydamas are honorable and exemplary. Notwithstanding the rough treatment he so lately received from Hector, he cannot refrain from giving him good advice. On this occasion he introduces it with great skill; allowing Hector the glory due to his valor, but endeavoring to restrain his pride, by insisting that no man can excel in everything; and, impliedly, but from motives of delicacy, not expressly claiming for himself the praise of superior wisdom, the great excellence of which quality above all others he forcibly and beautifully inculcates. He then faithfully represents the present state of affairs, and proceeds to advise the convening a council of the chieftains, to determine what was best to be done; concluding with a very efficacious hint (without mentioning the name of Achilles,) that that hero might be tempted to take up arms in defence of his countrymen, if the Trojans should reduce them to extremity. The judgment and address, manifested in all this, are worthy of observation.

^{ac} ——— *From his car*

He leap'd to earth. l. 1038-9.

See Mr. Pope's note on this passage. I concur with him in opinion that this was a slip of the poet's memory; for, according to the arrangement made in Book XII. all the chariots were left on the other side of the fosse, except that of Asius. Clarke (and not Pope, as Cowper by mistake, says in a note of his,) proposes a solution, that, although the chariots of the other chiefs were left behind, that of Hector might have followed him after the gates had been broken, and the Trojans had passed the wall and fosse; yet might have been kept, for the most part, at such a distance as well enough to consist with the subsequent account (in Book XIV.) of Hector's chariot being in the rear. It is indeed true, that Hector's chariot might have passed through the gates as easily as that of Asius; or as the chariots of the Greeks did, when they went forth to battle. Cowper's remark therefore, is a strange one, (that it is not easy to understand how it could pass the ditch, defended as it was by piles,) for, in approaching to the gates, it was not necessary to pass through the ditch, there being at that place either no ditch, or a gallery, or covered way made across it. See Book VII. l. 572-3. But Clarke assigns no reason for this distinction between Hector's chariot and those of the other chiefs;

and no satisfactory one has occurred to my mind. I therefore think, that Homer's putting Hector on his chariot in this place, proceeded from a momentary inadvertency; in like manner as the inimitable Cervantes describes Sancho Panza riding on his ass, after it had been stolen from him by Gines de Passamonte, and before he recovered it. But these are the trivial errors of men of great genius, showing only the unavoidable imperfection of all human compositions.

^{ad} ——— *a mountain crown'd*
With snow resembling. l. 1044-5.

"This comparison is taken partly from the tallness and strength of his body, and partly from the splendor of his helmet and whiteness of its crest." — *Clarke.*

^{aa} *O Paris, scarce a man!* l. 1065.

See ante, Book III. note to line 47. Eustathius censures Hector for this speech of his to Paris; and says, "his character in many things resembles that of Achilles, being unjust, violent and impetuous, and making no distinction between the innocent and criminal." But surely this censure of Hector by the worthy commentator is unjust. It was natural and excusable in him to reproach Paris, the "author of the war," with the miseries occasioned by it. He does not accuse him of neglect of duty on this particular day; but (transported with grief at losing so many brave men) reminds him that he was the cause of all these evils.

^{af} ——— *who, their turn to take*
Of martial duty. l. 1099-1100.

This appears to be the probable meaning of the word ἀμοιβή. Eustathius (and after him Cowper) supposes it to signify

"In recompense for aid by Priam lent
 Erewhile to Phrygia."

But this, I think, is a forced interpretation. The Ascanians were engaged in the first battle. See Book II. l. 1141. Morys and Ascanius, sons of Hippotion, are said not to have arrived until the evening ensuing the second battle. It is probable, therefore, that they came (as the word ἀμοιβή seems to import) in the place of other Ascanian warriors, who had served out their tour of duty.

²⁸ *Then on they march'd, resembling, in their course,
A storm of furious winds.* l. 1103-4.

It seems the heat of the battle was such as to render it impracticable to hold the council of war agreed upon between Hector and Polydamas; or Hector, in the warmth of his military impetuosity, forgot it. The simile that follows is one of the most sublime in Homer, and the verses among the most expressive. The roaring, swelling, and dashing of the waves of the sea, are plainly audible and visible in the lines,

*Κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλάσσης,
Κυρτά, φαληριώοντα, πρὸ μὲν τ' ἄλλ', αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄλλα·*

²⁹ *From the dread thunder of almighty Jove.* l. 1105.

"This expression," says Clarke, "indicates a whirlwind, occasioned (in the poet's opinion) by thunder, or proceeding from a thundercloud, and having the same origin with the thunder."

³¹ *Ajax, thou babbler bold.* l. 1140.

The language of Hector, in this speech, is insulting, but perhaps excusable, on account of the provocation given in that of Ajax, to which it is an answer. The boastful style of each hero's speech appears assumed, for the purpose of encouraging his troops.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

The deception of Jupiter by Juno — The third battle continued.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

NESTOR meanwhile,^a though with the flowing bowl
Indulging, hearken'd to the cry of war,
And thus to Æsculapius' son he spake :
What dire event, O godlike chief, impends ?
Surely a louder shout of ardent youths 5
Comes to the ships ! But thou, remaining here,
Enjoy this wine till beauteous Hecamede
The tepid bath renew, and cleanse again
Thy gory wound ; while quickly I repair
To view the combat. Saying this he took 10
His son's well-temper'd buckler,^b bright with brass,
Which Thrasymed, equestrian hero, left
That morning in the tent ; for he, in fight,
The shield of Nestor bore ; a javelin, large
And keenly-pointed, he assum'd, and stood 15
Without the tent. Too soon he there beheld
A shameful scene ; the sons of Greece to flight
Tumultuous driven, Ilion's warlike bands
Pursuing fiercely and Achaia's wall
In ruins ! But, as when the wide-spread main 20
Is darken'd, slowly heaving silent waves,^c

With strange presentiment of whistling winds
 Swiftly approaching, but no steady course
 The billows roll, till some decisive breeze
 From Jove descend ; so doubtful stood the sage, 25
 Uncertain whether to Achaia's host
 To take his way, or to the king of men
 Atrides. Pondering long, at last he deem'd
 The counsel best to Atreus' son to go.
 Meanwhile the combatants, by mutual wounds, 30
 Were slain ; and harshly on their manly breasts
 The bazen armor rang with clanging blows
 Of heavy swords and double-pointed spears.
 But Nestor met the kings belov'd of Jove,
 Ascending, from their ships, the sloping strand ; 35
 The wounded heroes, Diomed, Ulysses,
 With Agamemnon, Atreus' mighty son.
 Far distant from the battle were their ships,
 Upon the shore of ocean ; for the first
 That reach'd the coast of Troas, to the land 40
 Were haul'd ; and near their prows the wall was built.
 The beach, though wide, contain'd not all the fleet,
 And crowded were the people ; therefore, plac'd
 In lines successive, like a flight of steps,
 The ships were drawn ashore, and fill'd the mouth 45
 Of that huge harbor, quite from cape to cape.
 The kings together, leaning on their spears,
 Advanc'd to view the combat, each brave heart
 Oppress'd with grief. They met the Pylian sage,
 And anxious terror in their bosoms felt.^d 50
 The king of heroes, Agamemnon, spake :
 O Nestor, great Nelides, pride of Greece !
 What brings thee hither from the baneful war ?
 Truly I fear that Hector may fulfil
 His boastful menace, to his troops proclaim'd, 55

That not again to Troy he would return
Before he burn'd our ships and slew ourselves.
Such was his vaunting threat ; all which indeed
Is now accomplishing ! Ye gods ! do all
The well-arm'd Greeks against me cherish wrath, 60
Like stern Achilles and refuse to fight
E'en for their ships ? To whom old Neleus' son :
'Tis certain.* These events are all arrang'd
To suit the grand design ; nor otherwise
Would Jove himself, the thund'rer from on high, 65
Contrive them. Overthrown is now the wall
We trusted would remain the muniment
Unbroken of our navy and ourselves.
E'en at the ships the combat, lo, they wage
With boundless fury and without a pause ! 70
Nor couldst thou well with sharpest sight discern
Where most the Greeks are in confusion driven,
So blended with their enemies they fall,
And thrilling cries of terror reach the skies.
Now then let us consider the result, 75
If wisdom can avail ; but not to join
The battle, I advise, for wounded men
By no means can sustain the toil of war.
The monarch, Agamemnon, thus replied :
Nestor, since even at our ships the fight 80
Now rages, and the wall, so strongly built,
Has no defence afforded, none the trench,
Dug by the Greeks with labor so severe,
In which they trusted, as their muniments
Impregnable to guard them and their ships ; 85
The will it must be of almighty Jove,
That far from Argos and without renown
They here shall perish. I have known the time
When we enjoy'd his favor and his help ;

But now, 'tis evident his glory crowns 90
 The Trojans, equall'd to the blessed gods,
 While our brave hearts and hands he binds in chains !
 Come, then, let all assent to my advice.
 Whatever ships are station'd next the shore
 Let us remove,^s and launch them to the deep, 95
 There ride at anchor till the dead of night,
 If even then the Trojans will abstain
 From slaughter ; then launch quickly all our fleet.
 For 'tis no shame to fly impending ill,
 Even by night. Better it is to 'scape 100
 Perdition than be captive to the foe.
 Him eyeing with a glance of stern disdain,
 The sage Ulysses answer'd : Atreus' son !
 What words are these that have escap'd thy lips ?
 Ah wretch ! I wish, indeed, some other troops, 105
 More base and cowardly, thy subjects were,^a
 And not Achaia's host, to whom high Jove
 The task severe allots, from youth to age
 To toil in painful wars, till all be slain !
 Wouldst thou relinquish thus wide-streeted Troy, 110
 That splendid city, which to win, such ills
 We have endur'd so long ? Be silent, lest
 A Greek should hear, what no man would suggest,
 Whose mind was sound, whose hand a sceptre bore,
 And rul'd so large a host of Argives bold. 115
 Thy weak proposal utterly I scorn,
 To launch our well-oar'd vessels to the main,
 E'en while the battle rages ! that our foes,
 Victorious as they are, may gain the more
 Advantage, and on us perdition fall ! 120
 For, while the ships are launching, war's hard brunt
 Our army will not bear, but look behind
 For refuge, and forsake the bloody field.

Hence thy advice, O king, would ruin all.
 To him the king of men this answer gave : 125
 Ulysses ! keenly hast thou stung my heart
 With harsh reproof ; but not against their will
 Would I command Achaia's sons to launch
 Their ships to sea. Let any other now
 Give better counsel, be he young or old, 130
 And cheerful acquiescence find in me.¹
 Then, also Diomed, the great in arms,
 Among them spake : The man ye want is near.
 Not far have we to seek, if ye will yield
 To my advice, nor treat it with contempt, 135
 Because, indeed, I am the youngest here.
 For mine are honors due to noble birth,²
 Since justly high renown my father claim'd,
 Whom now, at Thebes, a mound of earth conceals.
 From Portheus sprang three gallant sons, who dwelt 140
 At Pleuron and at lofty Calydon ;
 Agrius and Melas ; Ceneus was the third,
 My grandfather, a fam'd equestrian chief,
 Who both his brothers in great acts surpass'd.
 He liv'd at home ; but, by misfortune driven, 145
 My sire remov'd to Argos, through the will
 Of mighty Jove and other deathless gods.
 Adrastus' daughter there he had to wife,
 And bless'd with wealth, a splendid palace own'd,
 Supplied with fertile fields of generous wheat, 150
 With many gardens, many orchards fair,
 And flocks and herds unnumber'd. He in skill
 And prowess with the javelin, all the Greeks
 Excell'd. Such Tydeus was, and ye these truths
 Should hear without disdain.¹ My counsel then, 155
 If good, should not be scorn'd as from a man
 Of low degree, of lineage mean and base.

Come, let us to the battle, though by wounds
 Disabled, yet impell'd by urgent need.
 There stand we not within the reach of darts, 160
 Lest wounds on wounds o'erwhelm us ; but, apart
 Others exhort and send against the foe ;
 Rebuking those, who, fond of slothful ease,
 The combat shunning, idly stand aloof.^m
 He said : Attentive they his counsel heard, 165
 And pleas'd, assented. To the field they march'd,
 Preceded by Atrides, king of men.
 Not heedless then was ocean's powerful god.
 He, like an aged man, among them came,
 And, by the right hand Agamemnon grasp'd ; 170
 Whom thus, with swift-wing'd accents, he address'd :
 Atrides ! now Achilles' ruthless heart
 Rejoices in his bosom, while he views
 Dire overthrow and slaughter of the Greeks ;
 For sense and reason quite in him are lost ! 175
 But may he perish, and some god to shame
 His glory turn ! Not all the blessed gods
 Offended are with thee ; for yet, perhaps,
 The chiefs and leaders of the Trojan host
 Shall, far and wide, with dust the champaign fill, 180
 And thou shalt see them flying from the ships
 And tents precipitate, their town to reach.
 This said, a loud and animating shout ⁿ
 He utter'd, rushing quickly through the field.
 As when, encountering in the strife of Mars, 185
 Together nine or e'en ten thousand men
 The cry of battle raise ; such was the shout
 Of mighty Neptune. In the hearts of all
 The sons of Greece, it dauntless strength infus'd
 To war and combat with unwearied rage. 190
 But Juno, golden-thron'd, the battle view'd,^o

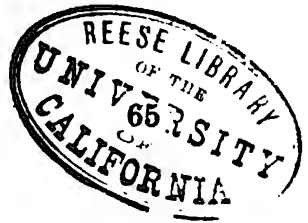
Standing, advanc'd, beyond Olympus' brow.
 Forthwith she knew her brother in the field
 Of glorious battle busily engag'd,
 And in her heart rejoic'd ; but Jove she saw 195
 Sitting on streamy Ida's topmost cliff,
 And felt stern wrath against him. Thoughtful then,
 Majestic Juno, bright-eyed queen, devis'd
 A scheme, by subtle artifice to cheat
 E'en Jove supreme, who bears the shield of heaven ! 200
 So meditating, she resolv'd to go
 To Ida's mount in all her charms array'd,
 That, overcome by beauty, in her arms
 To love he might submit ; and pleasing sleep,
 Oblivious, o'er his thoughtful mind and eyes 205
 Might be diffus'd. She to her chamber straight
 Withdrew, by Vulcan her own offspring built
 With skill divine ; who on its threshold plac'd
 Doors strong and large, lock'd by a secret key,
 Which not a god could open but herself. 210
 There ent'ring, with due care, the radiant doors
 She clos'd ; and with divine ambrosia first
 Her form refulgent from pollution cleans'd ;
 Then with most precious oil, celestial, sweet,
 Anointed, breathing pleasures all around ; 215
 So fragrant, when but slightly it is shaken
 In Jove's high court delightful odors spread
 E'en down to earth, and through th' extent of heaven.
 Having, with this, her lovely limbs refresh'd,
 She comb'd and braided tresses beaming bright, 220
 Beauteous, ambrosial, from her head divine
 Flowing profuse. Around her, next she threw
 A robe celestial, which Minerva's hands
 For her had made and fitted to her form ;
 A finish'd work, elaborate, adorn'd 225

With many glorious proofs of matchless art.
 That robe she to her snow-white bosom press'd
 With golden clasps ; then buckled to her waist
 A girdle with a hundred fringes deck'd ;
 And to her beauteous ears, with skill attach'd 230
 Two rings ; from each three glittering jewels hung
 Of smoothest, brightest polish ; star-like, they
 Added new graces to her ivory neck.
 Last with a veil the queen of goddesses
 Conceal'd her beauties ; brilliant, newly-wrought, 235
 And snowy white, resplendent as the sun !
 Around her feet, fair, delicate, and smooth,
 She bound her radiant sandals. Thus array'd
 In all her charming glory, forth she came,
 And calling Venus from the gods apart, 240
 Address'd her thus : My daughter dear, wilt thou
 Grant me a boon, by filial love induc'd ?
 Or wilt thou now e'en my request refuse,
 Because the Greeks I aid, the Trojans thou ?
 Jove's beauteous daughter this kind answer gave : 245
 Juno, thrice-honor'd goddess, daughter dread
 Of Saturn first of beings ! Speak thy wish !
 My heart inclines to grant it, if I can,^a
 And if 'tis possible, whate'er it be.
 Then, fraudulent of heart, the goddess spake : 250
 Give now to me that captivating charm
 Of powerful love, by which thou conquerest all,
 Both mortal men and ever-living gods.
 For I am going now to earth's green end,
 To visit old Oceanus, the sire, 255
 And Tethys, aged mother of the gods,^r
 Who me, an infant, nurs'd within their halls,
 And kindly rais'd, receiv'd from Rhea's arms,
 When Saturn was dethron'd by thund'ring Jove,

And cast beneath the earth and barren main. 260
To them I would repair, a cruel strife
Between them to compose, which, since stern wrath
Their minds possess'd, from love's endearing joys
And from their nuptial bed has kept them long.
If, by my fond persuasion, I can bend 265
Their hearts to dwell together as of old,
Truly belov'd and honor'd shall I be
By both forever ! Venus, heavenly queen
Of heart-bewitching smiles, again replied :
I cannot, and I ought not, to refuse 270
Request of thine, for, circled in the arms
Of Jove, the king of gods, thou dost repose.
She said ; and from her breast a zone unclasp'd,
Embroider'd rich with variegated dyes.
That girdle all her sweet enticing arts 275
Contain'd. There fondness dwelt, there tender looks,
Attractive, soothing speech, and flattery's charm,
Which steals the wits of wisest men away.
In Juno's hand she laid it, and she said :
This girdle take and in thy bosom hide, 280
This various girdle, comprehending all.
Nor wilt thou, I affirm, whatever now
Be thy design, without success return.
She spake ; delighted bright-eyed Juno smil'd,
And, smiling, hid it in her bosom. Then 285
Jove's daughter, Venus, to his dome return'd,
But Juno left, with rapid flight, the brow
Of steep Olympus. O'er Pieria borne,
And fair Emathia's pleasant region, thence
She swiftly pass'd the mountains, clad in snow, 290
Of Thrace, the land of horsemen bold, above
Their highest summits, nor with soaring feet
E'er touch'd the ground. From Athos, o'er the world

Of roaring waves, she flew, and Lemnos reach'd,^a
 The realm of godlike Thoas. There she found 295
 Sleep, Death's twin-brother ; clasping straight his hand,
 She thus address'd him : Sleep, great king of all,
 As well of deathless gods as mortal men,
 If ever heretofore with favor thou
 Hast heard me, when I ask'd thee, yield again 300
 To my persuasion, and my grateful heart
 Shall ever show thee kindness. Lull, for me,
 Beneath his awful brows, Jove's radiant eyes,
 When we in love's embrace together lie.
 Thy recompense shall be a beauteous throne 305
 Of gold unfading, by my offspring wrought,
 Vulcan, lame architect of heaven, adorn'd
 With all his matchless miracles of art ;
 And he shall place a footstool under it,
 Thy feet to rest, carousing at thine ease. 310
 The balmy power of Sleep this answer gave :
 Juno, thrice-honor'd goddess, daughter dread
 Of mighty Saturn ! surely, I with ease
 Could any other of th' immortal gods
 Lull to repose ; yea, e'en the rapid floods 315
 Of hoary ocean, who of all things else
 The parent is, but Jove, Saturnian king,
 Approach I dare not, much less lay my hands,
 Unbidden by himself, upon his eyes
 Celestial ! Once, subservient to thy will, 320
 To this bold enterprise I was seduc'd ;^b
 That fatal day, when Jove's high-minded son
 From Ilion sail'd, after the Trojan town
 He had demolish'd. Then the mind of Jove,
 Who bears the shield of heaven, I sooth'd to rest, 325
 About him sweetly circumfus'd ; while thou
 Against his son didst cruel woes contrive,

THE ILIAD.




Rousing the fury of the stormy winds
Upon the deep, which to the Coan isle,
Far distant from his friends, the hero drove. 330
But Jove, awaking, with fierce wrath inflam'd,
Hurl'd gods on gods, around the starry dome.
But chiefly me he sought, and would have thrown
Headlong from heaven, into the dark abyss,
Never to rise again, if Night, whose sway 335
Controls both men and gods,^u to whom I fled
For shelter, had not sav'd me. Jove suppress'd
His wrath, revering sacred Night, to whom
Offence he would not give. Yet now, again,
O goddess, wouldst thou urge me to attempt 340
The same most perilous and audacious deed !
To this the bright-eyed queen of heaven replied :
O Sleep, why should such fears thy mind disturb ?
Think'st thou that Jove, the thund'rer, will for Troy
Such anger feel as for his glorious son, 345
Heroic Hercules ? But, come with me,
And I will give thee, to be all thy own
By wedlock's right, Pasithea the divine,
One of the youngest of the Graces, whom
Thou long hast lov'd, and sigh'st for every day. 350
She said ; then Sleep rejoic'd, and thus he spake :
Pledge quickly, then, to me thy solemn oath,
By the inviolable flood of Styx !
Let one hand rest upon the fruitful earth,
And with the other touch the hoary main, 355
That all the gods who dwell in realms below,
Around old Saturn's dark abode, may hear
And bear us witness ; that by wedlock's right,
Pasithea the divine shall be my own,^v
One of the youngest of the Graces, whom 360
I long have lov'd, and sigh for every day.

He said ; nor did the white arm'd queen refuse,
 But, as he wish'd, pronounc'd that awful oath ;
 Calling on all the gods, who, Titans nam'd,
 In dreary regions under Tartarus dwell ! 365
 When she had sworn, and finish'd all that oath,
 They took their way together from the shores
 Of Lemnos, and behind them Imbros left.
 Swiftly they flew, in darkness dense conceal'd,
 Until they came to Ida's streamy mount, 370
 Mother of savage game ; at Lectos, then,
 They first forsook the sea, and glided on
 Over the mainland, while beneath their feet
 The summits of the forests shook with awe.
 Sleep staid behind to shun the sight of Jove ; 375
 Alighting on a beech, of height immense,
 Which then on Ida grew, her tallest tree,
 Through air aspiring to th' ethereal reign.
 Embowered there, by interwoven boughs
 He sat ; in shape, a shrill-ton'd bird of night, 380
 Known in the mountains, chalcis by the gods,
 And by the sons of men cymindis call'd.*
 But Juno quickly Gargarus approach'd,
 The topmost point of Ida's mount sublime,
 And cloud-compelling Jove her coming view'd. 385
 That instant, when he saw her, love's soft sway
 Came over him, and clouded all his mind ;
 Such ardent love as at the first they felt,
 In secret raptures on their genial bed,
 Unknown to both their parents. He advanc'd 390
 To meet her, and with tender tone he spake :
 My Juno, whither hurrying, comest thou
 From steep Olympus' heights, without thy steeds
 And splendid car to speed thee on thy way ?
 Then, fraudulent, answer'd heaven's majestic queen : 395

My journey is afar, to earth's green end,
 To visit old Oceanus, the sire,
 And Tethys, aged mother of the gods,
 Who me, an infant, nurs'd within their halls,²
 And bred with tender care. To them I now 400
 Would go, to reconcile their cruel strife,
 For long have they from mutual love abstain'd,
 Since wrath possess'd their minds. My horses rest
 At streamy Ida's foot, to bear me soon
 O'er land and sea ; but hither I have come, 405
 Lest thou be angry should I hence proceed
 To Ocean's hall, without informing thee.
 The cloud-assembler Jove, replied : For this
 Another day may serve, but now let us
 Devote the time to love and fond delights. 410
 For never, heretofore, such warm desire
 Has fill'd my bosom and subdu'd my mind,
 For woman or for goddess ; not e'en when
 I lov'd Ixion's consort, who produc'd
 Pirithous, a chieftain like the gods ; 415
 Not e'en for beauteous Danae's graceful form,
 Acrisius' daughter, who great Perseus bore,
 Illustrious hero, most of men renown'd ;
 Not for the daughter of the famous prince,
 Phoenix, by whom of Minos I became 420
 And godlike Rhadamanthus happy sire ;
 Nor yet at Thebes, for Semele the fair,
 Or for Alcmena, whose intrepid son
 Was mighty Hercules ; (but Semele
 Was mother of gay Bacchus, joy of men,) 425
 Not when I burn'd for Ceres, fair-hair'd queen,
 Or bright Latona's ever-glorious charms ;
 Not even for thyself, as now I feel
 The strong emotion of unbounded love !

Him Juno, still deceiving, answer'd thus : 430
 Ah ! shameless Jove ! what words are these to me ?
 If I should now indulge thine amorous wish
 On Ida's summit, all expos'd to view,
 How would it be, should some one of the gods
 Observe us sleeping, and to all the rest 435
 What he had seen proclaim ? Not to thy hall
 Would I return, just risen from thy bed,
 For shame it were, and cause of just reproach.
 But if, indeed, thy mind to love's inclin'd,
 Thou hast a chamber which thy skilful son, 440
 Vulcan, for thee constructed, aptly clos'd
 With doors compact, on solid hinges hung.
 Let us go thither, since it pleases thee
 To claim a consort's right, the nuptial bed.
 To this the cloud-assembler : Fear not thou 445
 Exposure to the sight of gods or men !
 So dense a veil I will around us draw,
 Of golden clouds, not e'en the sun himself
 Shall see us, whose refulgent eye beholds,
 With beam most piercing, all created things. 450
 The son of Saturn spake, and in his arms
 His consort clasp'd. For them the sacred earth,
 Spontaneous, herbage from her bosom pour'd,
 With new-born flow'rets ; lotus, dewy moist,
 And ruddy saffron, purple hyacinth, 455
 Thickly bestrew'd and soft, a fragrant bed,
 Which, swelling, raised them high above the ground.
 There they delighted lay, conceal'd within
 A beauteous golden cloud, which glittering dews
 Around them shed ! So Jove, the father, then 460
 Peaceful repos'd on Gargarus sublime,
 By sleep and love subdued, in fond embrace
 Clasp'ing his spouse ! The power of Slumber straight

Flew to the Grecian fleet, to tell the tale "
To Neptune, girder of the spacious globe, 465
Whose trident rocks the ground. Approaching, him
With swift-wing'd accents thus the god address'd :
Now Neptune, with alacrity, assist
The Greeks, and give them glory for a time,
A little time indeed, while Jove yet sleeps ; 470
For Jove himself my soporific power
Has wrapp'd in soft repose, by Juno's craft
Deceiv'd, and lull'd, unconscious, in her arms !
His message thus deliver'd, Sleep withdrew,
To roam among the tribes of mortal men. 475
But Neptune, more incited to assist
Achaia's host, sprang forth before the van,
And thus exclaim'd : O Argives ! shall we yield
Again the victory to Priam's son,
That he may win our fleet and all our fame ? 480
Such is his boastful threat, since Peleus' son,
Achilles, at his hollow ships remains,
By stubborn wrath detain'd. Yet we not much
Would need e'en him, if other valiant men
With manly zeal each other would exhort. 485
Come then, let all be rul'd by my advice.
Assuming straight the best and largest shields
In all our army, covering well our heads
With polish'd helms, and wielding in our hands
The spears of greatest length, on let us march ! 490
Myself will lead the way to meet the foe.
Nor do I think that Hector, Priam's son,
However fierce and bold, will me abide.
Let stouter heroes now, whose shields are small,
To others give them of inferior strength, 495
And for themselves the larger bucklers take.
He said ; the Greeks all hearken'd and obey'd.

The kings, though wounded, Tydeus' mighty son,
 Great Agamemnon, and Ulysses, help'd
 The troops to change their armor ; active, they 500
 Were busy through the field,^{aa} and gave the best
 To bravest men, the meanest to the mean.
 And now, array'd in shining arms, they march'd,
 By Neptune led, earth-shaking deity !
 A flaming sword the god's portentous hand 505
 Brandish'd on high, and terribly it gleam'd,
 Like flickering lightning ! That tremendous sword
 No warrior could encounter ; e'en the brave
 Stood terror-struck aloof ! Yet Hector, bold,  510
 Undaunted, opposite, his Trojan bands
 Set in array !^{bb} Lo ! then of direful war
 A furious contest Neptune, azure-hair'd,
 And glorious Hector rais'd ; for Troy the one,
 For Greece the other, striving, while the main
 Above its margin rose, roaring around 515
 Achaia's tents and ships.^{cc} The warring hosts,
 With outcries loud and vehement, engag'd.^{dd}
 Not with such bellowing do the foaming waves
 Assail the shore, when terribly the blast
 Of Boreas blows, arousing all the deeps ; 520
 Not such the roaring in a mountain's groves,
 With which a conflagration, through thick woods,
 Destroying, spreads ; not such the thund'ring sound
 Of howling winds, among tall branching oaks,
 Rending and crashing, with resistless rage, 525
 As then was heard the clamor of the Greek
 And Trojan heroes, when, with dreadful shouts,
 They rush'd against each other. First, a lance
 At Ajax from illustrious Hector flew,
 Nor miss'd the mark intended ; for the chief 530
 Turn'd opposite and met it, but it struck

Where two broad belts his bosom cross'd ; the one
 His seven-fold shield supporting, while his sword,
 Studded with silver, from the other hung.
 These now prov'd his defence. Great Hector saw, 535
 With indignation, that his powerful arm
 Had hurl'd that spear in vain ; he, shunning death,
 Retreated to the concourse of his friends.
 At him, retiring, Ajax Telamon
 A huge rock threw ; (of many that beneath 540
 The feet of combatants were loosely roll'd,
 To prop the ships intended.) One of these
 He hurl'd aloft, and smote him on the breast,
 Above his buckler's border, near the neck.
 It toss'd him like a whirlwind, and, itself 545
 Recoiling rapidly, whirl'd round and round.
 As, by the sudden bolt of angry Jove
 A lofty oak falls, shiver'd to the root,
 While fetid odors foul of sulphur rise,
 And horror-struck, of all his strength bereft, 550
 The pale beholder stands, who narrowly
 Escap'd the stroke of Jove's dread thunderbolt ;
 So to the ground the might of Hector fell,
 Low in the dust ! Out of his helpless grasp
 His javelin dropp'd ; above him fell his shield 555
 And rattling helmet, while around him rang
 His variegated armor, bright with brass.
 Straight, loudly shouting, sprang Achaia's sons
 To seize him, fir'd with hopes to bear away
 The prostrate hero. They, to strike him, aim'd 560
 Unnumber'd weapons ; yet no arm could smite,
 With spear or shaft, the shepherd of his people.
 For, with preventive haste, around him stood
 A circle of the bravest Trojan chiefs,
 Polydamas, Æneas, and the youth 565

Divine, Agenor, with the Lycian king,
 Sarpedon, and his comrade, Glaucus bold.
 Nor of the rest were any negligent,
 But all before him held their bossy shields
 Orbicular. Him then his sorrowing friends 570
 Uplifted in their arms, and from the fight
 Convey'd, until they came where, in the rear
 Of all the raging strife, his coursers swift
 Were station'd, with his car and charioteer.
 They, towards the town, him deeply groaning bore. 575
 But when they reach'd the smoothly-flowing ford
 Of eddying Xanthus, whom immortal Jove
 Begat, his friends remov'd him from the car,
 And gently laid him down; with water cool
 His face they sprinkled, till he breath'd again, 580
 And, gazing upward, view'd the light of heaven.
 Then, tottering on his knees, he sable blood
 Ejected, but again sunk on the earth,
 And darkness overcast his swimming eyes,
 For still that deadly dint his soul subdu'd. 585
 The Greeks, when Hector borne away they saw,
 Rush'd on their foes with energy increas'd,
 Remembering well their duty in the fight.
 Then, far the foremost, springing to the blow,
 Swift Ajax, son of fam'd Oileus, smote 590
 With pointed javelin Satnius, Enop's son,
 Whom to his sire a beauteous naiad bore,
 While herds he fed on Satnis' verdant banks.
 Him, in his flank, the spear-fam'd warrior struck;
 And backward low he fell. Around him rag'd 595
 A furious conflict. To avenge him, rush'd
 With brandish'd spear, Polydamas,^{as} who smote
 In the right shoulder, Prothoenor, son
 Of Areilycus. The forceful lance

Transfix'd the luckless hero ; prone in dust 600
 He fell and clasp'd, with dying hands, the ground
 Convulsively. Excessive was the joy
 Of Panthus' son ; he, glorying, loudly cried :
 Lo ! not in vain, I think a weapon flew
 From the strong arm of great Panthoides ! 605
 Some Greek receiv'd my javelin in his flesh,
 And, by ~~that~~ staff supported well, I deem
 Now gropes his dark descent to Pluto's hall !
 So spake he boastful, and with sorrow touch'd
 The Greeks ; but chiefly Ajax Telamon ; 610
 For nearest him the slaughter'd warrior fell.
 He quickly at Polydamas despatch'd
 His shining dart, but he adroitly sprang
 Aside, and shunn'd it : old Antenor's son,
 Archilochus, receiv'd the fatal blow ; 615
 For him the gods had to destruction doom'd.
 Just in the part where to the head and neck
 The spine unites, it pierc'd the lower joint,
 And both the tendons cut. Headlong he fell,
 Dashing his forehead, nose and mouth against 620
 The rugged ground, before his legs and knees
 Had touch'd it. Ajax loudly, in his turn,
 Exulting, cried to his illustrious foe :
 Say now, Polydamas, and tell me true,
 Is not this hero slain atonement just 625
 And adequate, for Prothoenor's death ?
 Not mean he seems, nor of ignoble race,
 But brother of Antenor, car-borne chief,
 Or son ; his features most resemble him !
 He said, but well he knew that hapless youth ! 630
 Each Trojan bosom then was fill'd with grief.
 But Acamas the brave, his brother's corse
 Defending, with a forceful javelin slew

Boeotian Promachus, who by the feet
 The carcass dragg'd. Triumphant he exclaim'd : 635
 Ye Argives vile, who basely shun our darts,
 Yet never will from empty threats refrain !
 The toils and woes of war not we alone
 Shall suffer ; some of you shall perish thus.
 Behold ! your Promachus now sleeps in death, 640
 Slain by my javelin ! Thus, the vengeance due
 To my brave brother is not long withheld.
 Let others likewise supplicate the gods,
 That when they fall, surviving brethren may
 Their just revenge exact ! So gloried he, 645
 And Argive bosoms anguish felt. But most
 With rage inflam'd, Peneleus to the charge
 Against him rush'd ; but he abided not
 That mighty chieftain's terrible approach.
 Peneleus' javelin smote Ilioneus, 650
 Offspring of Phorbas, rich in herds and flocks,
 Whom Hermes favor'd most of Phrygia's race,^{hh}
 And gave unbounded wealth : to him was born
 This only son, who now in battle fell.
 Below the forehead, in his eye-balls' root, 655
 The weapon struck, and thrust the pupil forth.
 Quite through his eye, quite through his head, it went !
 Down sat the youth with both his quivering palms
 Expanded ! Drawing straight a falchion keen,
 Peneleus in the centre gash'd his neck, 660
 And to the ground both head and helmet sent,
 While in his bleeding eye the javelin's spike
 Stuck fast.^{ll} Suspended, like a poppy's flower
 Upon its stem, he rais'd the head aloft,
 Proclaim'd his feat, and thus, exulting, cried : 665
 Tell this for me, ye Trojans, to the sire
 And mother of renown'd Ilioneus,

That, in their halls they may bewail him dead.
For never will the spouse of Promachus,
Our Alegenor's son, delighted meet 670
Her lord belov'd, when we, the sons of Greece,
Return at last from Ilion in our ships !
He said, and all the Trojans, horror-struck,
Were chill'd with pallid dread. Each look'd around
To find a refuge from impending death. 675
Ye Muses now, inhabitants of heaven,^{kk}
In high Olympian halls, inform me, who
Of all Achaia's heroes first obtain'd
The bloody trophy from a slaughter'd foe ;
What time the god who rocks the solid earth, 680
Had turn'd the tide of battle ? Ajax first,
The Telamonian hero, Hyrtius smote ;
Hyrtius Gyrtiades, who led to war
The Mysians stout in arms. Antilochus,
Of life and armor, Mermerus depriv'd, 685
And Phalces bold. Meriones laid low
Morys, and brave Hippotion. Teucer slew
Stout Prothoon and Periphetes. Deep
The Spartan monarch's javelin pierc'd the side
Of Hyperenor, an illustrious chief, 690
And all his entrails lacerated quite
With greedy fury ; through that ghastly wound
The spirit disembodied flew, and death
In darkness veil'd his eyes. But most were slain
By the swift Ajax, great Oileus' son ; 695
For none could equal him in swift pursuit,
When Jove to flight the trembling foe impell'd.

NOTES.

BOOK XIV.

^a *Nestor meanwhile.* l. 1.

The narrative returns to Nestor's tent, where, in Book XI., he was left with Machaon. It is not necessary to suppose that Nestor had long been indulging over the bowl; for what here follows must be understood as occurring in the same time with some of the incidents already narrated. This is evident from the subsequent account, that Nestor went out of the tent to view the battle, at the moment when Hector and the Trojans, having forced the gates, were pursuing the Greeks. The conversation between Nestor, Agamemnon, Diomed, and Ulysses, took place, therefore, soon after that event. The scheme of Juno to deceive Jupiter, appears to have been conceived and executed during the combat, in which Idomeneus was conspicuous, and Hector was kept in check by the phalanx formed by the Ajaes. Intelligence of the great event (that Jupiter was overcome by Love and Sleep) is quickly brought to Neptune, who then openly assists the Greeks, probably soon after that point of time at which Book XIII. ends. By adverting to the poet's management, the reader will perceive, that in his plan there is no confusion, but everything is done in proper time, and related in proper place.

^b ——— *Saying this he took*

His son's well-temper'd buckler. l. 10-11.

This circumstance shows the paternal affection of Nestor. His own shield (described in Book VIII. as of solid gold) is borne in

battle by his son Thrasymedes, while he is content with the shield of his son, of far inferior value.

* *But, as when the wide-spread main
Is darken'd.* l. 20 - 1.

See Mr. Pope's excellent note, in which the peculiar beauties of this simile are, in general, well explained. But neither in his note or translation does he seem to advert to the remarkable energy of the adjective, 'Ουσόμνον, agreeing with πύλας, by which Homer has endued the sea itself with knowledge and feeling, giving it a "strange presentiment of whistling winds;" the words, "While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high," being not obviously applicable to the sea, but rather to the mariners, or others expecting the storm. It is true, indeed, that what Homer mentions of the ocean, applies, in fact, to those who view it; but the bold personification of inanimate things is more agreeable to his lively imagination, and more poetical than the expression of common ideas, though strictly correct.

4 ——— *They met the Pylian sage,
And anxious terror in their bosoms felt.* l. 49 - 50.

"That so laborious a person, as Nestor has been described, so indefatigable, so little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battle, should approach to meet them, this it was that struck the princes with amazement, when they saw he had left the field." — *Eustathius*, quoted by Pope.

* ——— *To whom old Neleus' son:
'Tis certain.* l. 62 - 3.

"Nestor replies not to the question, why he had left the field. In the distress and perplexity of the moment, that circumstance is naturally forgotten, and he passes immediately to a representation of the danger." — *Cowper*.

7 ——— *nor otherwise
Would Jove himself, the thund'rer from on high,
Contrive them.* l. 64 - 66.

Cowper appears to have egregiously misunderstood this passage; he renders it:

—“nor Jove himself,
The thunderer, can disappoint them now.”

An expression of despair and impious derogation from the power of Jupiter, which never could have been uttered by a sage like Nestor ! The plain meaning of Nestor's remark is, that “these events are all such as might have been expected, Jupiter being opposed to us, of which I am now convinced ; because, if Jupiter himself was the author of them, they would not be otherwise contrived than as they are.” Pope's translation is also wide of the mark ; he says :

—“ So fate has will'd ;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from the aerial bower,
Not Jove himself upon the past has power.”

Which is very true, but very different from Homer's meaning.

*ε Whatever ships are station'd next the shore
Let us remove. l. 94 – 5.*

The Scholiast says, that Agamemnon made this proposal, that he might not seem to restrain the other chiefs from flight by an act of power, from selfish motives, and therefore be regarded as the cause of their destruction, if such should be the event.

*η Ah wretch ! I wish, indeed, some other troops,
More base and cowardly, thy subjects were. l. 105 – 6.*

The language of the wise Ulysses to Agamemnon is rather insulting on this occasion, but not more so than Agamemnon's was to him, in Book IV., when he said :

“ And thou, expert in evil stratagems
And fraudulent wiles ! why stand ye trembling here ? ”

Such harsh language appears to have been tolerated, if not sanctioned, by the manners of the times. Plutarch remarks : “ That Agamemnon did not suffer with patience the freedom of speech of Achilles, (though exercised with seeming moderation) but submitted to Ulysses when he bitterly reproached him ; because the latter, without any private motive to anger, spoke freely for the general interest of Greece ; but the former, he supposed, attacked him chiefly in con-

sequence of personal dislike." Agamemnon, however, when his passion against Achilles had cooled, acknowledged he was himself to blame, having given the first offence. See Book II. l. 498 - 9.

¹ ——— *Let any other now
Give better counsel, be he young or old,
And cheerful acquiescence find in me.* l. 129 - 31.

The philosophic emperor, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, has beautifully paraphrased these verses, in the 21st section of the 6th Book of his Meditations. "If any one (says he) shall reprove me; and show that I fail to consider, rightly, or to do what I ought, I will joyfully change my conduct; for I seek after truth, by which no man is ever injured." He says also in the 30th section: "A wise man ought to yield to those who freely oppose his opinions, and to rejoice if anybody points out to him better." In the 16th section of his 1st Book he says: "Whatever any person has to offer for the common good, ought to be heard." In a note on which passage the learned Gataker has introduced some things from Sophocles, which are well worth reading. — *Clarke.*

² *For mine are honors due to noble birth.* l. 137.

I concur in opinion with Mr. Pope, that this long digression of Diomed concerning his family is objectionable; for Agamemnon, Ulysses, and Nestor must have known already all that he told them, and time was therefore unprofitably wasted by the repetition.

¹ ——— *and ye these truths
Should hear without disdain.* l. 154 - 5.

Such, according to the Scholiast, is the meaning of the words τὰ δὲ μύλλετ' ἀκούμεν, ὡς ἐτερόν περ. Cowper translates them not so well:

————— "Such is my descent,
As ye have doubtless heard, for it is true."

For the word μύλλετ' has a future signification.

² *Rebuking those who, fond of slothful ease,
The combat shunning, idly stand aloof.* l. 163 - 4.

Clarke and the Scholiast both understand in this manner the words,

BOOK XIV.



οἱ τοῖχος παρ
Θυμῷ ἤρα φέροντες ἀφροσύῃσ', οὐδὲ μάχονται.

Cowper, concurring in opinion with Barnes, translates them as follows :

“ Those to excite who sullenly retir'd
Abstain from battle for Achilles' sake ; ”

I think incorrectly ; for Diomed certainly does not mention the name of Achilles, nor does he seem to make any allusion to him, or to his friends.

▪ *This said, a loud and animating shout.* l. 183.

“ That is, a prodigious clamor from the sea-shore was heard, of the soldiers encouraging and exhorting each other to the combat.”
— *Clarke.*

◦ *But Juno, golden-thron'd, the battle view'd.* l. 191.

The following fiction of Homer, that Juno contrived to deceive and lull Jupiter asleep, is, in my opinion, monstrous and inexcusable, though adorned with all the charms of most beautiful poetry. Besides the extravagant absurdity of the notion, that the supreme being could be so simple and weak, the story is certainly immoral and indecent, in a very high degree. Such, alas ! were the follies of the heathen, concerning which Mr. Rollin observes : “ Nothing is more proper to convince us, into what extravagances the mind of man is capable of falling, when estranged from the true religion, than the description Homer gives us of the gods of paganism. It must be owned, he gives us a strange idea of them. They fall together by the ears, reproach and scandalously abuse one another. They enter into leagues, and engage in opposite parties against each other. Some of them are wounded in their contests with men, and all but ready to perish. Lying, tricking, and thieving, are genteel practices among them. Adultery, incest, and the most detestable crimes, lose all their blackness in heaven, and are had in honor there. Homer has not only ascribed all the weaknesses of human nature to his gods, but all human passions and vices ; whereas he should rather, as Tully has observed, have raised men to the perfections of the gods. *Humana ad deos transtulit ; divina mallem ad nos.* For this reason Plato banished him his commonwealth, as offending against the ma-

jeesty of heaven ; and Pythagoras said he was cruelly tormented in hell, for having inserted such impious fictions in his poems. But, as Aristotle has remarked, he only followed herein the vulgar opinion. And such extravagances show how much we stand indebted to our deliverer. Amidst, however, such thick darkness, we have some sparks of light, which are sufficiently capable to enlighten the mind, some precious remains of primitive truths, originally imprinted in the heart of man by the author of nature, and preserved by a constant and universal tradition, notwithstanding the general corruption.

° ——— and with divine ambrosia first

Her form refulgent from pollution cleans'd. l. 212 – 13.

“ Excessive ornament (says Plutarch) is very different from neatness. For women who are painted, and anointed, and loaded with gold and purple, appear too fond of finery ; but bathing, anointing, and combing the hair, no person will blame. The poet, therefore, gracefully manifests this distinction, when he describes Juno adorning herself.” — *Symposiasts, Book VI. Probl. 7.* It appears from this passage of Plutarch, that he considered anointing a neat or cleanly practice, and such, no doubt, was the opinion of the ancients generally, so great is the force of custom ; but the more refined moderns have generally discarded it, as uncleanly and loathsome. Many of the ladies, however, substitute for it the more objectionable practice of painting the face, which Plutarch justly condemns. The simplicity and beauty of Juno's dress are very remarkable. See Mr. Pope's observations upon it.

° ——— *Speak thy wish !*

My heart inclines to grant it, if I can. l. 247 – 8.

Scaliger condemns the plainness of Homer's style, in speeches like this, as “ low and vulgar, and no better than what anybody could write.” But Quintilian says, “ that no writer could have surpassed Homer in sublimity on great, and in propriety on little occasions.” The Scholiast Victorian also says, that “ nobody ever gave so much dignity to the expression of things of a low or humble character.”

° *To visit old Oceanus, the sire,*

And Tethys, aged mother of the gods. l. 255 – 6.

Plato (in his *Theætetus*) says, that “ Homer, in feigning that

Oceanus and Tethys were parents of the gods, meant to insinuate that all things were produced from water and motion." Tethys was said to be the daughter of Cælus and Terra, also wife of Oceanus, and mother of the nymphs, or rivers.

° ——— *and Lemnos reach'd. l. 294.*

No reason is given by Homer for Juno's going to Lemnos, for the god of sleep. In his times, perhaps, the meaning of this fiction was well understood.

° *Once, subservient to thy will,
To this bold enterprise I was seduc'd. l. 320 – 1.*

The poet, by way of apology for the extravagant fiction he is here introducing, skilfully contrives to refer to another fable of the same nature; whether fabricated by himself or by some other mythologist is uncertain.

" ——— *if Night, whose sway
Controls both men and gods. l. 335 – 6.*

Night was revered by the heathen, as the most ancient of all the goddesses; because they supposed that darkness and a chaos were before all other things. This opinion was probably founded on a tradition from the first men, and is agreeable to the Scripture account, which says, that at first "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep." The poet, very naturally, ascribes to night the office of sheltering sleep.

° ——— *that by wedlock's right
Pasithea the divine shall be my own. l. 358 – 9.*

The warmth of the lover's passion is very well exhibited in the joy he feels at the proposal made him by Juno, in the anxiety which induces him to demand a ratification of her promise, by the most solemn of all oaths, and in the fondness with which he repeats the words she had used in speaking of his affection for Pasithea. But the question is not easy to be answered, why is the god of sleep said to have been in love with one of the Graces?

" ——— *chalchis by the gods,
And by the sons of men cymindis call'd. l. 381 – 2.*

See ante, Book I. note °; also Plato's remarks on the language of the gods, quoted by Mr. Pope in his note on this passage.

* *Who me, an infant, nurs'd within their halls, l. 399.*

"The allegory of this (says Eustathius) is very obvious. Juno is constantly understood to be the air; and we are here told she was nourished by the vapors which rise from the ocean and the earth, for Tethys is the same with Rhea." In the latter part of this remark, the learned commentator is evidently mistaken; for Tethys was not the earth, but daughter of Cœlus, or heaven, and Terra, or earth, and Rhea was the wife of Saturn, not of Oceanus. He might more properly have said, that the air is supplied with vapors, which rise from the ocean, rivers, and earth.

' *The son of Saturn spake, and in his arms
His consort clasp'd. l. 451 - 2.*

See Mr. Pope's excellent note on this passage. Clarke contends, that the whole of this fable is merely an allegorical description of the season of spring, in which the mountain Ida was beautified with leaves and blossoms, and overspread with golden clouds. "Juno," says Dionysius Halicarnassensis, "represents the air, which is a moist substance; Jupiter the ether, which is fiery and warm; and by means of these the earth produces herbs and flowers." Virgil also sings:

Vere tument terræ, et genitalia semina poscunt:
Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus Æther,
Conjugis in gremium lætæ descendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus:
Parturit almus ager. *Georgic II. 342.*

* ——— *The power of Slumber straight
Flew to the Grecian fleet, to tell the tale. l. 463 - 4.*

That sleep should bring the message to Neptune, in the midst of a furious battle, does not seem reconcilable to any rational allegory. But the poet was compelled to make use of Sleep as the messenger on this occasion; since none but Juno and he knew that Jupiter had been subdued by his power and her contrivance. See ante, l. 446.

" ——— *active, they
Were busy through the field. l. 500 - 1.*

The phalanx must have been so drawn up, as that the front rank

kept the enemy in check, while this operation of exchanging arms was going on in the rear ranks; and then the front must have been skilfully changed, to complete the arrangement. These circumstances prove, that the Greeks must have been considerable adepts in military tactics.

bb ——— *Yet Hector, bold,
Undaunted, opposite, his Trojan bands
Set in array.* l. 509 – 11.

The heroism of Hector is here wonderfully exalted, in opposing him to Neptune, confessed in all his terrors; but it is not improper; for the message received by him in the morning from Jupiter, gave him just reason to think that the sovereign of gods and men would support and render him invincible.

cc ——— *while the main
Above its margin rose, roaring around
Achaia's tents and ships.* l. 514 – 16.

"This swelling and inundation of the sea, as if it had been agitated by a storm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating that the waters had the same resentments with their monarch, Neptune, and seconded him in his quarrel." — *Eustathius*. Perhaps the poet's intention may have been to describe, in this poetical manner, a storm which really took place and terrified the Trojans, being regarded by their superstitious minds as a prodigy.

dd ——— *The warring hosts,
With outcries loud and vehement, engag'd.* l. 516 – 17.

The poet's fancy appears to have caught new fire, on returning to the battle. The description here given is terrible indeed.

ee *It toss'd him like a whirlwind, and, itself
Recoiling rapidly, whirl'd round and round.* l. 545 – 6.

Such appears to me the plain and obvious translation of the line,

Στράμβον δ' ὤς, ἰσσεύς βάλων, περὶ δ' ἔδραμε πάντη.

Cowper translates it :

—— “ Twirling like a top, it pass’d
The shield of Hector, near the neck, his breast
Struck full, then plow’d circuitous the dust ! ”

“ *As, by the sudden bolt of angry Jove
A lofty oak falls.* l. 547 – 8.

This is certainly one of the most sublime, and, at the same time, correct similes, to be found in any poem. The stroke given by Ajax is forcible as the thunderbolt ; Hector falls, like the majestic oak, shattered to its roots : the Trojans are horror-struck, like the man who, standing near the spot where the lightning has struck, trembles while he thinks how narrowly he has escaped ! The fall of Hector is described so naturally, that the reader sees the javelin dropping from his hand, the shield falling over him, and hears the sound of his armor rattling around him. Mr. Pope’s translation is beautiful and accurate in this place :

“ So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore ;
His slacken’d hand deserts the lance it bore ;
His following shield the fallen chief o’erspread ;
Beneath his helmet dropp’d his fainting head ;
His load of armor, sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field ; a dead and hollow sound.”

“ —— *To avenge him, rush’d
With brandish’d spear, Polydamas.* l. 596 – 7.

This passage proves that Polydamas (prudent as he was) did not deserve the charge of cowardice brought against him by Hector, in the warmth of his indignation. Even after Hector was overthrown and carried from the field, Polydamas continues the fight with signal bravery.

“ *Whom Hermes favor’d most of Phrygia’s race.* l. 652.

“ Prosperity and wealth were supposed to be the gifts of Mercury, who was, therefore, held in especial honor by the rich and happy.” — Cowper.

" *While in his bleeding eye the javelin's spike
Stuck fast.* l. 662-3.

The death of Ilioneus, and speech of Peneleus who slew him, are master-pieces in the terrible and pathetic style.

" *Ye Muses now, inhabitants of heaven:* l. 676.

This solemn address to the Muses, rouses again the reader's attention, and gives a solemn and impressive character to the ensuing narrative.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

**The third battle continued — The Greeks driven again to their ships
— The furious conflict there — The achievements of Ajax Tel-
amon.**

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

WHEN now the routed bands of Troy had pass'd,
In rapid flight, the perilous stakes and trench,
And many, slain by Greeks, were left behind,
They stopp'd, at length, arriving at their cars,
All pale with fear and panic-struck. But Jove 5
Awoke, on Ida's summit,^a from th' embrace
Of Juno, golden thron'd ! Rising in haste,
He stood, and all the field of fight survey'd ;
The Trojans, driven with tumult horrible,
The Greeks impetuous, urging the pursuit ; 10
And with them Neptune, monarch of the deep.
Hector he view'd reclining on the ground,
Encompass'd by his friends, breathing with pain,
With short and difficult panting ; 'reft of strength,
And lost to thought, ejecting sable blood ; 15
For not the feeblest of Achaia's host
That blow inflicted.^b Seeing this, the sire
Of men and gods compassion felt ; with stern
And dreadful look, he thus to Juno spake :
Ah ! certainly, thy fraudful artifice, 20
Mischief-contriving Juno, has from fight

Great Hector driven and turn'd his victory
 To foul discomfiture ! Shalt thou not reap
 The bitter fruit of thy pernicious craft,
 Chastis'd with rods again ? Hast thou forgot 25
 When thee I hung from heaven's ethereal height,
 With anvils to thy feet,* and firmly bound
 Thy hands together, with a golden chain
 Indissoluble ? Then, amidst the clouds
 Suspended, thou didst high in ether hang, 30
 While all the gods throughout Olympus mourn'd,
 But could not rescue thee. Whome'er I caught,
 Was hurl'd precipitate from heaven's verge,
 And headlong fell, e'en to this lower world,
 Breathless and faint. E'en then, my vehement wrath 35
 Was not appeas'd with adequate revenge
 For godlike Hercules, whom thou in league
 With stormy Boreas, and the boist'rous winds,
 Didst, on the barren main relentless toss,
 Till, devious, far away, the chief was driven, 40
 To many-peopled Coos. From that isle
 I sav'd and brought him home to Argos' shore.
 Of this I now remind thee, that thou mayst
 In time to come refrain from wicked fraud ;
 Knowing full well no benefit is gain'd 45
 By treacherous deceit, in love's disguise
 Conceal'd, and raptures of connubial bliss,
 To which thou didst allure me, from the gods
 Stealing away, with circumvention foul !
 He said ; the queen of heaven with terror shook, 50
 And thus with swift-wing'd words address'd her lord :
 Now hear me Earth, and boundless Heaven above !
 Hear also Styx,^d whose dismal waters flow
 Beneath the ground ; by which immortals swear
 Their awful and inviolable oath ! 55

He shall have prostrate laid ; among the rest 90
 My own brave son, illustrious demigod,
 Sarpedon ! But, infuriate for his friend,
 Divine Achilles soon will Hector slay.
 From that great hour my high decree is fix'd,
 The bands of Troy shall ever from the ships. 95
 Be driven, defeated, till Achaia's sons,
 By sage Minerva's counsels, Ilium take.
 But never shall my wrath be pacified,
 Nor will I any of the gods permit
 To aid the Greeks until Pelides' wish 100
 Accomplish'd be ; as, with my sacred nod,
 I promis'd on that day when Thetis clasp'd
 My knees, imploring honor for her son,
 The stern Achilles, town-destroying chief.
 So spake the king of gods ; nor did the queen 105
 Refuse obedience, but from Ida flew
 To vast Olympus. As a traveller's mind,
 Who many regions has with toil explor'd,
 Expatriates, while he thinks of lands and seas
 Which he has travers'd, and from place to place 110
 With instant transit flies ; so quickly then
 Flew Juno to Olympus' summit. There
 She found the gods assembled, in the dome
 Of Jove supreme. Respectful they, in haste
 All rose, and offer'd each a golden cup. 115
 She heeded not the rest, but Themis fair
 Regarding, from her hand the cup receiv'd ;
 For she was first to meet her, running swift,
 And thus, with anxious care inquiry made :
 Juno, whence art thou ? seeming much distress'd 120
 And terrified ? Thy lord, Saturnian Jove,
 Has he afflicted, and alarm'd thee thus ?
 To her the white-arm'd goddess : Ask me not,

O Themis, what has happen'd ; knowing well
 Thyself how proud and stern his temper is. 125
 But at the banquet of the gods do thou
 Contented, still preside ;^b yet must thou learn,
 And all th' immortals, what tremendous acts
 Jove now proclaims ! Not all alike, I deem,
 Mortals or gods, will at the news rejoice, 130
 Though feasting now, from care and sorrow free.
 This said, she took her seat. The gods disturb'd,
 Sigh'd mournfully throughout the hall of Jove :
 She, with her lips a smile severe express'd,
 But in her eyebrows dark, and low'ring front, 135
 No joy appear'd, and thus to all the gods
 With stern disdain she spake : Ah ! foolish we,
 Who Jove's high will oppose,ⁱ whether we strive
 By word or deed. He, far above us all,
 Sits heedless, and despises all our rage, 140
 Unmov'd, for in his lofty pride, he deems
 His power and might beyond compare, supreme
 Among immortal gods. With patience then
 Submit ye deities, to every woe
 He dooms you. Lo ! e'en now a cruel stroke 145
 Of fate relentless falls on mighty Mars !
 His gallant son is slain, Ascalaphus,
 Whom most he lov'd, and cherish'd as his own.
 She said ; stern Mars that moment smote his thighs
 With palms expanded, and lamenting cried : 150
 Be not offended now, ye host of heaven,
 If, hurrying to the ships of Greece, I there
 Avenge the slaughter of my godlike son ;
 Though smitten by Jove's thunderbolts, I fall
 Among the carnage, smear'd with dust and blood ! 155
 So saying, he commanded Fear and Flight^k
 His steeds to harness, while himself assum'd

His all-refulgent armor. Now from Jove
 Some heavier and more dreadful wrath and woe
 Had fallen on the gods, if Pallas wise,¹ 160
 Alarm'd for all th' immortals, had not rush'd
 Across the threshold, leaping from her seat.
 She took the radiant helmet from his head,
 From his broad shoulders heav'd th' enormous shield,
 And snatch'd the brazen javelin from his hand, 165
 Strong as it was. She faithfully rebuk'd
 The furious deity. Ah ! frantic Mars,
 Of reason 'reft ! thou hast thyself destroy'd !
 Were ears to hear bestow'd on thee in vain ?
 And art thou lost to shame as well as thought ? 170
 Didst thou not hear the words which Juno spake,
 Direct from Jove, supreme Olympian king ?
 Or is it thy desire, with pangs severe
 Tormented, to be driven back to heaven ;
 Striving in vain against superior force, 175
 And bringing for us all some direful ill ?
 For Jove the Greeks and Trojans will forsake,
 And hasten to Olympus, round this dome
 To chase us with dread tumult, and alike
 The guilty or the innocent to seize. 180
 I charge thee then, this mad attempt renounce,
 And yield submissive to thine offspring's death ;
 For heroes bold, surpassing him in fame,
 Have fallen, and must fall. To save from fate
 The race of all mankind, were hard indeed ! 185
 She said, and to his seat the furious god
 Confin'd. Then Juno call'd Apollo forth,
 And Iris, swift-wing'd messenger of heaven.
 To them she said : Go ye to Ida's mount
 Without delay, for such is Jove's command. 190
 There, in his awful presence standing, do

Whate'er he may enjoin. This order given,
 The queen of heaven among th' assembled gods
 Resum'd her seat ; while rapidly they flew
 To lofty Ida, hill of many streams, 195
 Mother of savage game. There, on the top
 Of Gargarus, they found Saturnian Jove
 The thunderer, sitting, with a fragrant cloud
 Encircled, glorious. In the presence they
 Of Jove supreme, with awful rev'rence stood ; 200
 Nor was he wroth ; ^m for they his high command
 Promptly obey'd. To Iris first he spake :
 Go, Iris, quickly go, my message bear
 To Neptune, king of ocean ; tell him all
 That I direct, and faithful be thy tongue. 205
 Bid him forthwith, retiring from the war
 And bloody strife, to th' assembled gods,
 Or his own deep, return ; and if to words
 He yield not, but my mandate disobey,
 Let him beware, considering how ill 210
 His prowess can withstand, strong as he is,
 My terrible approach ; for him in might
 I far excel, and am his senior too ;
 Yet he, audacious, would with me contend,
 Supreme in heaven, whom all the gods revere. 215
 He spake, and Iris swift, with feet of wind,
 Fail'd not in prompt obedience. From the cliffs
 Of Ida she to sacred Ilion flew.
 As when from murky clouds bright flakes of snow,
 Or balls of chilling hail, are swiftly driven 220
 By rapid blasts of Boreas, Æther's son,
 So flew the goddess to the field of fight,
 And, hovering near the great earth-shaking god,
 She thus address'd him : Neptune, azure-hair'd,
 Whose arms the globe surround, to thee I bring 225

A message now from Ægis-bearing Jove.
 He bids thee straight retiring from the war
 And bloody strife, to th' assembled gods,
 Or thy own deep return ; and, if to words
 Thou yield not, but his mandate disobey, 230
 He threatens, that himself will come in arms
 Against thee ; and he warns thee to avoid
 Such conflict, since in might he far excels,
 And is thine elder brother : yet wouldst thou
 Contend with him whom all in heaven revere ? 235
 To this, the power whose earthquakes rock the ground,
 Highly incens'd, replied : Ah ! certainly,
 Great though he be, too haughtily he speaks,
 If me, a deity, with honors crown'd
 Equal to his, he would by force constrain ! 240
 For we are brothers three, of Saturn old
 And ancient Rhea born ; Jove and myself,
 And Pluto ruler of th' infernal realm.
 All things between us three ^a divided were ;
 Assign'd to each a separate empire fell. 245
 I, when the lots were shaken, drew for mine,
 To dwell forever in the hoary main ;
 To Pluto fell the world of darkness drear,
 And Jove receiv'd the wide expanse of heaven,
 The clouds sublime and Æther's bright abode. 250
 But Earth and high Olympus to us all
 Are common. Independent, then, am I
 Of Jove's good will. Let him contented dwell,
 Strong as he is, within his own domain,
 And think not he can me intimidate, 255
 Like some base coward, by his menac'd might.
 Better it were for him to terrify,
 With swelling words, the daughters or the sons
 Whom he begat, and who reluctantly

Obey and tremble when he gives command. 260
To him the goddess swift, with feet of wind :
And shall I certainly be forc'd to bear
This harsh reply from thee to Jove supreme ?
Or wilt thou yield a little ? for the minds
Of all the wise and good are flexible. 265
Thou knowest that, on elders ever wait
Vindictive Furies to maintain their rights.
To her again earth-shaking Neptune spake :
Goddess ! that word correctly thou hast said ;
And good it is when messengers are wise. 270
But keen regret pervades my heart and soul,
That me, by lot his equal, and by fate
Immortal too, with supercilious threats
He has insulted. Yet, though much incens'd,
I now will yield ; but one thing I pronounce, 275
And this I threaten from my inmost soul :
If, in despite of Pallas and myself,
Of Juno, Hermes, and the king of Fire,
Proud Ilion he will spare, and disappoint
The Greeks of glory promis'd in her fall, 280
Tell him my wrath shall never be appeas'd.
So saying, straight the fierce earth-shaking god,
Indignantly, Achaia's army left,
And plung'd into the main ; his loss was mourn'd
By all the heroes. Then to Phœbus, Jove 285
The cloud-assembler spake :— Go now, my son,
To Hector, great in arms ; for, lo ! at length,
The god who girds and rocks the steadfast earth,
Has to his sacred deep retir'd, to shun
Our perilous wrath ; for, had we combated, 290
The dread concussion had been felt below
By th' infernal gods who dwell around
Old Saturn's dark abode ! Better it is

For him and for myself, that yielding thus,
 Though much incens'd, he has my powerful hand 295
 Avoided ; for the conflict had not been
 Without hard toil to both. But thou assume
 My shaggy Ægis, and with terror strike
 Achaia's heroes, shaking it on high
 Before their eyes ; and be thy special care, 300
 Illustrious Hector : rouse his valorous might,
 Until the flying Grecians to their ships
 And Hellespont be driven ; there myself
 The counsel and the means will designate,
 That from their labors they may breathe again. 305
 He said, nor did Apollo disobey ;
 But flew from Ida's mountains, as a hawk,
 The nimblest chaser of the feather'd tribe,
 Darts swiftly to pursue a timorous dove.
 He found the son of Priam great in arms, 310
 Sitting erect, no longer low on earth ;
 For recently his senses had reviv'd ;
 He knew his friends around him ; from his brow
 The sweat was dried ; his bosom ceas'd to heave
 With short and painful panting, since the will 315
 Of powerful Jove had rais'd him up again.^p
 Far-shooting Phœbus, hovering near him, said :
 Why, Hector, son of Priam, art thou here,
 So faint and weak, and from thy troops remote ?
 Does some disease restrain thee from the fight ? 320
 Him, with a faint and feeble voice, the chief,
 Ruler of heroes, answer'd : Who art thou,
 Best of the gods, who dost that question ask ?
 Hast thou not heard, that, while his valiant friends,
 E'en at the prows of Grecian ships, I slew, 325
 Ajax, renown'd in battle, with a stone
 Enormous, smote me on the breast, and quell'd

My ardent prowess ? Surely on this day,
 To see the shades and Pluto's realm I thought,
 For ready to depart my spirit seem'd. 330
 Then thus the king of day, far-darting god :
 Be of good courage ; such efficient aid
 Saturnian Jove from Ida sends thee now ;
 Myself, Apollo with the golden sword,
 In battle to attend thee and protect ; 335
 Accustom'd heretofore, thee and thy town,
 Great Ilion, to defend. Now give command
 To all your charioteers, to drive forthwith
 Their coursers to the ships. Myself in front
 Will render smooth a passage for your steeds, 340
 And all the Grecian heroes put to flight.
 So saying, in the shepherd of the people
 Ardor immense and vigorous strength he breath'd.
 As when a sprightly courser, long confin'd'
 And pamper'd in his stable, breaks away 345
 And runs at large o'er all the echoing field ;
 To bathe his sides accustom'd, in the stream
 Of some cool-flowing river ; high he bears
 His head exulting ; o'er his shoulders waves
 His mane luxuriant ; of his beauty proud, 350
 He springs along with light and active limbs,
 To seek his well-known haunts and pastures gay ;
 So Hector nimbly plied his feet and knees,
 The voice divine obeying ; to the fight
 Urging his horsemen bold. And, as when dogs 355
 And hardy rustics chase an antler'd stag
 Or swift wild goat, (the mountain's rocky sides
 And dark-brown thickets shelter him from death,
 Not fated to be taken,) suddenly,
 Rous'd by their clamors from his gloomy den, 360
 A shaggy lion in their way appears ;

They straight, though ardent in pursuit till then,
 Recoil, affrighted ; so the sons of Greece,
 Who thronging, hitherto, had chas'd their foes,
 Smiting with swords and double-pointed spears, 365
 Stopp'd, trembling and amaz'd, when they perceiv'd
 Hector again among the martial files ;
 And all their hearts precipitately fell.
 But Thoas then, Andræmon's mighty son,^t
 Harangued them ; Thoas, bravest far of all 370
 Ætolia's heroes, skill'd the spear to hurl,
 And strong in standing fight ; few of the Greeks
 Excell'd him in debate, when for the prize
 Of eloquence Achaia's noble youths
 Contended. He, with good intent, now spake : 375
 Ye gods ! what miracle do I behold ?
 Hector once more arisen, death escap'd !
 Surely, in hope, we all beheld him slain
 By the strong arm of Ajax Telamon !
 But some one of the gods has from the field 380
 Withdrawn, and heal'd this dreadful chief, who slew
 So many Greeks, and now will others slay ;
 For not without loud-thundering Jove he comes,
 Excited thus, and in the van appears.
 Come, therefore, all be sway'd by my advice. 385
 Command we now the vulgar multitude,
 Retreating in our rear, to seek the ships,
 While we, the bravest of Achaia's host,
 Stand here, with elevated spears, to meet
 And check the fury of his first assault. 390
 E'en Hector, raging as he is, will fear
 To rush amidst us form'd in phalanx firm.
 He said ; all heard his counsel and approv'd.
 Great Ajax, and the valiant king of Crete,
 With Teucer, Merion bold, and Meges too, 395

A match for Mars, array'd the direful fight,
 Assembling all Achaia's bravest chiefs,
 Against stern Hector and proud Ilion's host.
 The multitude behind them to the ships
 Retreated. But the force of Troy condens'd 400
 Fell on them fiercely : Hector led the way
 With rapid strides ; before him Phœbus march'd,
 Wrapp'd in a cloud, around his shoulders broad,
 And bearing on his arm Jove's wondrous shield,
 Portentous, stormy, rough on every side, 405
 And blazing bright ! That shield, by Vulcan fram'd,
 Was given to Jove to terrify mankind !
 So arm'd, Apollo led the Trojan host.
 Yet firmly did th' embodied Greeks abide
 That dread encounter ! From both armies rose 410
 A deafening shout ; from bow-strings arrows leap'd ;
 From hands robust unnumber'd javelins flew ;
 Some lodg'd in flesh of heroes swift in fight ;
 Others fell short, and striking deep the ground,
 Stood quivering, thirsting still in vain for blood. 415
 While Phœbus held the mighty shield unmov'd,
 The darts from either host flew equally,
 And pierc'd by mutual wounds the people fell.
 But when, with awful countenance unveil'd,
 Full in the faces of the Greeks he look'd,^a 420
 And shook that dreadful shield, himself a shout
 Tremendous uttering, then the souls of all
 Dismay excessive felt ; then fortitude
 And prowess they forgot ; and, like a herd
 Of cattle, or a flock of timorous sheep, 425
 Which two fierce lions in a dreary night,
 (Their keeper absent) suddenly attack,^v
 They fled affrighted ; for Apollo threw
 Terror among them, and the glory gave

To Hector and to Troy. Then man slew man, 430
 While fled the Greeks dispers'd, and Hector laid
 Two chieftains low ; Arcesilaus, who led
 Bœotia's troops, and Stichius, faithful friend
 Of great Menestheus. Stern Æneas slew
 Medon and Iasus. Of spurious birth 435
 Unhappy Medon was ; Oileus' son,
 Brother of Ajax. He, a banish'd man,
 Had dwelt at Phylace, from home remote ;
 The brother of his stepdame having slain,
 Of Eriopis, consort of his sire. 440
 But Iasus, a brave Athenian chief,
 Was son of Sphelus, call'd Bucolides.
 Polydamas arrests Mecisteus' flight ;
 Polites slaughters Echius ; Clonius falls
 By great Agenor ; Paris in the back, 445
 Beneath the shoulder, Deiochus transfix'd,
 As follow'd closely by his foes he fled.
 While them the victors of their arms despoil'd,
 Th' Achæians, panic-struck, (while part were forc'd
 Into the fosse profound, and fell among 450
 The perilous stakes,) fled, scatter'd far and wide,
 And trembling, shelter sought behind their wall.
 But furious Hector, calling loudly, bade
 His Trojans to the ships to rush forthwith,
 And disregard the spoil : Whatever man 455
 I notice from the ships of Greece remote,^x
 I doom to instant death ; his lifeless corse
 Shall not, by brothers and by sisters dear,
 To funeral flames be given, but, by dogs
 Unclean, before our city shall be torn. 460
 So saying, with the scourge he smote his steeds
 Upon their shoulders,^y calling all his men
 To follow him. They, with a general shout

Of triumph, onward urg'd their thund'ring steeds.
 Before them, Phœbus, with his foot, threw in 465
 With ease the lofty mounds of that deep fosse,
 And fill'd it instantly ; as with a bridge,
 Making a passage long and wide, and far
 As flies a javelin from a warrior's hand,
 In trial of his strength ! Upon that bridge 470
 They pour'd along, a thronging multitude.
 In front, Apollo bore above their heads,
 The glorious Ægis ! He as easily
 The Grecian wall o'erturn'd, as does a boy
 His house of sand * upon the sea-beat shore ; 475
 Who, raising childish fabries in his play,
 Effaces them again, with hands and feet
 Disporting ; so didst thou, O powerful god,
 Arm'd with the silver bow, abortive make
 The painful sweat and labor of the Greeks, 480
 And put them all to flight. They at their ships
 Stopp'd, weary and dismay'd ; with clamors loud
 Exhorting each his comrades ; each to heaven
 Raising his hands, imploring all the gods
 For pity. Nestor most, Gerenian chief, 485
 And guardian of the Greeks, a fervent prayer
 Address'd, extending towards the starry sky
 His aged hands : O father Jove, if ever
 In corn-abounding Argos any Greek
 Offer'd the choicest parts of beeves or sheep 490
 In sacrifice to thee, a safe return
 Soliciting, and thou didst give thy word
 And sacred nod, according to his prayer ;
 Remember now that word, Olympian king,^{aa}
 And save us. Turn away this dreadful day, 495
 Nor let the Trojans thus destroy the Greeks.
 So spake he, suppliant : Jove, supremely wise,

Relented at the prayer of Neleus' son,
And peals of thunder his assent declar'd.
But the fierce Trojans, since the will of Jove
They understood was on their side, the more
Excited by that sign, rush'd on the Greeks,
Attentive to their duty in the fight.
Like a huge wat'ry mountain on the main,^{bb}
Which, rising high above a ship's tall sides,
Bursts foaming on the deck, driven by the winds
In all their fury, heaving yeasty waves
Tumultuous; through the broken bulwarks rush'd,
With outcries terrible, the Trojan host.
Driving their cars within the wall, they fought
E'en at the prows with double-pointed spears;
The Trojans from their chariots; from their ships
Th' Achaians,^{cc} station'd on their lofty decks,
And wielding lances huge and long and sharp,
Headed with solder'd spikes of brass, design'd
For naval fights, and in the navy kept.
Meantime, Patroclus (while the combat rag'd
Around the ramparts, from the fleet remote,)
Sat in the tent with good Eurypylus;
Him cheering with discourse, and in his wound,
Shedding with skilful hand medicaments,
Divine assuagers of tormenting pangs:
But when he saw the Trojans through the wall
Rushing victorious,^{dd} with tremendous rout
And clamor of the Greeks, he loudly wail'd,
And with expanded palms smiting his thighs,
Afflicted cried: Eurypylus, with thee,
Though needing still my help, I cannot stay,
For truly dreadful is the contest now.
But let thy servant cherish thee, while I
Will hasten to Achilles, that I may

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Excite him to the war. Who knows but heaven
 May speed my efforts, and persuasion strong
 May move him ? Good is counsel from a friend.
 So saying, thence he swiftly went his way. 535
 Still did the Greeks withstand the force of Troy,
 But could not quite repulse them from the fleet,
 Less numerous though they were, nor yet could they
 Break through the Grecian host immovable,
 And reach the tents and ships. But, as a line, 540
 In some experienc'd workman's skilful hands,^{ee}
 Whom sage Minerva has instructed well,
 Exactly levell'd, equally divides
 A naval beam ; so steadily the scales
 Of war and strife were balanc'd. Others fought 545
 At other ships, but Hector tried his strength
 With glorious Ajax. For the same prize both
 Contended ; nor could Hector from his stand
 Ajax remove, and set the fleet on fire ;
 Nor Ajax, Hector from the ships repel, 550
 For Jove had brought him thither. Clytius' son,
 Caletor, bringing fire a ship to burn,
 Illustrious Ajax with a javelin smote.
 Thund'ring he fell ; and from his hand the torch
 Dropp'd ineffectual. When great Hector saw 555
 Beside that sable ship his sister's son
 Extended in the dust, his Trojan bands
 And Lycian he exhorted, calling loud :
 Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardanians firm
 In combat hand to hand, shun not the fight 560
 In this close conflict ; rescue now the son
 Of Clytius, that the Greeks may not despoil
 Him fallen, in our quarrel, at the ships.
 So saying, he took aim with shining spear
 At Ajax. Missing him, the weapon smote 565

Brave Lycophon, Mastorides, a friend
 Of noble Ajax ; from Cythera driven,
 For luckless homicide,^g with him he dwelt.
 Above his ear it enter'd ; from the ship's
 Tall prow he fell, and grovell'd in the dust, 570
 His limbs in death unstrung. Then, touch'd with grief,
 Illustrious Ajax to his brother cried :
 Ah ! Teucer, we have lost our faithful friend
 Mastorides, who from Cythera came,
 And had his home with us ; honor'd and lov'd 575
 As our own parents. Hector's powerful arm
 Has slain him ! Where are now thy shafts, death-wing'd,
 And bow elastic, bright Apollo's gift ?
 He spake, and Teucer hearken'd : soon he stood
 Beside him, arm'd with that elastic bow, 580
 And shaft-replenish'd quiver ; soon he sent
 His arrows at the Trojans. Clitus first
 Was slain ; Pisenor's son, the charioteer
 Of fam'd Polydamas. He held the reins,
 Guiding and urging on his fiery steeds 585
 Where foes most numerous in the bloody fray
 Were most embroil'd, exulting to assist
 Hector and Troy ; when evil swiftly came,
 Which none, however anxious, could avert.
 For on his nape the fatal arrow fell, 590
 Replete with woe and death ; prone from the car
 He tumbled ! Startled, rear'd the fiery steeds,
 Rattling his empty car. Polydamas
 The noble chieftain, saw him fall, and first
 Before him sprang. He gave the steeds in charge 595
 To bold Astinous, Protiaon's son,
 And bade him keep them ever in his view ;
 Himself again, among the foremost fought.
 Another arrow Teucer aim'd aright

At mail-clad Hector, and assuredly 600
 Had finish'd all his exploits at the ships,
 If that keen arrow had the mark attain'd,
 For death was on its wing ; but his design
 Was not conceal'd from Jove, who guarded well
 Great Hector's life, and such renown denied 605
 To Telamonian Teucer ; Jove the cord,
 Tough and well-twisted, of that faithful bow,
 Snapp'd as he drew it ! Devious, dropp'd on earth
 The brazen-pointed arrow ; frustrate fell
 The bow, relinquish'd by his trembling hand. 610
 Astonish'd then, to Ajax he exclaim'd :
 O wonderful ! some god cuts short our hopes
 In this day's fight ! He from my grasp has struck
 My bow, and snapp'd the newly-twisted cord,
 Elastic, firm, which I this morning strung, 615
 To urge the flight of many a feather'd dart !
 To whom, great Ajax son of Telamon :
 Lay then, aside, thy useless bow and shafts,
 Since them some deity, oppos'd to Greece,
 Has baffled. Wielding now, with hand robust, 620
 A javelin huge, and bearing on thine arm
 A pond'rous shield, defy thy Trojan foes,
 And other Greeks encourage, that they may,
 Though victors, not without hard labor win
 Our well-oar'd ships ; but let us ^{as} mind the fight ! 625
 He said ; and Teucer in his tent the bow
 Deposited ; a buckler he assum'd,
 Fourfold and strong ; upon his warlike head
 He plac'd a splendid casque with horse-hair crown'd,
 And terribly it nodded from on high ; 630
 He seiz'd a weighty spear, pointed with brass,
 And running swiftly, near his brother stood.
 But Hector, when he saw that Teucer's darts

Were render'd fruitless, loudly thus exclaim'd :^{hh}
 Trojans and Lycians, and Dardanians, bold 635
 In closest fight, be men, my valiant friends,
 And call to mind your glorious deeds in arms,
 Here at these hollow ships ; for lo ! I saw
 Yon archer's arrows by the hand of Jove
 Defeated ! Mortals easily may know, 640
 By certain signs, the will omnipotent,
 Who are the men to whom the king of gods
 Great glory gives, or whom he will not help,
 But quite bereaves of prowess. So the Greeks
 He prostrates now, and us gives powerful aid. 645
 Fight, therefore, all combin'd, to win their ships !
 Whoe'er of you, smitten by sword or spear,
 Shall death, the doom of all men, undergo,
 Let him to death submit ; not unrenown'd
 In battle for his country will he fall. 650
 Secure from outrage he will leave his wife,
 His children, and his home ; from rapine free
 His patrimony ; if, indeed, the Greeks
 Be driven defeated to their natal shore.
 As thus he spake he fir'd their warlike souls. 655
 But, on the other side, his comrades brave
 Exhorting, Ajax said : " O shame ! ye Greeks !
 Better it is at once to die, or win
 Safety complete, by driving from our ships
 The threatening ruin. Truly, do ye hope, 660
 If furious Hector takes our fleet indeed,
 To reach your homes by land ? What, hear ye not
 Vindictive Hector urging all his troops,
 With fell design your navy to consume ?
 Not to the dance he calls them, but to fight. 665
 No counsel, no resource for us is left
 But in our valor, firmly all combin'd,

Our utmost strength and courage to employ.
 Better it were to perish, once for all,
 Than thus to be exhausted, worn with toil 670
 In hard disgraceful strife, e'en for our ships,
 Against inferior numbers and in vain !
 So saying, in the hearts of all he rous'd
 The martial flame. Then Hector Schedius slew,
 A Phocian chieftain, Perimedes' son ; 675
 Ajax smote also brave Laodamas,
 Antenor's son, a chief of infantry.
 Polydamas Cyllenian Otus slew,
 Phylides' friend, a leader of the brave
 Magnanimous Epeians. Meges, fir'd 680
 With wrath, rush'd forward, but Polydamas,
 Shrinking obliquely, shunn'd the blow design'd ;
 For Phœbus, his protector, suffer'd not
 The noble son of Panthus to be slain,
 Fighting among the foremost. Cræsmus felt 685
 That javelin in his breast, and thund'ring fell.
 Meges his armor seiz'd, while at himself
 Fierce Dolops sprang ; a hero, spear-renown'd,
 Lampetides, whom Lampus, chief of men,
 The son of great Laomedon, begat, 690
 Acquainted well with valor's mighty deeds.
 He Meges' buckler smote, full on its boss,
 Assaulting hand to hand ; but him from death
 His cuirass sav'd, with concave plates compact,
 Which Phyleus brought of old from Ephyre, 695
 On fam'd Selleis' stream. It was the gift
 Of friendship, by Euphetes, king of men,
 Presented, to defend brave Phyleus' breast
 In day of battle from fell strokes of foes ;
 And now it turn'd destruction from his son. 700
 But Meges, with his keenly-pointed spear,

Smote Dolops' brazen helmet's lofty crest,
 With waving horse-hair crown'd, and from the cone
 Dissever'd quite ; to earth it fell, and stain'd
 Its glossy purple tint with dust and blood. 705
 While Meges, flush'd with hope of conquest, fought,
 The Spartan hero, Menelaus, stood
 His warlike aid, by Dolops unperceiv'd,
 And on the shoulder smote his foe. Through back
 And heaving breast the furious javelin rush'd, 710
 Eager for blood. The warrior prostrate fell ;
 Then ran to seize his armor, but to fight
 Stern Hector all his relatives aroun'd,
 Reproving Hicetaon's offspring first,
 Heroic Melanippus. He, of old, 715
 Had kept in peace his cloven-footed herds
 In rich Percote, far from enemies ;
 But when Achaia's hostile fleet arriv'd,
 He came to Ilion, and conspicuous shone
 Among the Trojan host ; near Priam's self 720
 He dwelt, and shar'd his favor with his sons.
 Him chiding, Hector said : And shall we thus,
 O Melanippus, shameful sloth indulge ?
 Is not thy heart affected, by the death
 E'en of thy friend and kinsman ? Seest thou not 725
 Those Greeks despoiling Dolops' bloody corse ?
 But follow me ! A distant combat now
 No longer must we wage against the Greeks,
 Till they be slain, or take our citadel,
 And all in Ilion slay. So spake the chief, 730
 And march'd before ; the godlike youth came on.
 But Ajax Telamon exhorts again
 Achaia's heroes : ^h O be men, my friends !
 Be mindful now of honorable shame !
 Let every soldier, in these fights severe, 735



THE ILIAD.

His comrade's censure dread ! Of those who scorn
To shrink from peril, more escape than fall ;
Glory and safety both by flight are lost.
He spoke ; self-mov'd were they with ardent minds
Already, but his words within their hearts 740
They laid, and guarded with a brazen wall
The ships of Greece," while Jove their Trojan foes
Excited more and more. The Spartan king
Then urg'd Antilochus to mighty deeds :
Antilochus ! no Greek surpasses thee 745
In youthful vigor, speed, or manly might ;
Now prove it in the combat, springing forth
And slaying some brave Trojan. . Saying this
The chief retir'd, but him persuaded. Forth
Before the van he rush'd, and, looking round, 750
Aim'd well his shining spear ; the Trojan ranks
Receded as he threw ; but not in vain
Was hurl'd that weapon ; in the bosom's swell
It struck, as fiercely to the fight he sprang,
Brave Melanippus, Hicetaon's son. 755
With thund'ring sound of clanging arms he fell.
Antilochus ran towards him, as a hound
Springs at a wounded stag,^{mm} whom, from his lair
Starting, a huntsman reaches with a dart,
And bends his active joints ; so then at thee, 760
O Melanippus, sprang that martial youth,
To seize thine armor ! But he was not hid
From godlike Hector, who against him rush'd
Impetuous through the fray. Antilochus,
Brave as he was, abided not his wrath, 765
But fled before him ; as a savage beast,
Conscious of mischief, having slain a dog,
Or herdsman fighting to defend his kine,
Flies ere the crowd of huntsmen can assemble.

So fled the son of Nestor, while, with shouts 770
 That shook the skies, the Trojans and their chief
 A storm of deadly darts behind him pour'd.
 He, mingling with the squadron of his friends,
 Turn'd bravely to renew the fight. But now,
 Like lions blood-devouring, to the ships 775
 Rush'd on the Trojan host, for they obey'd
 Jove's high commands, who constantly increas'd
 Their valorous efforts, but depress'd and sunk
 The courage of the Greeks, bereaving them
 Of glory, and their foes exalting still. 780
 His will omnipotent decreed renown
 To Hector, Priam's son, that he should cast
 Upon the tall-beak'd ships destructive fire
 Insatiable, and thus the cruel prayer
 Of Thetis should fulfil. The king of gods 785
 Awaited this, intent to see the flames
 Aspiring from some vessel, when again
 The Trojans from the ships, with slaughter dread,
 Should be repuls'd, and Greece new glory gain.
 With this design he Hector rais'd,^{an} replete 790
 With fire self-kindled. Furious was his rage,
 Like Mars, the god of battles, brandishing
 His deathful lance, or like pernicious fire
 Among high mountains, in the close recess
 Of thick-set woods! He foam'd with wrath, his eyes 795
 Shone terribly beneath his frowning brows,
 Upon his temples rattled, as he fought,
 His helm, with direful sound, for Jove himself
 From heaven assisted; Jove with honor crown'd,
 And glory, him alone of many men, 800
 For short was then his destin'd span of life;
 E'en then Minerva hasten'd on the day
 Of stern Pelides' triumph!^{oo} To disperse

The Grecian phalanx steadily he strove,
 Still pointing his attack where most he saw 805
 Intrepid heroes,^{pp} most refulgent arms.
 But all his rage was fruitless, for they stood
 Compact, in tower-like order, firm and strong,
 Like some heaven-reaching rock, whose top sublime
 None but the sun can visit,^{qq} whose tall brow, 810
 O'erlooks the hoary deep ; unmov'd, it bears
 The vehement attacks of stormy winds,
 And billows huge that high against it dash.
 So stood the Greeks, resolv'd, and scorn'd to fly.
 At length, with flames all-blazing,^{rr} in the midst 815
 He leap'd, resistless, and upon them fell,
 As on a ship a wat'ry mountain falls,^{ss}
 Driven from the clouds by all the furious winds ;
 With foam the deck is cover'd, pitiless
 The deafening tempest roars among the shrouds ; 820
 The sailors, whirl'd along by raging waves,
 Tremble, confus'd and faint, immediate death
 Appears before them ; so, within the breast
 Of every Greek, the soul with horror shook !
 He, like a lion fierce, with fell intent,^{tt} 825
 Invading herds of oxen scatter'd wide,
 Which graze by thousands in the verdant meads
 Of some wide-water'd lake, their feeble swain
 Unable to contend in fight with him,
 Watches alternately the nearest drove 830
 And farthest, but the lion, in the midst
 Leaping, devours one ox, while all the rest
 Affrighted fly ; so, panic-struck, the Greeks "
 By Hector and by father Jove were driven :
 All fled, but one by Hector's arm was slain, 835
 Mycenian Periphetes, Copreus' son ;
 Copreus, the messenger who bore of old

Hard mandates from Eurystheus, ruthless king,
 To prove the strength Herculean. From that sire
 Unworthy, sprang this son of better name, 840
 Adorn'd with every virtue, brave in fight
 And swift of foot, for sense and worth renown'd
 Among Mycenæ's people ; yet even he
 Yielded to Hector's might superior fame.
 For as he turn'd to fly, by evil chance 845
 He, stumbling, struck his own broad buckler's verge,
 Extending downward to his feet, of darts
 Defensive, tripping so, he backward fell,
 And on his temples rang, with dreadful sound,
 His rattling helmet. Hector saw him fall, 850
 And running, reach'd him ; in his breast he plung'd
 A spear and slew him, even amidst his friends,
 All unavailing ; they their comrade mourn'd
 But could not save ; dismay'd, they shelter sought
 Behind the foremost ships, which, high on land, 855
 Were nearest to the wall, while on them pour'd
 The foe resistless. From the front line driven
 By stern necessity, yet near their tents
 They stopp'd and stood, not scatter'd through the camp ;
 A stern and desp'rate band, for fear itself 860
 And shame restrain'd them ! Clamoring loudly still,
 Each other they exhorted. Nestor most,
 Gerenian hero, guardian of the Greeks,
 Adjur'd them, supplicating every man.
 O friends, be men ! let each of you reflect 865
 What dire reproach he may this day incur.^{uu}
 Remember now your children and your wives,
 Your homes, your parents too, alive or dead !
 For them far distant, I implore you all
 Bravely to stand, disdaining shameful flight. 870
 As thus he spake, he fir'd their warlike souls,

And Pallas from their eyes dispell'd the cloud^{vv}
Which Jove had darkly spread ; bright shone the light
On every side, revealing to their view,
In full display, the ships, and direful fight 875
To all destructive ! Hector, great in arms,
And all his troops, they saw ; those who, in rear
Standing aloof, their duty in the fray
Neglected, and the combatants who fought
With unremitting valor at the ships. 880
No longer then was Ajax Telamon
Content to stay where other sons of Greece
Secluded stood ; from deck to deck he flew,
With strides prodigious, brandishing around
His naval weapon, an enormous beam 885
With iron knobs emboss'd, heavy and rough,
And measuring amply cubits twenty-two !
As when a vaulter, with equestrian skill,
Four manag'd coursers, well-selected, drives
Along the public road to some large town, 890
While gazing multitudes admire his feats,
From horse to horse he leaps without a fall,
And changes oft though rapidly they run ;
So Ajax nimbly sprang from ship to ship,
With long gigantic strides, while up to heaven 895
His shouts ascended ! Clamoring terribly,
He urg'd the Greeks incessantly to save
Their navy and their tents. Nor in the throng
Of well-arm'd Trojans did bold Hector stay,
But as a yellow eagle pounces, swift, 900
Among a flock of birds feeding beside
A river, geese or cranes, or stately swans,
So Hector to a ship's cerulean prow
With sudden onset flew ; for Jove himself
Impell'd him with almighty arm, and urg'd 905

His people with him. Furious was the fight
Again among the ships ! Thou wouldst have said ^{ww}
Each Greek and Trojan no fatigue could feel,
Nor need the smallest respite, so intent
They combated ! And these were then the thoughts 910
Which all their minds employ'd : the Greeks hop'd not
That scene of carnage ever to escape,
But certain death expected ; while the trust
Of every Trojan was to burn the ships
And slay the Grecian heroes. So impress'd, 915
They strove without remission. Hector seiz'd
The prow of that swift-sailing beauteous ship,
Which o'er the main Protesilaus bore ^{xx}
To Troy, but never to his native land
Again convey'd him. For that luckless bark 920
Trojans and Greeks in deadly conflict stood,
Inflicting mutual wounds. Awaiting not
The flight of arrows or of distant darts,
They struggled hand to hand with steadfast rage, ^{yy}
As if one spirit rul'd them all ; they smote 925
With hatchets sharp, and axes, falchions huge
And double-pointed javelins ! Many swords,
With sable scabbards and bright-burnish'd hilts,
Splendid and large, upon the ground were cast ;
Some from the right hands, from the shoulders some, 930
Of warring heroes, and the dark-red earth
With blood continual stream'd ! Hector, that prow
Once grappled, yielded not, but grasping still
Its lofty beak, to all his host exclaim'd :
Bring fire, and, all united, rouse the fight ; 935
Now Jove bestows a day worth all the rest ;
When we shall burn these ships, which hither came
With gods averse, and many woes on us
Inflicted, through the sloth and cowardice

Of weak old men, who held me in the town, 940
Eager to carry battle to their prow,
And kept our army in. But though we then
Of judgment were bereft by thund'ring Jove,
The god himself now urges, now commands.
He spoke ; with rage augmented they rush'd on, 945
And charg'd the Greeks. Even Ajax could retain
His post no longer, overwhelm'd with darts
A little he receded, counting death
Inevitable ! At the rowers' seats
He stopp'd, retiring from the ship's high deck, 950
And there he firmly stood, abiding well
Each foe's approach ; repelling with his spear
The Trojans, when destructive fire they brought
To burn the ships. Exerting still his voice,
Loudly and terribly he urg'd the Greeks : 955
O friends, O Grecian heroes, ministers
Of mighty Mars ! be men, my valiant friends,
And call to mind your strength invincible !
Ah ! think ye now that we have any aids
Behind us ? any stronger wall unbroken, 960
To be our shelter from impending death ?
No town well-fortified is in our rear,
With towers to guard us, or fresh troops supply
To take our places ; but on hostile ground
Of well-arm'd Trojans, here, on ocean's brink, 965
Are we coop'd in, far distant from our homes !
Our only hope is, therefore, in our arms,
Not in retreating from the fight ! He said,
And, raging with the spear, enforc'd his words.
Whatever Trojan to the fleet brought fire, 970
Obeying Hector's stern command, he smote,
Receiving on his keen-edg'd weapon's point ;
Till thus brave Ajax, fighting hand to hand,
Before the ships twelve heroes prostrate laid.

NOTES.

BOOK XV.

^a ——— *But Jove*

Awoke, on Ida's summit. l. 5-6.

It seems that the united powers of love and sleep were able to retain Jupiter for a short time only. The Trojans were not driven far before he awoke.

^b *For not the feeblest of Achaia's host*

That blow inflicted. l. 16-17.

"The negative form of expression has an effect sometimes equivalent to the affirmative, and sometimes more forcible. When Homer says, ἐπει οὐ μὲν ἀπαυρότατος βάλ' Ἀχαιῶν, this negative expresses more than the affirmative would. He means, that that hero who had given the blow, was absolutely strongest of all the Greeks." — *Hermogenes*, concerning energy of language, ch. 37, quoted by Clarke.

^c ——— *Hast thou forgot*

When thee I hung from heaven's ethereal height,

With anvils to thy feet. l. 25-7.

"These stories were not altogether feigned by Homer, but borrowed from the ancient philosophers, who were accustomed to teach, by fables of this sort, the changes of the elements and the method in which natural things are produced; of which fables, however, a more refined and exact explanation contributes but little to the perception of poetical beauty." — *Clarke*. "It is probable that Homer transferred

to his poem from some ancient fable, the fiction that Jupiter hung Juno from the sky with anvils tied to her feet." — *Phurnutus de natura Deorum*, in the chapter concerning fables founded on ancient tradition. "It was not the character of Homer's poetry to introduce new wonders without any foundation in truth. To fabricate everything was not his practice." — *Strabo, Book I. p. 38 and 45.*

^d *Hear also Styx. l. 53.*

Pausanias, in the 18th Chap. of his 8th Book, says, "that the water of Styx, dropping from a precipice near Nonacris, falls first on a lofty rock, and after passing through that rock, descends into the river Crathis. The drinking of that water occasions certain death to man and to every other living creature." Homer, therefore, feigned that the most solemn oath of the gods was by that water. The Scholiast says, "they swore by Styx, because it was the water of hatred, a power being ascribed to it of making those who swore by it falsely, universally odious and hopeless of either prosperity or peace forever."

^e ——— *Not by my counsel mov'd,
Does Neptune thus afflict the Trojan host. l. 58-9.*

On this passage, Cowper very well remarks: — The oath of Juno is no better than an equivocation. She had not indeed expressly desired Neptune to engage in battle; but, by laying Jove asleep, she had coöperated with him, and furnished him with a fair opportunity to assist the Grecians. The terrors of Styx, therefore, seem not to have been directed against perjury in the qualified form of a quibble. The girdle of Venus had not entirely lost its influence, or Jupiter would hardly have overlooked such palpable prevarication."

^f ——— *He will send
His friend Patroclus to the fatal field. l. 86-7.*

This prophetic part of Jupiter's speech has been much objected to by the critics, on the ground that it destroys the interest of the subsequent part of the poem, by giving the reader too much information beforehand. Some of the ancients rejected twenty-two verses in this place as supposititious; but Clarke thinks not with sufficient reason. See Mr. Pope's observations on this subject.

^c ——— *As a traveller's mind,
Who many regions has with toil explor'd.* l. 107–8.

Mr. Rollin says, that Homer, “to show the celerity of Juno, compares it to the thought of a traveller, revolving in his mind the several places he had seen, and passing through them with greater quickness than the lightning flies from west to east.” Pope understood this simile in the same manner, and has translated it very correctly and beautifully. But Cowper gives it a strange turn; deviating, in my opinion, entirely from the original, and spoiling the whole passage.

“Swift as the traveller's thought, who, far from home,
Delib'rates wisely, shall I thither next,
Or thither! and forecasts his whole return,
So swift, upstart Juno to the skies.”

^d *But at the banquet of the gods do thou
Contented, still preside.* l. 126–7.

This is a passage worthy our observation. Homer feigns that Themis, that is Justice, presides over the feasts of the gods, to let us know that she ought much more to preside over the feasts of men.—*Eustathius.*

^e *With stern disdain she spake: Ah! foolish we,
Who Jove's high will oppose.* l. 137–8.

Mr. Pope has justly observed, that the present speech of Juno is a masterpiece in that kind of oratory, which seems to say one thing and persuades another. See his note.

^f *So saying, he commanded Fear and Flight.* l. 156.

These were sons of Mars. See ante, Book XIII. l. 413.

^g ——— *If Pallas wise.* l. 160.

The allegory here, of Minerva or Wisdom restraining Mars from rebellion against Jupiter, is obvious and beautiful. The arguments she urges to appease him, are very judicious and suitable to the occasion.

^h *Nor was he wroth.* l. 201.

See the note to l. 16–17, ante.

* *All things between us three divided were.* l. 244.

It is possible that this fable of a division of the universe among the three brothers, Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, was founded on a corruption of the tradition that the earth was divided among Shem, Ham and Japhet, Noah's three sons.

• *Thou knowest that, on elders ever wait
Vindictive Furies to maintain their rights.* l. 266-7.

"The Furies were supposed the appointed avengers of all injury and irreverence, by which the younger might offend the elder. This was one of the fences by which the ancients, always scrupulously attentive to the claims of seniority, guarded it from insult."—*Cowper*.

• ——— *Then to Phœbus, Jove
The cloud-assembler spake.* l. 285-6.

The Scholiast (quoted by Cowper) supposes, that, for the reason mentioned in the last note, Jupiter would not send Apollo on this errand till Neptune had first withdrawn himself from the battle. For Neptune was the uncle of Apollo, and the interference of the nephew, though by command of Jove himself, would have been an indecorum.

• ——— *since the will
Of powerful Jove had rais'd him up again.* l. 315-16.

The poet here represents Jupiter as acting like a god indeed; his will alone, without employing any second cause, relieves Hector from his pains, and restores him to health. In like manner, our blessed Savior said to the man afflicted with leprosy, "I will, be thou clean;" and the effect was immediately produced.

• *As when a sprightly courser, long confin'd.* l. 344.

The repetition, in this place, of the simile applied to Paris in Book VI. has, in my opinion, a happy effect. It magnifies exceedingly the power of Apollo, to describe him as miraculously giving to Hector, who had suffered so much fatigue that day, and just recovered from a blow so dreadful, the same sprightly activity and vigor which Paris had, after resting several hours in his chamber with Helen. I cannot therefore concur with Mr. Pope and other critics, in thinking any of these lines misplaced.

* *Not fated to be taken.* l. 359.

According to Homer's doctrine, fate or providence, extends its care to inferior animals as well as men. So, the Scripture assures us, that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of our Heavenly Father.

† *But Thoas then, Andramon's mighty son.* l. 369.

The number of characters introduced in the poem is remarkable; all well described and employed. In Agamemnon's absence, many other chiefs act, in some degree, the part of generals in various situations of the Grecian army. By this contrivance, many heroes successively are rendered conspicuous, for the purpose evidently of adorning the poem with a pleasing variety, and probably of gratifying their descendants, who were contemporary with Homer.

‡ *But when, with awful countenance unveil'd,
Full in the faces of the Greeks he look'd.* l. 419–20.

"The meaning of this was," says Clarke, "that the sun shone full in the faces, and dazzled the eyes of the Greeks." It is worthy of observation that this sublime passage has a strong resemblance to one in the Book of Exodus, ch. xiv. v. 24, where it is said, "And it came to pass, that, in the morning-watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."

§ *Which two fierce lions in a dreary night,
(Their keeper absent) suddenly attack.* l. 426–7.

"Two lions are introduced to correspond with the two conquerors, Apollo and Hector." — Clarke. The season is night, and the night is dark, to increase the terror of the occasion. The attack is sudden, because the reappearance of Hector was sudden and unexpected; and the herd is assaulted in the absence of the guard, because Neptune was no longer present to assist the Grecians." — Villoison, quoted by Cowper.

¶ ——— *Whatever man
I notice from the ships of Greece remote.* l. 455–6.

See ante, Book IV. l. 403, note p. "These contrivances," says Quintilian, "arrest the attention of the hearer and suffer it not to

languish, being ever and anon excited by some notable figure." "If," (says Tollius, quoted by Clarke,) "the words 'he spake thus,' were inserted, all the passionate impetuosity of the wrathful speaker would be retarded and confined as by shackles, and all the beauty of the sentence destroyed."

*7 So saying, with the scourge he smote his steeds
Upon their shoulders. l. 461-2.*

Cowper's note on this passage deserves to be transcribed. "The author representing Hector as lashing the shoulders of his steeds, gives us, at one dash of his poetical pencil, a figure worthy to employ that of Apelles. Bearing forward, through the eagerness and impetuosity of his spirit, the hero overhangs his horses, and is scarcely to be contained in his chariot."

*8 ——— He, as easily
The Grecian wall o'erturn'd, as does a boy
His house of sand. l. 473-5.*

The supernatural power of Apollo is sublimely and admirably described under a familiar and apparently childish image. Humble as the comparison is, nothing could give a more striking idea of the great strength of the god, and of the weakness and insignificance of all the works of men, in comparison with it.

9a Remember now that word, Olympian king. l. 494.

Nestor here reminds Jupiter of the promise and nod, he was said to have given the Greeks when they set out on their expedition against Troy. See ante, Book II. l. 461-2.

9b Like a huge wat'ry mountain on the main. l. 504.

This sublime comparison presents a striking image of the breach in the wall, the furious multitude of Trojans rushing through, and the terror and confusion attending their progress.

*9c The Trojans from their chariots; from their ships
The Achaians. l. 512-13.*

This new situation of the contending armies gives the poet an opportunity of describing a new manner of combat, and thus agreeably diversifying the scenery of the long battle, which otherwise might

have become tedious. The Trojans on their cars, and Greeks on the decks of their front line of ships stationed next the wall, fought nearly on a level.

*“ But when he saw the Trojans through the wall
Rushing victorious. l. 523-4.*

The circumstance that Patroclus himself is eye-witness to the triumph of the Trojans and extreme peril of the Greeks, is well adapted to induce his application to Achilles in favor of the latter ; and, of course, brings on the great catastrophe of the poem.

*“ ——— But, as a line,
In some experienc'd workman's skilful hands. l. 540-1.*

Homer's similes are drawn from every department of nature and of art ; some from agriculture ; others from mechanical operations. This simile shows his knowledge of a carpenter's business, and admirably well illustrates the subject to which it is applied.

*“ ——— from Cythera driven,
For luckless homicide. l. 567-8.*

Instances of this nature seem to have been common in those times of turbulence and unbounded indulgence of passion. Thus, Medon, bastard son of Oileus, was banished or left his country, after slaying the brother of his step-dame, and dwelt at Phylace. Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, in a youthful quarrel at quoits, but unintentionally, slew the son of Amphidamas, and therefore was sent by Menœtius (his father) from Opus to Phthia, where Peleus received and treated him kindly. It does not appear that, in such cases, any demand was made for surrender of the fugitive.

“ ——— but let us mind the fight. l. 625.

This conclusion of the speech of Ajax is truly in character. He is always described as a man of deeds rather than words ; a plain, blunt and steady soldier.

“ ——— loudly thus exclaim'd. l. 634.

This popular harangue of Hector contains almost every motive by which men can be encouraged and urged to acts of uncommon valor. He puts them in mind of their own mighty deeds in arms ; assures

them of the favor and help of Jupiter ; appeals forcibly to their love of glory ; and finally, excites their feelings as patriots, husbands and fathers.

¹¹ *But, on the other side, his comrades brave
Exhorting, Ajax said. l. 656-7.*

The speech of Ajax is equally, if not more energetic. He reminds the Greeks that, in their situation they have no means of escaping utter destruction but by fighting bravely ; that if their ships are burnt, they must never expect to return to their much-lov'd homes. He rouses them by the shameful reflection that all their lofty prospects of conquering Troy were brought so low, that instead of fighting to take that city, they were in vain contending for the safety of their own ships, and that too against inferior numbers !

¹² *But Ajax Telamon exhorts again
Achaia's heroes. l. 732-3.*

This short speech of Ajax expresses a great deal in a few words, as was customary with him. It is extremely well calculated to inspire soldiers with courage on every occasion.

¹³ *—— and guarded with a brazen wall
The ships of Greece. l. 741-2.*

This idea, that a new wall of brazen shields, was formed to defend the fleet, is highly poetical and noble. See the remarks of Eustathius, quoted by Pope.

¹⁴ *Antilochus ran towards him, as a hound
Springs at a wounded stag. l. 757-8.*

The two comparisons applied to Antilochus on this occasion are well conceived, and present a striking view of the young hero — first, springing to despoil his vanquished enemy, and afterwards flying from Hector and the whole Trojan army.

¹⁵ *With this design he Hector rais'd. l. 790.*

It is not easy to imagine a more lively description than this ; of Hector, raised up as an instrument in the hands of Jupiter, and impelled by him to the combat. Every feature is portrayed in the most animated style, and with all the fire of Homer's ardent imagination.

BOOK XV.



“ *E’en then Minerva hasten’d on the day
Of stern Pelides’ triumph.* l. 802–3.

Minerva, or the wisdom of Jupiter, was hastening on the death of Hector, even by means of his own great achievements ; for his pressing the Greeks so hard at their ships and setting one of them on fire, induced Achilles to send Patroclus to relieve them ; which led to the death of the latter, and therefore was the cause of Hector’s death by the hand of Achilles. Such is the chain of events (known fully to none but infinite wisdom,) that often, the success of men in their undertakings, produces effects exactly opposite to what they intended.

“ ——— *where most he saw
Intrepid heroes.* l. 805–6.

The bravery of Hector was conspicuous in his choosing to attack the Greeks himself, at their strongest and best defended post ; leaving to other warriors the task of breaking the weaker and more assailable points of their line.

“ *Like some heaven-reaching rock, whose top sublime
None but the sun can visit.* l. 809–10.

Such appears to me the sublime meaning of the compound epithet *ἡλβατος*, derived from *ἥλιος*, the sun, and *βατός*, accessible. It seems applicable to the high peak of some steep mountain, which reflects the rays of the sun, but cannot be ascended by any human being.

“ *At length, with flames all-blazing.* l. 815.

This expression denotes the blazing effulgence of Hector’s armor, miraculously augmented by Jupiter for the purpose of striking the Greeks with terror ; in like manner, as Minerva is said, in Book V. to have kindled a flame on the helmet and shield of Diomed. See also a similar prodigy, when the sight of Achilles terrifies the Trojans, in Book XVIII.

“ *As on a ship a wat’ry mountain falls,
Driven from the clouds.* l. 817–18.

The words in the original “ *Ἀέθρον ὅσα νεφέων ἀνεμοτρεφές,*” are astonishingly forcible. They present the idea of a huge wave, raised so high by the winds as quite to reach the clouds, from which it is driven back upon the ship. The description of the tempest, here

given, is perhaps unequalled in some respects, by any but that awful one in the 107th Psalm, which it very much resembles. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end." Homer, in like manner, describes the sailors as trembling and desperate, with instant death before their eyes; for such, I think, is the true import of the words "*τυτθὸν γὰρ ὅπ' ἐκ θανάτου φέρονται.*" They do not mean (as Cowper understands them) that the sailors narrowly "escape" from death; but that they are whirled along by the fury of the wind, separated from death by a small space only. His construction diminishes greatly the terrible energy of Homer's thought, and renders it flat and feeble. Pope understands the passage as I do, and has translated it beautifully:

"Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears,
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears."

See also his note on the subject. The great critic Longinus, (§ 10,) appears to have understood those words ὅπ' ἐκ θανάτου, not as suggesting any idea of escape, but, on the contrary, as expressing the extremity of danger. All the lines of this simile in the original are transcendently fine, running almost as swiftly and forcibly, by the means of numerous dactyls, as Hector's furious onset, or the storm itself, as Clarke has observed. Virgil's description of a tempest, in the 1st Book of the *Æneid*, is also admirable; but Tollius, in his notes on Longinus, remarks, that Homer's conciseness carries with it more of the horrific, by setting before our eyes at one view, all the danger of the mariners; while the scene exhibited by Virgil is too elaborately painted, and has in it more elegance than terror. Falconer's wonderful poem, "the Shipwreck," contains some passages, which approximate very nearly, in sublimity and terror, to this of our author, and even surpass it in pathos; for that poem not only describes a storm, but a shipwreck, with all its mournful circumstances, of which the author himself had been an eye-witness.

"He, like a lion fierce, with full intent. l. 825.

—— so, panic-struck, the Greeks. l. 833.

The construction of the sentence here, so that the commencement

and termination do not correspond, is admired by Eustathius and Clarke as a great beauty. It certainly shows the fervor of the poet's mind, which prevented him from attending to minute accuracy of syntax, or made him disregard it on purpose to give more life and energy to the narrative. Clarke refers to many other passages in Homer's works where a similar construction is adopted, and says it is not unusual in the best Latin as well as Greek authors. Cowper remarks that, "in the first of these two similes, the poet begins with a comparison of Hector to a boisterous wave breaking over a ship, and finishes with comparing the terror of the Greeks to that of the mariners; in the second, he again adapts his simile at first to Hector, whom he compares to a lion assailing a herd, but closes it with a comparison of the Greeks to the flying cattle;" two striking instances, not of the magnificence only, but of the rapidity and versatility too of Homer's genius, who thus makes both similes serve a double purpose. To this I may add, that Homer has made the last simile answer a threefold purpose; for he says that, as all the oxen fly, but one is arrested and slain by the lion; so all the Greeks fled, but Hector slew one, Periphites.

" *O friends, be men! let each of you reflect,
What dire reproach he may this day incur.* l. 865-6.

It would be difficult to imagine any arguments more persuasive than those contained in this harangue of Nestor. It touches the hearts of his hearers, by every consideration that could affect them, and all in the short space of six lines only!

" *And Pallas from their eyes dispell'd the cloud.* l. 872.

That is, reflection made them perceive that their case was not so desperate as at first they had supposed. They looked around them, and saw that many of the Trojans were standing aloof, neglecting their duty. They beheld also the valiant efforts of Ajax; on contemplating which, they were encouraged to imitate his example.

" ——— *Thou wouldst have said.* l. 907.

This appeal of the poet or of the Muse, to the reader, is admirably well calculated to rouse attention. It is the very language of passion, strongly excited.

²² *Which o'er the main Protesilaus bore.* l. 918.

Two reasons might be assigned for this. The ship of Protesilaus was the first that came to land, and therefore was stationed nearest the enemy in the first line of vessels drawn up on the shore. In addition to which, Homer, wishing to save the credit of the other Grecian heroes, thought it proper to feign that the vessel which the Trojans partly burned was that of Protesilaus, who was dead.

²⁷ *They struggled hand to hand with steadfast rage.* l. 924.

The long continuance of this battle with such unremitting fury, appears astonishing. The fertility of the poet's fancy, in contriving its numerous incidents, is no less wonderful.


THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

The exploits and death of Patroclus.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

So, for that well-oar'd bark, contended they.
But near Achilles, shepherd of his people,
Patroclus stood, weeping without restraint,^a
Like some dark fountain, which, with rapid fall,
Pours from a lofty rock its sable stream. 5
Divine Achilles tender pity felt, 
And, with affection wing'd, inquiry made :
Why weeps Patroclus like a little girl,^b
Who, fondly running by her mother's side,
Entreats to be receiv'd into her arms ? 10
She, looking up with anxious tearful eyes,
Her robe pulls oft, and stays her, though in haste,
Until at last she lifts her from the ground ;
Like such a child, these doleful tears my friend
Is shedding ! Tell me, dost thou tidings bring 15
Of sorrow, to the Myrmidons or me ?
Hast thou, alone, some news from Phthia heard,
With evil fraught? 'Tis said that Actor's son,
Meneceus, is alive ; that Peleus, too,
Æacides, among his people lives, 20
Our parents, whom, if dead, we most would mourn.

Or dost thou truly for your Argives weep,
 That thus they perish at their hollow ships,
 For their injustice doom'd ? Speak, hide it not,
 But in thy grief let me participate. 25
 To him, with deep-drawn sighs, Patroclus thou
 Didst answer : O Achilles ! Peleus' son,
 Bravest by far of all Achaia's race,
 Be not offended, such severe distress
 Now overwhelms them ;^c for, already all 30
 That hitherto in valor have excell'd,
 Lie at their ships, by javelin or by shaft
 Disabled ! Wounded is th' illustrious son
 Of Tydeus, Diomed, in battle strong ;
 Wounded the great Ulysses, spear-renown'd, 35
 And Agamemnon.^d Brave Eurypylus
 Is by an arrow smitten. Surgeons skill'd
 In pharmacy, indeed, their wounds may cure
 With potent medicine, but no soothing art
 Achilles can appease ! Ah ! may such wrath, 40
 Such horrid wrath as thou retainest, ne'er
 Invade my bosom ! Who can hope from thee
 Relief hereafter, if destruction now
 Thou wilt not from thy countrymen avert ?
 O pitiless ! equestrian Peleus sure 45
 Was not thy father,^e nor was Thetis fair
 Thy mother, but the sea-green waves and rocks
 Inflexible produc'd thee, stubborn thus
 And hard of heart ! But if some oracle
 Now sway thy mind,^f if any boding word 50
 From Jove thy honor'd mother has reveal'd,
 Send me at least, send quickly, and with me
 Thy Myrmidons, that we may be to Greece
 A joyful light. Thine armor let me wear,
 Conspicuous in the field, that, so deceiv'd 55

By thy resemblance, Troy's proud host may shrink
 From farther contest, and the sons of Greece
 Some respite may obtain, though short it be.
 Fresh as we are, we could with ease repulse
 Men wearied now with fight, and from the ships 60
 And tents might drive them to their town again.
 Thus he, his friend imploring ; blind, alas !
 To fate's decree, for cruel death and fate
 He, for himself, was then soliciting.
 To him Achilles, with afflicted heart : 65
 O my Patroclus, offspring of the gods !
 What hast thou said ? I am not influenc'd
 By any oracle, or word from Jove
 Brought by my honor'd mother ; but my heart
 And soul indignant are with anguish stung, 70
 That thus a tyrant, flush'd with power and pride,
 Has robb'd a chieftain equal to himself,
 E'en of his rightful prize. This is the grief
 I bear so heavily, the torment this.
 The lovely maid, my valor's glorious meed, 75
 Assign'd me by the Achaians, whom I won
 By my own javelin, when I took and sack'd
 Her tower-encircled city, even her
 The tyrant Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 Snatch'd from my arms, as from an exil'd wretch, 80
 Contemptible and base ! But let us now
 All this with patience bear, as pass'd and done,
 For unrelenting wrath beseems me not.
 My wrath, indeed, I said should not abate,
 Till war and shouts of fight my ships should reach. 85
 Thou, therefore, now my glorious arms assume,
 And lead to fight my warlike Myrmidons ;
 For lo ! a sable cloud of Trojans bold
 With overwhelming force the fleet involves,

And to the margin of the main the Greeks 90
 Are driven, closely coop'd in narrow space,
 While all the Trojan city pours upon them,
 With courage high and confidence inflam'd,
 For they see not my helmet's radiant front !
 Soon had the Trojans, flying fill'd with slain 95
 The ditches in their fields, if Atreus' son
 Had friendly been to me, but now his host
 Surrounding they besiege, for in the hand
 Of Tydeus' offspring, dauntless Diomed,
 The spear no longer rages, to defend 100
 Achaia's race from ruin. Now no more
 Atrides' voice I hear, shouting aloud
 From his detested throat ! Hector alone,
 Dread-slaughtering Hector, sends his deaf'ning shouts
 Triumphant through the field, calling to arms 105
 His Trojans, who with cries of victory
 Fill all the sounding champaign ! Ne'ertheless,
 Patroclus, sally forth, to save the ships
 From conflagration, that Achaia's sons
 Lose not the means of seeing Greece again. 110
 But listen, and with care retain in mind
 The charge I give thee, that superior praise
 And glory may be mine, by thee obtain'd
 From all the Greeks, that they my beauteous maid
 Briseis, may restore, and splendid gifts 115
 Besides may bring me ; other Trojans slay,
 But keep thy hands from Hector,* and whene'er
 The foe is driven from the ships, return.
 Though truly Juno's consort, thund'ring Jove,
 Might give thee glory, be not too intent 120
 Without thy friend to combat warlike Troy,
 Lest, heedless, thou diminish my renown.
 When flush'd with victory, in war and strife

Exulting, do not urge the slaughter then
 As far as Ilion, lest some hostile god, 125
 Descending from Olympus, may oppose
 Thy progress, (for Apollo favors much
 The sons of Troy,) but hither turn again
 When safety's light is shining on the ships,
 And let them, in the field, each other slay; 130
 For would to Jove, Minerva, and Apollo,
 That not a man of all the Trojan race
 Or of the Argive, might be sav'd from death,^h
 That we alone the slaughter could survive,
 And overturn the accursed walls of Troy ! 135
 So they ; while Ajax could no longer stand,ⁱ
 With weapons overwhelm'd, subdued by Jove
 Omnipotent, and Trojans fierce and strong
 Smiting incessantly. With direful din
 His batter'd helm resounded ; heavily, 140
 Bearing his pond'rous shield, his left arm hung.
 Yet could not all remove him from his post,
 With force united pushing hard with spears.
 He with short painful pantings breath'd, and sweat
 Profusely trickled down from all his limbs. 145
 Nor respite could he find, for ills to ills
 Succeeding press'd upon him without end.
 Say, Muses, now, inhabitants of heaven,
 How first the flames Achaia's navy caught ?
 Hector, approaching Ajax, smote in rear, 150
 With falchion huge, his lance, where to the staff
 The spike was join'd, and lopp'd it quite away.
 The Telamonian chief his pointless lance
 Brandish'd in vain, while from his hand afar
 The brazen spike was toss'd, and tinkling struck the
 ground. 155
 Then, with dejected heart, great Ajax knew

The will of heaven, that Jove, high-thund'ring god,
 Cut short his warlike efforts, and decreed
 Decisive victory to the Trojan host ! *
 He then retreated, and the joyful foe 160
 Cast torches numberless into the ship,
 Which soon with inextinguishable flames,
 Diffusive, was o'erspread ! So then did fire
 Involve that bark's tall prow. Achilles smote
 His thighs, alarm'd, and to Patroclus cried : 165
 Haste, godlike chief, Patroclus ! In the fleet
 Surely I see the blaze of hostile fire !
 Let not the ships be utterly destroy'd,
 And no escape be left. Arm, quickly, arm !
 Myself meanwhile will bring the troops \ He said ; 170
 Patroclus soon was clad in glorious arms.
 First, on his legs he drew the splendid greaves,
 All beautiful and bright, with silver clasps
 Adjusted well ; then fitted to his breast
 The cuirass firm of swift Æacides, 175
 Spangled with radiant stars, diversified
 With colors rich ; next o'er his shoulders slung
 The brazen sword, with silver studs adorn'd ;
 With that, he wields the buckler broad and strong.
 Upon his valiant head the graceful helm 180
 He sets, with horse-hair crested ; terribly
 It nodded from on high. Two mighty spears
 He takes, adapted to his strength, but not
 The spear, peculiar, of Æacides !
 That spear he touch'd not, heavy, huge, and strong, 185
 Which not another of the Greeks could lift,
 But fierce Achilles' arm alone could wield ;
 The Pelian ash, which, hewn from Pelion's brow
 Chiron presented to his father's hand,
 To be the death of heroes. But the steeds 190

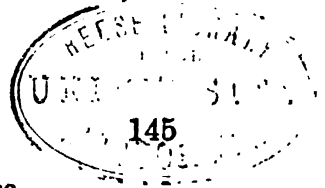
He bids Automedon, with speed, to join ;
 Automedon, the first in his esteem,
 Next to Achilles, breaker of the ranks
 Of hostile armies, for on him in fight
 He chief reliance plac'd, to undergo 195
 The brunt of war. He led beneath the yoke
 The coursers swift, associates of the winds ;
 Xanthus and Balius, whom, to Zephyrus
 The western wind, a winged harpy bore ;
 Podarge, grazing in a verdant mead ^m 200
 Near ocean's rolling billows. To their side
 Another courser was by traces join'd,
 The generous Pedasus, a courser won
 By great Achilles, when the town he took
 Of fam'd Eetion. Mortal though he was, 205
 Immortal horses he accompanied.ⁿ
 Meanwhile Achilles for the field prepar'd
 His martial Myrmidons, throughout their tents,
 All clad in radiant armor. They a troop
 Resembled of carnivorous wolves,^o replete 210
 With sturdy strength, who, having slain a stag,
 Antler'd with branches wide, and large of limb,
 Among the mountains greedily devour
 And rend his carcass, all their ravening jaws
 Are red with blood ; they, thronging to the brink 215
 Of some dark fountain, lap with slender tongues
 The sable water, belching clotted gore,
 While in their bosoms dauntless valor dwells,
 And, gorg'd with food, distended are their sides ;
 Such were the leaders of the Myrmidons, 220
 Thronging terrific, round the valiant friend
 Of swift Æacides ! Among them stood
 Their martial lord, Achilles, hastening all 225
 The steeds and warriors arm'd with heavy shields.

In fifty ships Achilles, lov'd of Jove, 225
 His troops to Ilion brought, in every ship
 Were fifty rowers ; ^p five brave captains them,
 In bands distinct, commanded, by himself
 Appointed, and in whom he trusted most,
 But over all he rul'd with sov'reign sway. 230
 The first obey'd Menesthius, active chief,
 Son of the river Sperchius,^q who from Jove
 Supreme descends. Him Polydora fair,
 Daughter of Peleus, to the river bore,
 A woman by a deathless god embrac'd ; 235
 But, by repute, to Borus, who espous'd
 And gave her nuptial gifts of boundless price.
 The second squadron brave Eudorus led ;
 Of Polymela, graceful in the dance,
 Daughter of Phylas, born. A virgin, her 240
 The potent Argicide with love survey'd,
 Dancing among the gay melodious choir
 Of bright Diana, golden-shafted queen,
 Who rouses woodland echoes with her horn.
 Straight to the chamber, near her mansion's roof,^r 245
 Hermes, the power benevolent,^s pursued,
 And lay in secret with the lovely maid.
 She to the god this gallant offspring bore,
 Eudorus, swift of foot and brave in fight.
 After Ilithyia, minister of births, 250
 Gave him to view the sun's all-cheering rays,
 The martial might of Actor's famous son.
 Echecleus, led the damsel to his house,
 Her nuptials hon'ring with unnumber'd gifts,
 A splendid dow'ry ; aged Phylas bred 255
 The gallant youth, and cherish'd as his son,
 With tender love. Pisander, strong in fight,
 The third bold band commands ; Mæmalides,

Who all the Myrmidonian race excell'd
 In aiming well the spear ; after the friend 260
 Of great Pelides,† Phœnix, grey in arms,
 And skill'd to rule the fiery courser, sway'd
 The fourth ; and brave Alcimedon the fifth ;
 Laerceus' blameless son. When all the bands,
 Achilles had arrang'd in order due, 265
 Each with its chief, this exhortation stern
 The hero gave them : Valiant Myrmidons !
 Let none of you forget your menaces
 Against the Trojans, all the time my wrath
 Continued, and ye loiter'd at my ships. 270
 Then every man reproach'd me, and ye said :
 Relentless son of Peleus ! sure with gall
 Thy mother fed thee ! Cruel ! thus to keep
 Thy friends, repining vainly, at thy ships !
 Home let us go, crossing the deep again, 275
 Since fruitless wrath so occupies thy mind.
 Such were the words, ye, oft assembling, spake.
 But now, before you lies the mighty work
 Of war, so long, so ardently desir'd.
 Let every soldier, therefore, bravely now 280
 The battle wage. While thus he spake, he rous'd
 Their warlike ardor. More condens'd became
 The ranks of warriors, listening to their king.
 As when a wall for some tall dome is built,
 With stones compact, defying by their strength 285
 The force of all the winds ; so close were join'd
 Their helms and bossy shields ; for buckler lean'd
 On buckler, helm on helm, and man on man.
 Their shining crests, with waving horse-hair crown'd,
 Touch'd, as they, nodding, on each other press'd. 290
 In front of all, two heroes shone in arms,
 Patroclus and Automedon, alike

In warlike ardor, with one soul inspir'd,
 The battle of the Myrmidons to lead.
 Pelides then, returning to his tent, 295
 Open'd a chest of splendid workmanship,
 Costly and beautiful, a gift to him
 From silver-footed Thetis, when he sail'd
 For Ilion ; fill'd with tunics rich and rare,^u
 With vests defensive of the chilling blasts, 300
 And fleecy carpets. There he kept a bowl,
 Elaborate with art, from which no man,
 Himself excepted, ever drank or pour'd
 Libation ; nor to any of the gods
 But Jove, the sire of all. That bowl he now 305
 Took from its place, and purified it, first
 With sulphur, next with water's limpid stream.
 His hands he wash'd, and drew the dark-red wine ;
 Then, standing in the centre of his tent's
 Enclosure, looking up to heaven, he pray'd,^v 310
 And pour'd it forth ; not unobserv'd of Jove
 Rejoicing in dread thunder ; Jove supreme,
 Pelasgic, Dodonæan,^w far above
 Dwelling forever ! thou, who dost preside
 On bleak and cold Dodona, round whose mount 315
 The Selli dwell,^x thy prophets, who proclaim
 Thy sacred oracles ; with feet unbath'd,
 Reposing on the ground ; once thou hast heard
 My supplication ; thou hast honor'd me,
 And heavily distress'd Achaia's sons. 320
 Now also hear, and this my wish fulfil ;
 For at the fleet I stay, myself indeed,
 But send my friend, with all my Myrmidons,
 To combat. Send thou forth, loud-thund'ring Jove,
 Victory with him ! with valor fire his heart 325
 And manly breast, that Hector now may know,

THE ILIAD.



Whether in truth my comrade, when alone,
 Is skill'd in war ;^r or only when with him
 I march to fight, his hands invincible
 Are furious in the field. But, having turn'd 330
 The strife and roar of battle from the fleet,
 O let him safely to my ships return
 With all his armor, and his comrades bold.
 So pray'd the chief ; and Jove, the wise and good,
 His fond petition heard ; part of his prayer 335
 He granted, but the residue refus'd.
 To turn the war and battle from the fleet,
 He gave ; but to Patroclus from the fight
 A safe return, denied. Libation made,
 And father Jove implor'd, his tent again 340
 Achilles enter'd and replac'd the bowl ;
 Then, issuing forth, he stood before the tent,
 Still anxious to survey the cruel strife
 Of Trojans and of Greeks. Meanwhile the troops,
 March'd with magnanimous Patroclus, form'd 345
 In martial order, till, with courage high,
 They rush'd upon the Trojans. Forth they pour'd
 Like wasps,^s whose nests beside a public way,
 By boys are frequently annoy'd, who rouse
 Their wrath, by wanton irritating sport, 350
 Incessantly, and ills to many cause ;
 For if, unconscious of their dire abode,
 A traveller approach, they all, inflam'd
 With spite and valor, buzzing fiercely round,
 With stings assail him, to defend their young ; 355
 With equal heat and rage, in mind and heart,
 The Myrmdonian warriors from their ships
 Pour'd forth, and clamor terrible arose.
 Patroclus warmly then his comrades bold
 Exhorted : Myrmdonian heroes ! friends 360

Of Peleus' son, Achilles ! now be men,
 And your impetuous prowess call to mind,
 That we may honor give to Peleus' son,
 Bravest of all Achaia's warlike race
 Assembled here, whose troops excel the rest 365
 In sharpest conflict. So may Atreus' son,
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, own his fault,
 In treating with disdain the first of Greeks.
 He said, and fir'd the soul of every man.
 With force condens'd upon the Trojan host 370
 They fell ; the ships around their dreadful shout
 Reëcho'd terribly. The Trojans saw
 Menœtius' mighty son in glorious arms
 Resplendent, with his martial charioteer,
 And all their souls were shaken ; backward roll'd 375
 Their troubled squadrons, for they surely thought
 That Peleus' son, the swift and terrible,
 Was come against them ; wrath renounc'd, and love
 For Greece resum'd ! Then each around him look'd
 For refuge from destruction imminent. 380
 Patroclus was the first, whose shining dart
 Amid the concourse flew, where thickest press
 There was, tumultuous, near the vessel's prow
 Of great Protesilaus. There he slew
 Pyræchmes, who Pæonia's horsemen led, 385
 In armor clad, from distant Amydon
 And widely-flowing Axius. Him he smote
 On the right shoulder, prostrate in the dust,
 Groaning he fell ; around him fled his friends,
 Pæonia's warriors ; all were terror-struck 390
 By fierce Patroclus, who had slain their chief
 And champion in the combat. From the ships
 He chas'd the Trojans, and extinguish'd soon
 The rising flame. The bark was left half burnt,

And they, affrighted, o'er the field were driven 395
 With tumult horrible. The Greeks pour'd forth
 Among their hollow ships, and uproar wild
 And vehement ensued. As when a cloud,
 Opaque, is from a mountain's brow sublime
 By thund'ring Jove dispell'd,^{aa} the cliffs abrupt, 400
 Aspiring peaks, and dark-brown groves, are all
 Reveal'd in full display, and in th' expanse
 Unbounded ether bursts upon the view ;
 So then a respite cheer'd Achaia's host,
 Their navy rescued from devouring flame. 405
 Yet ceas'd not thus the combat ; Troy's brave sons
 Not yet entirely, by the warlike Greeks,
 Were forc'd their backs to turn in foul defeat.
 Some still resisted, and the sable ships
 Unwillingly relinquish'd. Broken now 410
 And scatter'd wide the war ; a man was slain
 By every chieftain. First Menœtius' son,
 As Areilycus was turning, struck
 His thigh with javelin keen, and pierc'd it through.
 The bone was shatter'd by the blow ; on earth 415
 He prostrate fell. The Spartan monarch smote
 Thoas beneath the buckler, where expos'd
 Appear'd his breast ; the deadly stroke unstrung
 His fainting members. Meges, noting well
 Amphiclus rushing towards him, with a wound 420
 His course arrested ; falling on the leg's
 Upper extremity, in which is found
 The largest muscle in the human frame,
 The forceful javelin all the sinews tore,^{bb}
 And death in dreary darkness clos'd his eyes. 425
 The sons of Nestor, too, — Antilochus,
 Stabbing Atymnius, through his flank the lance
 With fury drove ; he, prostrate at his feet

Fell lifeless. Maris, for his brother's death
 Enrag'd, and anxious to defend him slain, 430
 Before the carcass sprang, with lifted spear,
 Eager to strike Antilochus ; but first,
 With swift prevention, godlike Thrasymed
 Took aim at him, nor miss'd his spear the mark,
 But smote him where the shoulder with the arm 435
 Unites ; the piercing spike tore all his flesh,
 Laid bare the muscles quite, and crush'd the bone.
 With thund'ring sound the warrior fell, his eyes
 Involv'd in darkness. By two brethren slain,
 Two brethren thus to gloomy Erebus 440
 Descended ; comrades of Sarpedon brave,
 Amisodarus' sons, who bred, of old,
 Chimæra, dire immeasurable pest,
 Of many men the bane. Oileus' son,
 Ajax, o'ertaking, caught Cleobulus 445
 Alive, embarrass'd by the routed throng,
 And soon his strength laid low, with falchion huge
 Cleaving his neck ; the blade from point to hilt
 With streaming blood was warm'd, relentless death^{cc}
 And fate upon his eyelids laid their hands. 450
 Peneleus, too, and Lycon rush'd together.
 Each with the javelin miss'd his aim, and next
 Encounter'd with the sword. Brave Lycon struck
 His foe's high crest, with waving horse-hair deck'd.
 But near the hilt his brittle falchion snapp'd. 455
 Him, just beneath his ear, Peneleus smote,
 And buried in his neck the blade ; his head
 Hung only by the skin ; the lifeless trunk
 Fell, heavily, on earth. Meriones,
 With nimble feet arresting Acamas, 460
 On the right shoulder smites him, as he mounts
 His chariot ; backward from its step he falls,

And darkness overcasts his swimming eyes.
 But in the mouth Idomeneus inflicts
 A ghastly wound on Erymas. The spear 465
 Pass'd through his head and issued at his nape,
 Under the brain ; it broke the bones, and teeth
 Dash'd out ; with gushing blood his eyes were fill'd ;
 His nostrils spreading wide, and gaping mouth,
 A sanguine stream emitted ; death's dark cloud 470
 Involv'd him. These brave leaders of the Greeks
 Each slew a Trojan. But as deadly wolves,
 Unpitying, leap with fury on a throng
 Of lambs or kids, and snatch them from their dams,
 Roving unguarded, by their shepherd's fault, 475
 In mountains wild, the wolves their helpless state
 Perceiving, quickly seize that timorous breed,
 Not fram'd for combat, and devour them all ;
 So rush'd the Greeks upon the Trojan host,
 While they remember'd nought but direful flight, 480
 Dread-sounding, all their valor's mighty deeds
 Forgetting quite. Meanwhile, incessantly,
 Great Ajax aim'd at Hector ; he, in arms
 Experienc'd, sheltering well his shoulders broad
 With ample shield, watch'd well the sharp shrill hiss 485
 Of flying arrows, and loud whizzing sound
 Of whirling spears.^{dd} He knew the scales of Jove
 Were turn'd, and victory to the Greeks transferr'd ;
 Yet stopp'd and fled alternately, and sav'd
 His friends below'd. As when a rising cloud 490
 From steep Olympus over heaven is spread,
 After a day serene, when Jove a storm
 Of rain is bringing on, so dismal was
 The rout and uproar of that flying throng.
 Not without fatal mischief did they pass 495
 The trench again ; but Hector's rapid steeds

Convey'd him safely, with his armor, thence.
 Yet in that fosse profound he left behind
 His Trojan people, there reluctantly
 Entangled and detain'd. Within its depth 500
 Many swift coursers, cumber'd with their cars,
 Broke short their poles and left their charioteers.
 Patroclus follow'd, calling on the Greeks
 With shouts continual, loud and vehement,
 Bent on perdition to the sons of Troy. 505
 They, scatter'd o'er the field, fill'd all the ways
 With flight and clamor, while a storm of dust
 In whirlwind rose, diffus'd beneath the clouds.
 The coursers strain'd, with utmost speed, to reach
 The town, far distant from the ships and tents. 510
 But where the thickest of the rout was seen
 Patroclus flew, with threat'ning cries ; the chiefs,
 Under their axles, fallen from their cars,
 Lay prostrate, and their cars, with rattling noise
 Subverted, harshly clank'd against the ground.^{ee} 515
 Over the fosse th' immortal coursers leap'd,^{ff}
 The glorious gift of gods, eager to reach
 The flying foe. At Hector's head, their lord,
 Impatient, aim'd a spear, him to destroy,
 Ardent and anxious, but his coursers swift 520
 Bore him away.^{gg} As when the dark-soil'd earth
 Is overwhelm'd with universal showers
 Tempestuous, on a drear autumnal day,
 When Jove a deluge pours, provok'd to wrath^{hh}
 By wicked men, who in the forum rule 525
 By violence, and from her sacred seat
 Justice expel, the vengeance of the gods
 Regarding not ; the swelling rivers all
 Then overleap their banks, the torrent floods,
 Resistless, many steep declivities 530

Before them sweep, loud-roaring to the main ;
 From lofty mountains they impetuous fall,
 And all the works of mortal men are lost ; —
 Such was the din with which the Trojan steeds
 Fled groaning o'er the plain. But now, advanc'd 535
 Beyond the nearest squadrons of the foe,
 Patroclus stopp'd, and, turning, drove them back
 Towards the ships, permitting not ascent
 To Ilion, as they wish'd ; but in the space
 Between the river, fleet, and lofty wall, 540
 Slew them with active rage, and wreak'd revenge
 For many a Greek ! Then Pronous first he smote,
 With shining javelin, in the breast, expos'd
 Beneath th' uplifted shield ; his failing knees
 Sank under him, and with thund'ring sound he fell. 545
 At Thestor, son of Enops, next he rush'd,
 Who, pale and trembling, in his splendid car
 With limbs contracted sat, smitten in mind
 With panic-terror ; from his hand the reins
 Had fallen ! Patroclus struck him, close at hand, 550
 On the right cheek, and through his crashing teeth
 The javelin drove : he dragg'd him, on its spike,
 Over the chariot's front ; as a huge fish "
 An angler, seated on a jutting rock,
 Draws to the shore of ocean, with the line 555
 And brazen hook ; so with the shining spear
 He drew him, gaping, till he shook him off
 At length, and prostrate on his face he fell,
 Of life bereft. Eryalus he smote,
 (Then rushing towards him,) with a pond'rous rock 560
 Upon the crown. Within the solid helm
 His skull was split asunder ; prone he fell,
 And death, the dire destroyer, round him drew
 His dreary shadows. Erymas was next

To slaughter doom'd ; with him, Amphoterus, 565
 Epaltes, Echius, and Damastor's son,
 Tlepolemus, were on the deep-soil'd earth,
 With Pyres, Ipheus, and Evippus laid,
 And Polymelus, son of Argeas, all
 Promiscuous slain by fierce Patroclus' hand. 570
 But when ^{ll} Sarpedon saw his Lycian friends,
 Arm'd with uncinctur'd breastplates, slaughter'd thus,
 Sternly his godlike Lycians he rebuk'd :
 O shame, ye Lycians ! Whither do ye fly ?
 Resume your valor, and in fight be swift.^{kk} 575
 For I will meet this man, that I may know
 Who thus victorious rages ; truly, he
 Already has inflicted heavy woes
 Upon the Trojans ; many of the brave
 His fatal arm has caus'd to bend the knee. 580
 He said, and leap'd impetuous to the ground,
 With all his rattling armor. Seeing that,
 Patroclus also from his chariot leap'd.
 And as two vultures fierce, with crooked claws
 And beaks sharp-hook'd, upon a rocky cliff, 585
 Screaming and loudly clattering, fight, so they
 With wrathful clamors to th' encounter rush'd.
 The son of Saturn saw them, pity-touch'd,
 And thus address'd his sister and his spouse :
 Ah me ! that now Sarpedon, most belov'd 590
 Of all mankind by me, is doom'd to fall ^{ll}
 In battle by Patroclus' conquering arm !
 My heart, divided, with itself contends,
 Doubtful to snatch him, living still, from fight
 Deplorable,^{mm} and in his happy realm 595
 Of Lycia place him ; or to lay him low
 Beneath the prowess of Menæti'us' son !
 To him the goddess with the sparkling eyes :

Unjust Saturnius ! what discourse is this
 From thee ? A man, by nature mortal, doom'd 600
 By old established laws to certain death,
 Wouldst thou deliver from his doleful fate ?
 Do so ; but, be assur'd not all the gods
 Thy conduct will approve. Another thing
 I tell thee ; thou, attentive, weigh it well. 605
 If to his home, with life, thou shouldst restore
 Sarpedon, may not other deities
 Their offspring wish to save from deadly fight ?
 For many children of immortals wage
 This war around old Priam's lofty town ; 610
 In whom excessive ire thou wouldst provoke !
 But though the chief be dear to thee, and grief
 Thy bosom rend, permit him now to fall
 In glorious combat, by the warlike hands
 Of brave Patroclus ; and when life has left 615
 His noble body, give it, thou, in charge
 To death and gentle sleep, to bear it thence
 To wide-spread Lycia ; there his mournful friends
 And brethren shall perform his fun'ral rites,
 And to his mem'ry tomb and column raise : 620
 Such honors are appointed for the dead.
 She said ; nor did the sire of men and gods
 Assent withhold ; but on the field he shed
 A shower of blood, in honor of his son,
 Whom brave Patroclus was about to slay 625
 In fertile Troas, from his country far.
 When now the mighty chiefs to conflict came,
 Patroclus' javelin, in the bowels smote
 The brave attendant of the Lycian king,
 Illustrious Thrasymelus, and in death 630
 His knees unstrung. Despatching next his dart,
 Sarpedon err'd, and Pegasus, the steed,

On the right shoulder struck ; he, groaning, fell
 Prone in the dust, and breath'd his soul away
 With plaintive moan. The coursers started wide, 635
 Dragging the creaking yoke, their reins confus'd
 And tangled, by their fellow lying low.
 For this Automedon, the spear-renown'd,
 Soon found relief ; his falchion drawing forth,
 Of length enormous, from his thigh robust, 640
 And springing to the blow, with active haste
 Th' exterior reins he sever'd, and the steeds,
 Between their traces, speedily set right.
 The chiefs, again to deadly strife advanc'd.
 Then, too, Sarpedon's shining javelin err'd ; 645
 For o'er Patroclus' shoulder glanc'd the point,
 And touch'd him not. Patroclus, in return,
 His javelin hurl'd ; nor fruitless from his hand
 That weapon flew ; but, where the fibres bind
 The solid heart, it struck. The warrior fell 650
 As falls a stately poplar smooth, or oak,
 Or lofty pine, intended for a mast,
 Which shipwrights, with new-sharpen'd axes, cleave.
 So fallen, he, before his steeds and car 654
 Outstretch'd and gasping lay, the blood-stain'd ground
 Catching convulsively. As when a bull,
 Large and majestic, monarch of the herd
 Of cloven-footed cattle, falls, subdu'd
 By a dread lion, bellowing he groans,
 Struggling in death beneath the lion's paws ; 660
 So, by Patroclus slain, indignant still
 The leader of the mail-clad Lycians groan'd,
 And to his friend he cried : Glaucus, my friend,^{an}
 Brave combatant of heroes, greatly thee
 It now behooves to be a spearman bold, 665
 A dauntless warrior ; be this woful war

Thy duty and delight, if thou indeed
 Art great in battle.^{oo} Speeding through the field,
 Exhort the chiefs of Lycia to contend
 For slain Sarpedon's corse, and thou with them, 670
 For my sake, combat bravely. Grief and shame
 Eternal would be thine, if me the Greeks
 Despoil of armor, me in battle slain,
 Striving to win their ships.^{pp} Be valiant then,
 And all our people to the conflict urge. 675
 As this he said, the last cold touch of death
 His eyes and nostrils clos'd ; upon his breast
 Patroclus trod, and from his body pull'd
 The reeking spear ; adhesive to the spike
 His heart-strings follow'd, and with them came forth 680
 His noble spirit ! But the Myrmidons
 Restrain'd the snorting steeds about to fly ;
 Their mighty master slain. Excessive grief
 Brave Glaucus felt, who heard his dying voice.
 At heart he shook, regretting that no help 685
 Of his could save him. Holding with one hand,
 He gave the other rest ; with pain severe,
 Afflicted by that cruel wound the shaft
 Of Teucer caus'd,^{qq} when on the Grecian wall
 He fought, contending bravely for his friends. 690
 Tormented thus, Apollo he invok'd,
 Far-shooting god : Hear, king of day, who now
 Perhaps art in thy Lycia's wealthy realm,
 Or here in Troas ! Thou canst, everywhere,
 Th' afflicted hear, who need, as I, thine aid. 695
 For painful is the wound, and pangs acute.
 Shoot through my hand, nor can the trickling blood
 Be stanch'd ; my shoulder, too, weigh'd down with pain,
 Disables me, that scarcely I support
 My lance, much less can meet my foes in fight. 700

And lo ! the first of heroes now is slain,
 Sarpedon, son of Jove, who fail'd to save
 His own brave offspring ! But do thou, O king,
 This grievous wound assuage, these thrilling pangs
 Abate, and give me strength that I may urge 705
 My Lycians to the conflict, and myself
 May combat for my friend, of life bereft !
 So pray'd the chief ; Apollo heard his prayer,
 Assuag'd his pains, and from that wound severe
 The sanguine current dried. With spirit high 710
 His breast he fill'd, and Glaucus felt and knew
 His strength restor'd ; rejoicing, that the god
 Of power immense so soon his prayer had heard,
 First then the leaders of the Lycian bands,
 Speeding among them, urgent he exhorts, 715
 For slain Sarpedon's body to contend.
 Among the Trojans, next, with active strides,
 He hastens ; to Polydamas, the son
 Of Panthus, to Agenor, godlike youth.
 Æneas next, and Hector, great in arms, 720
 Approaching, he bespake : O Hector ! now
 Hast thou forgotten quite thy brave allies,
 Who, for thy sake, far distant from their friends
 And native land here perish ! heedless thou
 Of their defence ! On earth Sarpedon lies, 725
 Our godlike leader, who the Lycian state
 Shielded, with justice and with martial might.
 Him brazen Mars, by stern Patroclus' hand,
 Has vanquish'd ; but, O friends, defend him slain,
 Disdaining that the Myrmidons should seize 730
 His armor, and his noble corse insult,
 Avenging so the many slaughter'd Greeks,
 Who by our javelins at their fleet lie dead.
 He said ; with that, intolerable grief

And inconsolable, the bosoms smote 735
 Of all the Trojans ; he their city's prop
 And bulwark was, though from a foreign land !
 A host of heroes to their aid he led,
 Himself excelling all ! Then, instantly,
 They march'd against the Greeks, for combat all 740
 Ardent and fierce. Stern Hector led them on,
 Inflam'd with wrath for good Sarpedon's sake.
 But brave Patroclus animated too
 Achaia's sons, addressing first the bold
 Ajaces, fir'd with ardor in themselves : 745
 Ye brave Ajaces ! be it now your praise
 The Trojans to repulse, as heretofore
 Conspicuous among heroes ye have shone,
 Or e'en yourselves surpassing ! Lo ! the man
 Lies dead who first effected, in the wall ^{as} 750
 Of Greece, a breach, Sarpedon. Let us win
 His body, and dishonor it by the loss
 Of glorious armor, slaying all who dare
 Our conquering might oppose. Patroclus ceas'd.
 Self-mov'd already were the Ajaces, prompt 755
 To aid his prowess. Then, with force condens'd,
 Trojans and Lycians, Myrmidons and Greeks,
 With direful shock around the glorious dead
 Encounter'd ; shouts of battle direful rose, ^{as}
 And armor, clashing against armor, rang. 760
 Jove o'er the dreadful contest horrid night
 Pernicious shed, ^{as} that for his son belov'd
 Bloody and terrible the fight should be.
 The Trojans first repuls'd the black-eyed Greeks,
 For not the meanest of the Myrmidons 765
 Was slain, ^{as} Epigeus, great Agacles' son,
 Who erst in Budium reign'd o'er many men ;
 But having slain his valiant nephew, fled

Suppliant to Peleus,^{ww} and to Thetis fair,
 The silver-footed dame ; they sent him thence 770
 To Ilion, steed-renown'd, the war to wage,
 Attendant on Achilles, dreadful chief,
 Felling the ranks of armies. As he touch'd
 The carcass, furious Hector smote his head
 With a huge rock, which crush'd the solid helm, 775
 And split his skull asunder. On the corse
 He prostrate fell, in shades of death involv'd.
 Grief for his comrade slain, Patroclus, rous'd
 Beyond the foremost warriors, fierce he sprang,
 Like a swift hawk, from whose impetuous swoop, 780
 A flock of screaming jays or starlings fly ;
 So thou, Patroclus, brave equestrian chief,
 Didst rush terrific on the Lycian host
 And Trojan, for thy soul was fir'd with wrath
 Vindictive ; Sthenelaus, on the neck, 785
 Ithæmen's offspring, with a rock he smote,
 And both the tendons broke. The Trojan van
 With Hector's self, retreated ! Far as flies
 A javelin, from a hero's strenuous arm
 Exerted fully in athletic sport, 790
 Or vigorous fight against death-dealing foes,
 So far retir'd the Trojans, by the Greeks
 Pursued. But Glaucus, first the chief
 Of buckler-bearing Lycians, turn'd and slew
 Magnanimous Bathycles, Chalcon's son, 795
 Who dwelt in Hellas, and was eminent
 Among the Myrmidons, for bliss and wealth.
 On him brave Glaucus, turning suddenly,
 As in pursuit he press'd upon him, pierc'd
 His bosom ; he, with rattling armor, fell, 800
 And grief excessive wrung Achaian hearts
 For such a hero's fall ; but joy as great

The Trojans felt. Around him they forthwith
 In furious combat throng'd ; nor did the Greeks
 Forget their valor, but right onward bore 805
 Their strength against them. Then Meriones
 A Trojan hero slew, Laogonus,
 Son of Onetor, who was priest of Jove
 On Ida's hill, and as a guardian god
 Was honor'd by the people. Him he struck 810
 Beneath the cheek and ear : the spirit soon
 His members left, and darkness horrible
 Involv'd him ! Fierce Æneas hurl'd a spear
 At Merion, hoping to attain his aim ;
 Though cover'd by his shield, he towards him strode ; 815
 But he, perceiving, shunn'd the brazen spike,
 By stooping forward ; o'er his back it flew,
 And struck the ground ; there, to its upper end,
 The long lance shook, till by degrees the force
 Of Mars withdrew its impulse. Thus, in vain 820
 Æneas' javelin, from his hand robust,
 Was thrown, and stuck in earth.²² Incens'd, he cried :
 Ah ! soon Meriones, dancer as thou art,²³
 My javelin, had it reach'd thee, would have caus'd
 Thy sport to cease ! To whom the spear-renown'd 825
 Meriones replied : Æneas, hard
 It is for thee, however brave and strong,
 To quench the martial fire of every man
 That may oppose thee. Thou art mortal too,
 And if my javelin keen should strike thy breast, 830
 Thy glory straight to me thou shouldst resign,
 Thy soul to car-borne Pluto, steed-renown'd.²⁴
 He spake ; but him Menœtius' mighty son
 Rebuk'd : O Merion, why dost thou, the strong,
 The dauntless, thus harangue ? 'Tis not, my friend, 835
 By contumelious words, that we can drive

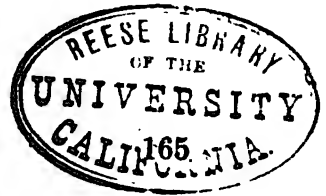
The Trojans from the slain ; but some must first
 Be prostrate laid on earth. In fight, success
 On hands depends ; in council 'tis we find
 The use of tongues. Then let us not indulge 840
 In vain discourses, but the battle wage.
 This said, he led the way, and like a god
 Brave Merion follow'd. As, among the wilds
 Of shaggy mountains, echoing far and wide,
 The woodmen's axes sound ; so echoed loud 845
 The noise of conflict from that spacious field ;
 The clash of brazen arms, the hollow clang
 Of shields and breastplates, hack'd by falchions huge
 And double-pointed javelins. No man then,
 Howe'er familiar, could have recogniz'd 850
 Divine Sarpedon, cover'd as he was
 From head to foot with dust, and darts, and blood.
 Around him still they crowded, like a swarm
 Of insects buzzing round a herdsman's pails,
 In Spring's enlivening season, when white showers 855
 Of plenteous milk bedew them. So that throng
 Of combatants were restless round the corse !
 Not for a moment from the fight did Jove
 His eyes refulgent turn ; but steadily,
 With ardent gaze he view'd them ; many thoughts 860
 Revolving in his mind, about the death,
 Predestin'd, of Patroclus ; whether, then,
 Illustrious Hector, in that furious fray,
 Should stretch him slain upon Sarpedon's corse,
 And seize his arms, or yet more heroes bold 865
 In bloody toil to perish, should be doom'd.
 So meditating, he at length preferr'd
 That the brave minister of Peleus' son^{ab}
 Should drive again to Troy's beleaguer'd walls
 Hector and all his host, and multitudes 870

Of life bereave. Then Hector's bosom first
 He fill'd with fear unwarlike. Terror-struck
 He mounts his car, and turns to flight again,
 Calling his Trojans with him ; for he knew
 The scales of Jove were turn'd. The Lycians then, 875
 Stout as they were, no longer stood, but all
 Affrighted fled ; for they had seen their king,
 Pale, stretch'd on earth, amidst the direful heaps
 Of carnage, and upon him many more
 Had fallen, while the fierce pernicious strife 880
 Saturnius lengthen'd. But the Greeks obtain'd
 Sarpedon's armor, bright, of beamy brass,
 Which to his friends Menœtius' mighty son
 Entrusted, to the ships to be convey'd.
 Then cloud-compelling Jove to Phœbus spake : 885
 Now go, with speed, my son, and from the darts
 Removing, cleanse, of sable gore and dust,
 Sarpedon : then, conveying far away,
 Bathe in the river ; with ambrosia sweet
 Anoint, and clothe him in celestial robes. 890
 Consign him next to two conductors swift,
 Twin-brethren, Sleep and Death, to bear him thence.
 They soon shall place him in his people's arms,
 In wide-spread Lycia's rich and happy realm.
 His friends and brethren there, his funeral rites 895
 Shall celebrate, and o'er him raise a tomb
 And column, to commemorate the dead.
 He spoke ; nor did Apollo disobey
 His father's mandate ; but from Ida flew
 To the dire scene of slaughter. Raising straight 900
 Divine Sarpedon from amidst the darts,
 He bore him far away, and bath'd his limbs
 In swift Scamander ; with ambrosia sweet
 Anointed, and in robes celestial dress'd ;

Then gave him to the care of Sleep and Death,^{ac} 905
 Twin-brethren swift, who speedily convey'd
 And plac'd him in wide Lycia's wealthy realm.
 But rash Patroclus, spiriting his steeds,
 And calling to Automedon, pursued
 The Trojans and the Lycians ; blind to fate, 910
 Himself destroying ! Surely had he kept
 Pelides' precept, he might then have 'scap'd
 His woful destiny, relentless death !
 But Jove's high counsel always the designs
 Of mortals overrules : he puts to flight 915
 The bravest hero, snatching from his grasp
 With ease the victory, though himself at first
 Impell'd him to the fight ; he then the chief
 Exciting, urg'd him on.^{ad} Whom first, whom last,
 Patroclus, didst thou slay,^{ae} when to thy death 920
 Call'd by the gods ? Adrestus was the first ;
 Autonous and Echeclus follow'd him ;
 With Perimus Megades, Melanippus,
 Epistor, Mulus and Elasmus ;
 Pylartes was the last. All these were slain ; 925
 The rest of flight were mindful. Then the sons
 Of Greece had taken lofty-gated Troy,
 By brave Patroclus' prowess, for he rag'd
 Immeasurably with the spear, had not
 Apollo stood upon her tower sublime, 930
 With fell intent towards him, and aiding Troy.
 Patroclus thrice the wall's acclivity
 Attempted ; thrice Apollo push'd him back,
 With hands immortal, on his shining shield
 A blow impressing ; but the fourth time, when 935
 He rush'd impetuous, equal to a god,
 Far-shooting Phœbus, threat'ning, cried aloud :
 Patroclus ! chief of race divine ! recede !

For Fate has not decreed that by thy lance
 Proud Ilion, city of the Trojans bold, 940
 Shall be destroy'd ; not even by the might
 Of great Achilles, thy superior far !
 As thus he spake, the chief, amaz'd, retir'd,
 Shunning the wrath of him who darts his rays
 The world around. Hector, meanwhile, restrain'd 945
 His coursers at the Scæan gate, in mind
 Debating, whether to renew the fight
 With sudden onset, or to call his troops
 Within the walls. While thus he meditates,
 Apollo stands beside him, like a man 950
 In youth's strong, hardy prime, in Asius' shape,
 Uncle to Hector, by the mother's side,
 Brother of Hecuba ; of Dymas, son,^{ac}
 Who dwelt in Phrygia, near Sangarius' stream.
 So seeming to the chief, Apollo spake : 955
 Hector ! why dost thou from the fight refrain ?
 Neglect, that ill becomes thee ! O that I
 In strength as far surpass'd thee ; as indeed
 Thou art to me superior ! Quickly then
 Shouldst thou repent, neglecting thus the war. 960
 But come, against Patroclus urge thy steeds,
 Perchance to slay him, if Apollo give
 To thee that glory. Saying this, the god,
 Amidst the toil of warriors, disappear'd.
 But Hector order'd brave Cebriones 965
 To lash his coursers to the fight again.
 Apollo mingled with th' embattled throng,
 And foul confusion rais'd among the Greeks,
 Giving to Troy and Hector victory.
 Hector, regardless, pass'd all others by, 970
 And slew them not, urging his fiery steeds
 Against Patroclus only. He to meet

Th' encounter, from his chariot leap'd to earth.
 His left hand held a javelin ; with his right
 He seiz'd a marble rock, rugged and sharp, 975
 Large as his hand could grasp : to hurl it then,
 Exerting all his strength, he toss'd it ; soon
 It reach'd a foe, nor was it vainly thrown,
 But in the forehead smote Cebriones,
 Illustrious Priam's son, of spurious birth, 980
 While yet he held the reins ; the craggy rock
 His brows completely crush'd, that not a bone
 Remain'd unbroken ; from their sockets fell
 His eye-balls in the dust before his feet.
 He, like a diver, from the splendid car 985
 Plung'd headlong down, and life his limbs forsook.
 Him fallen, thou, Patroclus, didst deride : —
 O ! ho ! the man is active, for he dives ^{as}
 With wond'rous ease ! If he were now at sea,
 Many with oysters he could satisfy, 990
 Leaping to seek them, from a ship's tall side,
 Even in stormy weather ; since he here
 So readily has from his chariot div'd !
 What skilful divers e'en these Trojans are !
 So saying, at the hero slain he sprang, 995
 Impetuous as a lion, who, engag'd
 In laying waste the stalls, receives a wound
 Full in the breast, and by his valor dies :
 So fiercely on Cebriones didst thou,
 Patroclus, spring. But Hector, opposite, 1000
 Leap'd also from his coursers to the ground :
 They for the carcass like two lions strove.
 Who, in the mountains for a slaughter'd stag,
 Both hunger-pinch'd, contend with courage high ;
 So those two great artificers of war, 1005
 Menæti'us' son and glorious Hector, fought



THE ILIAD.

For dead Cebriones ; endeavoring each
With deadly spear to reach the other's heart.
His head stern Hector seiz'd, and would not yield ;
Patroclus held his foot ; while all the rest, 1010
Trojans and Greeks, in furious fight engag'd.
As two tempestuous winds for mastery strive,
Eurus and Notus, in a mountain's dales,
Shaking the forests tall, of ash and beach
And cornel, dashing branches large and long 1015
Against each other, with loud jarring sound,
Clattering and crashing, as they broken fall ;
So Trojans then, and Greeks, with equal rage
Dealt mutual blows, and none a thought indulg'd
Of shameful flight. Around Cebriones, 1020
Unnumber'd javelins falling, struck the ground ;
And swift-wing'd arrows leaping from the string ;
And many stones enormous bruis'd the shields
Of warring heroes : but himself, on earth
Outstretch'd, of stature huge, with clouds of dust 1025
Envelop'd, lay ; forgetting now his skill,
His chariot, and his coursers. While the sun
Shone in the midst of heaven, the furious darts
From either side in equal volleys flew,
And multitudes were slain ; but when his orb 1030
Descending towards the west, brought near the time
That from his yoke the laboring ox relieves,
Then, even in spite of fate, Achaia's sons
Obtain'd th' advantage. From the storm of darts
And uproar of the Trojans, forth they dragg'd 1035
Cebriones, and of his arms despoil'd.
Again Patroclus on the Trojans flew
With fatal rashness. Thrice, like fiery Mars,
He to the onset sprang, with dreadful shouts,
And thrice nine heroes by his arm were slain. 1040

But when, the fourth time, equal to a god,
 He rush'd resistless, O Patroclus ! then
 Was manifest thy fated term of life !
 For Phœbus towards thee, in the raging fight,
 Tremendous godhead ! came, conceal'd from view, 1045
 Approaching through the tumult, for his form
 Was wrapp'd in pitchy darkness ! He behind
 Patroclus stood, and with most potent hand
 His ample shoulders smote ! the staggering blow
 Dazzled his eyes !^{as} e'en from his graceful head 1050
 Hurl'd the bright helm, which, tinkling, roll'd along
 Beneath the courser's feet ; with dust and blood
 The crest was stain'd ; (but till that moment, ne'er
 Had earth been suffer'd to defile the crest
 Of that exalted helm, which guarded well 1055
 The graceful forehead of the man divine,
 Achilles ! Jove to Hector gives it now ;
 But death approaches him.) The javelin huge,
 Heavy and strong, and pointed well with brass,
 Was shiver'd in his hands ; the buckler broad, 1060
 Reaching his ankles, with its brace fell off ;
 The cuirass too was loosen'd from his breast,
 By Jove's great son Apollo, king of day !
 Astounded stood the chief, his senses stunn'd,
 His manly limbs unnerv'd. Upon his back,^{ab} 1065
 A Dardan warrior then, with javelin keen,
 Impress'd a wound ; Euphorbus, Panthus' son,
 Who all his peers excell'd in throwing well
 The spear, in horsemanship, and speed of foot ;
 For long before, when in his chariot first 1070
 The rudiments of arms he strove to learn,
 Full twenty warriors from their cars he threw.
 His weapon, O Patroclus, chief of men,
 First reach'd, but slew thee not. Withdrawing straight

The dart; he turn'd, and herded in the crowd, 1075
 Nor dar'd Patroclus, though disarm'd, abide.
 So, by the god subdu'd, and by a lance,
 The chief retreated to his social train,
 Shunning his fate ; but Hector, when he saw
 Patroclus, great of soul, retiring thus, 1080
 Wounded and weak, rush'd forward through the ranks,
 And with impetuous spear a mortal wound
 Inflicted ; deeply plunging in his flank
 The fatal weapon, which transpierc'd him quite.
 He thund'ring fell, and caus'd Achaia's sons 1085
 Unbounded sorrow ! As, in strife severe,
 A lion overcomes a bristly boar,
 Hardy and fierce ; (they on a mountain's top
 Fight for a scanty spring, with haughty hearts,
 Both thirsty, both determin'd not to yield ; 1090
 At length the lion, by superior strength,
 Subdues the panting boar, exhausted quite ;)

So Hector, son of Priam, with his lance
 Of life depriv'd Menœtius' warlike son,
 Whose fatal hand had mighty numbers slain ; 1095
 And thus the victor o'er his fallen foe
 Exults :^{a1} Patroclus, thou wast confident
 Our city to destroy, our Trojan dames
 Captive to lead, of liberty bereft,
 To Greece, thy native land ! Ah, foolish man ! 1100
 For them in battle Hector's coursers ply
 Their rapid feet, and I, who turn from them
 The day of doleful slavery, surpass
 In prowess all the martial sons of Troy.
 But vultures here shall make their prey of thee ! 1105
 Ah, wretch ! Achilles' strength avail'd thee nought.
 He stay'd himself behind, yet, sending thee,
 With exhortations, oft repeated, said :

Return not, brave Patroclus, to the fleet,
 Until from hero-slaught'ring Hector's breast, 1110
 His cuirass, stain'd with blood, thou shalt have torn.
 He doubtless so instructed, and to death
 Misled thee ! Faintly then, with faltering voice,
 Patroclus, thou didst answer : Hector ! great^{ak}
 Is now thy glory, since Saturnian Jove 1115
 And Phœbus, who with ease o'ercame me, give
 Their victory to thee ; for they disarm'd
 And left me helpless ! Yet, if twenty men,
 Thy equals, had encounter'd me at once,
 They all had perish'd by my lance o'erthrown. 1120
 But me by cruel fate, Latona's son
 Has slain ; Euphorbus was the mortal ; thou,
 Third in achievement, dost despoil me dead.
 But this I tell thee ; in thy thoughtful mind,
 Attentive, thou revolve it. Life not long 1125
 Thyself art destin'd to enjoy ; for Death
 And Fate invincible are near thee now,
 Slain by the arm of great Æacides.
 As these last accents utt'rance found, his lips
 Were clos'd in death. The disembodied soul, 1130
 Flitting, descended to the dreary coast
 Of Hades, moaning its unhappy fate,^{al}
 With piteous cries ; its manly vigor left,
 And youthful comeliness forever lost.
 Him, even dead, illustrious Hector thus 1135
 Address'd : Patroclus, why conject'rest thou
 Destruction imminent to me ? Who knows
 But e'en Achilles, fair-hair'd Thetis' son,
 May sooner fall himself by Hector's lance ?
 This said, his foot impressing, from the wound 1140
 He drew the spear, from which he push'd the corpse,
 That bleeding prostrate lay, and straight attack'd

Automedon, the godlike charioteer
Of swift Æacides, eager to strike ;
But him the rapid coursers bore away, —
Immortal coursers, whom (resplendent boon)
The gods themselves on Peleus had bestow'd.

1145

NOTES.

BOOK XVI.

* *Patroclus stood, weeping without restraint.* l. 3.

According to the ideas of military men in our days, it would be considered degrading to the character of a hero to weep excessively on any occasion but; in those times of primitive simplicity, great men and warriors were not ashamed to give way to the feelings of their hearts without restraint. This scene between Patroclus and Achilles displays the characters of both, in very striking colors. The tender sorrow of Patroclus for the sufferings of the Greeks, the noble candor and boldness he manifests, in reproaching Achilles for cruel and obstinate resentment, the patriotic zeal with which he offers himself to lead the Myrmidons to the battle, are all proofs of that amiable and magnanimous disposition, which rendered him worthy of the warmest friendship, and made him a favorite with the whole Grecian army. On the other hand, the speeches of Achilles are full of indulgent regard for Patroclus, and bitter wrath and indignation against Agamemnon, and the other Greeks with whom he was offended, for countenancing and abetting their general in the wrong he had committed. He yields, at length, to the urgent solicitations of Patroclus, so far as to permit him and the Myrmidons to march against the Trojans, and repulse them from the fleet, but no farther; his anger being still so intense, that he will not assist the Greeks in person. See Mr. Pope's notes on this passage; but the remark, that Homer describes Patroclus "prostrating himself before the vessel of Achilles, and pouring out tears at his feet," appears incorrect; neither had

"the flame already begun to rise" in the ships, when Patroclus was speaking, as is evident from what follows.

^b *Why weeps Patroclus like a little girl.* l. 8.

This is a tender, interesting, and natural simile. The mutual fondness of Achilles and Patroclus is finely delineated, by comparing the one to a mother, and the other to her child. The tears and affectionate solicitations of Patroclus resemble those of the infant girl, imploring to be received into her mother's arms; the concern and anxiety of Achilles, to relieve his friend's distress, correspond exactly with the feelings of the mother, who cannot refrain from indulging her daughter, but takes her at length into her arms. The beauty of the comparison is heightened, by putting it in the mouth of Achilles.

^c *Be not offended, such severe distress
Now overwhelms them.* l. 29-30.

I concur with Clarke in opinion, that the line

Μὴ νύμισα· τοῖον γὰρ ὄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιοῖς·

ought not to be understood as a request to Achilles to relinquish his wrath against Agamemnon. In commencing his speech, Patroclus evidently means no more than this: "Be not offended that I do weep for the Greeks (as you seem to suppose); for such severe distress now overwhelms them, that I cannot refrain." But in his anguish of mind he speaks in broken sentences, and does not, at first, fully express his ideas. The same words precisely are introduced in Nestor's speech, when he awakens Ulysses in Book X., (l. 145 of the original, and 185 of this translation,) and there the meaning of Nestor plainly is: "Be not displeased at my disturbing your rest; for the trouble is now so great which presses on the Greeks, that necessity compels me." In that passage, the distress of the person speaking is manifested in the same natural manner as in this. In both places, Pope appears not to have perceived this beauty of the original, but Cowper has given it faithfully.

^d *Wounded the great Ulysses, spear-renown'd,
And Agamemnon.* l. 35-6.

It has been very well remarked by Eustathius and others, that

Patroclus was unwilling to wound the feelings of Achilles, by dwelling on the odious name of Agamemnon. He therefore introduces first the names of Diomed and Ulysses, annexing to each honorary epithets; he then merely mentions Agamemnon, without any epithet, and afterwards proceeds to describe the wound of Eurypylus particularly, thus contriving to divert the attention of Achilles from the name of Agamemnon as much as possible. It may be thought strange that he does not add the name of Machaon to the list; but probably in a previous conversation, upon returning to Achilles, he had informed him that Machaon was the wounded warrior who went with Nestor to the tent, for it is not said by the poet that the conversation now in question took place immediately upon the return of Patroclus; the contrary, indeed, may be inferred, for the battle at the ships was obstinate and long; and after his return he appears to have melted into tears on considering the sufferings and danger of the Greeks, which led to this conversation between Achilles and him. It is not probable that, on his return, Achilles failed to make inquiry concerning the wounded warrior, or Patroclus to answer such inquiry. No doubt the poet thought it unnecessary to mention this circumstance, and therefore left it to the reader's judgment to supply it. Of course I cannot concur with Cowper and others, in supposing that the omission to mention the name of Machaon might have been "a stroke of poetical art, designed to suggest the extreme distress of the messenger, which was such as to confuse his recollection, and cause him entirely to forget his errand."

• *O pitiless! equestrian Pelcus sure*
Was not thy father. l. 45-6.

Cowper well observes, that "irascible as was the temper of Achilles, the poet yet represents him as patient of reproach, and of reproach not of the gentlest kind, when he received it from the lips of one whom he loved as he loved Patroclus."

' ——— *But if some oracle*
Now sway thy mind. l. 49-50.

Patroclus here, in compliance with Nestor's suggestion, insinuates that perhaps the revelation of his future fate, received by Achilles from his mother, Thetis, might be one inducement for refraining from the battle. And, indeed, after what Achilles had said

in Book IX., on the subject of the value of life, and concerning his double fate announced by Thetis, Patroclus (who was then present,) had some reason to believe that, in consequence of the quarrel with Agamemnon, his friend had changed his mind, and was disposed to prefer a long life without glory, to a short one with it.

^c ——— *other Trojans slay,
But keep thy hands from Hector.* l. 116 – 17.

The line, of which this is a translation, was inserted by Barnes, who found it quoted by Diogenes Laertius (in his life of Diogenes,) as a line of Homer. I think it is introduced in the right place by Pope, whose example I have followed. Cowper has omitted it altogether. It appears to me indispensable, to render complete the instructions of Achilles to his friend; for in Book XVIII. he says expressly, that he charged him not to fight Hector, *μηδ' Ἐκτορι ἴφι μάχεσθαι*. The delicate manner in which this charge is expressed is worthy of remark. Achilles does not tell Patroclus that Hector surpassed him in prowess, or that his life would be endangered by engaging in a combat with him; on the contrary, what he says seems to imply that Patroclus might easily slay Hector, as well as other Trojans. He requests him to “keep his hands from that hero,” for the purpose of leaving to himself the glory of slaying him. The only danger of which Achilles thinks it proper to warn his friend, is that of the interposition of some god friendly to the Trojans.

^b *That not a man of all the Trojan race
Or of the Argive, might be sav'd from death.* l. 132 – 3.

See Pope's and Clarke's notes on this extravagant and blood-thirsty wish of Achilles. The only excuse for the poet's introducing it is, that, unfortunately for the honor of human nature, it is natural to a proud, ambitious, and angry man to utter violent and inconsiderate imprecations like this. True, it is, as the prophet Jeremiah has said, “the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;” that is, the heart of man before it is regenerated and purified by divine grace.

ⁱ *So they; while Ajax could no longer stand.* l. 126.

The description of Ajax overwhelmed by weapons, and overcome with fatigue, is truly admirable. I have endeavored, in this trans-

lation, to imitate in some degree the wonderfully expressive verses of the original.

* ——— that Jove, high-thund'ring god,
Cut short his warlike efforts, and decreed
Decisive victory to the Trojan host! l. 157 – 9.

Mr. Pope has taken the liberty of omitting these lines, which he condemns, as containing a mean and gross conceit; but in my opinion he is mistaken. The superstition of the ancient heathen, who were great believers in signs and omens, would naturally present such an idea to the mind of any pagan hero, in the circumstances of Ajax, when the spike of his lance was cut off by the sword of Hector. The notion may appear ridiculous to us, but a Roman consul or Greek general would have viewed it in a different light. It does not appear that Homer by any means intended to give Ajax a character of dulness or folly, though he certainly does not represent him as worthy to be compared, for genius or wisdom, with Ulysses or Nestor.

† *The spear, peculiar, of Æacides!* l. 184.

The poet takes every opportunity to give the reader a high idea of the strength of Achilles, not by elaborate descriptions, but by circumstances mentioned incidentally; such as this, that no other Greek could wield his spear.

‡ *Podarge, grazing in a verdant mead.* l. 200.

From this it appears that the harpy was either a mare, or an animal of like nature with one. The word *Ποδάργη* signifies swift of foot. Perhaps, then, the poet's meaning may have been, only, that a swift-footed mare, by the name *Ἀρπυία*, was the dam of these horses. If so, the translation should be as follows:

Xanthus and Balias, whom Harpyia bore,
The swift of foot, by winged Zephyrus
Made pregnant, grazing in a verdant mead, &c.

In Virgil the Harpies are described as monsters, having the faces of women and the bodies of obscene birds. To suppose that the horses of Achilles were produced by one of these, seems unnatural and absurd.

■ ————— *Mortal though he was,
Immortal horses he accompanied.* l. 205 – 6.

The Scholiast, quoted by Cowper, supposes (I think with little reason) that since the immortal coursers were, as the poet tells us elsewhere, “managed with difficulty by any other than Achilles, the third horse was added for the purpose of counteracting, in some degree, their ungovernable fire, since now they had a mortal driver.” This remark is certainly unfounded. Ulysses, indeed, says to Dolon, in Book X., that

“Hard is the task for mortal men to rule
Or guide those steeds, for any man at least
Except Achilles, whom a goddess bore.”

But this is not the poet’s own declaration. On the contrary, it plainly appears in Book XVII. that not only Achilles, but Patroclus, Automedon, and Alcimedon were all able to govern, and accustomed to driving these immortal horses. Achilles, though born of a goddess, was a mortal man as well as others. Neither is it rational to imagine, that on an occasion of urgency like the present, he would have thought of restraining or counteracting the fiery spirit of his horses. The truth is, that Homer seems to have added this third horse, for the purpose of describing his death afterwards by the spear of Sarpedon. Clarke suggests, that Xanthus and Balius were said to be immortal, because they survived the battle; Pedasus, who was slain, being of course a mortal steed. But Homer, I believe, never thought of this reason. He conferred immortality on the horses of Achilles, simply for the purpose of adorning his poem, and exalting Achilles by that marvellous fiction.

° ————— *They a troop
Resembled of carnivorous wolves.* l. 209 – 10.

See Mr. Pope’s note on this simile.

° ————— *in every ship
Were fifty rowers.* l. 226 – 7.

The Scholiast, quoted by Cowper, very well observes, that the rowers only are mentioned; and this is the observation of Aristarchus, in answer to those critics who expressed some wonder, that, since the poet misses no opportunity, in general, of magnifying Achilles,

he should not have ascribed to him a more numerous people. The rowers, he says, in each ship were fifty, but the number of the rest is left unascertained; that being indefinite, it may seem the larger.

¶ *Son of the river Sperchius.* l. 232.

Homer seems resolved, that everything about Achilles shall be miraculous. "We have seen his very horses are of celestial origin; and now his commanders, though vulgarly reputed the sons of men, are represented as the real offspring of some deity. The poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero, by every circumstance with which his imagination could furnish him." — *Pope*.

¶ *Straight to the chamber, near her mansion's roof.* l. 245.

"It was the custom of those times to assign the uppermost rooms to the women, that they might be the farther removed from commerce; wherefore Penelope, in the *Odyssæy*, mounts up into a garret, and there sits to her business. So Priam, in Book VI., is said to have chambers for the ladies of his court, under the roof of his palace." — *Pope*.

¶ *Hermes, the power benevolent.* l. 246.

In the original it is *Ἐρμῆας ἀλάλητα*, which Eustathius renders ὃς μὴ κακόντων, that is, "not doing evil;" the word appearing from α, privative, and κακός, evil. But Pausanias, in the 8th Book of his history, says: "Acacus built the city Acacesium. From this Acacus, Homer, in the dialect of the Arcadians, gave a surname to Hermes, in honor of whom a statue of stone was erected at Acacesium. It was a legend among the Arcadians, that Hermes, when a boy, was nursed at that place, and that Acacus, the son of Lycaon, bred him up." It does not appear, however, that Homer knew anything of all this.

¶ ————— *after the friend*
Of great Pelides. l. 260 — 1.

Clarke remarks, that in this passage the poet makes use of that species of amplification, which by Quintilian is denominated "*incrementum*," which has the utmost energy when even such things as are inferior are made to appear great. "By means of this," says he, "we reach not only to the highest, but as it were, in some degree, above the highest point of exaltation." Thus "Pisander

excelled all the Myrmidons after Patroclus, who was superior to him, but himself inferior to Achilles."

" ——— *fill'd with tunics rich and rare.* l. 299.

The maternal affection of Thetis for Achilles very naturally is displayed in this gift of a chest full of valuable clothing, and carpets, to keep him warm and comfortable amidst the hardships of war.

" ——— *looking up to heaven, he pray'd.* l. 310.

See Mr. Pope's excellent note on this passage, in which note, however, there is one inaccuracy; for he says, that "the character of Achilles everywhere shows a mind swayed with unbounded passions, and entirely regardless of all human authority and law." That such was not his character, as drawn by Homer, I think evident. See ante, note to Book I. l. 296 - 7.

" *Pelasgic, Dodonean.* l. 313.

See Pope's and Cowper's notes, concerning the oracle of Jupiter at Dodona.

" *The Selli dwell, thy prophets.* l. 316.

The word prophets does not, and perhaps no English word can, exactly express the meaning of the remarkable word *προφῆταις*, used in the original, which appears to be well explained by a very judicious note of Madame Dacier, quoted by Pope: "In the temple of Dodona, Jupiter did not utter his oracles to his priests, the Selli, but to his oaks; and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the priests, who declared them to those who consulted them; so these priests were not properly *προφῆταις*, prophets, since they did not receive those answers from the mouth of their god immediately; but they were *προφῆταις*, under-prophets, because they received them from the mouth of the oaks, if I may say so. The oaks, properly speaking, were the prophets, the first interpreters of Jupiter's oracles; and the Selli were *προφῆταις*, under-prophets, because they pronounced what the oaks had said."

" ——— *that Hector now may know,
Whether in truth my comrade, when alone,
Is skill'd in war.* l. 326 - 8.

The warmth of the friendship of Achilles appears remarkable in

this passage. Notwithstanding his excessive love of glory, he desires not even fame at the expense of his friend, but wishes Hector to be convinced, that Patroclus can perform great exploits without his assistance.

* ——— *Forth they pour'd,
Like wasps.* l. 347 – 8.

“ One may observe, that though Homer sometimes takes his similitudes from very mean and small things, yet he orders them so as to signalize and give lustre to his greatest heroes. Here he likens a body of Myrmidons to a nest of wasps, not on account of their strength and bravery, but their heat and resentment. Virgil has imitated these humble comparisons; as when he compares the builders of Carthage to bees. Homer has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the soldiers to flies, for their busy industry and perseverance about a dead body; not diminishing his heroes by the size of these small animals, but raising his comparisons, from certain properties inherent in them, which deserve our observation.”

— *Eustathius*, quoted by Pope.

“ ——— *As when a cloud,
Opake, is from a mountain's brow sublime
By thund'ring Jove dispell'd.* l. 398 – 400.

Mr. Pope appears to have caught the true spirit and meaning of this simile, and has translated it with great beauty.

“ *The forceful javelin all the sinews tore,
And death in dreary darkness clos'd his eyes.* l. 424 – 5.

“ By some it has been objected, that a wound of this sort, a muscular wound merely, however painful it might be, would not be immediately mortal; but others allege that the muscles, consisting of nerves, and those nerves communicating with the brain, the divided veins and arteries, likewise, having connection with the heart, by consent of parts and profuse hemorrhage, the person so wounded might instantly expire.” — *The Scholiast Villoison*, quoted by Cowper.

“ ——— *relentless death.* l. 449.

In the original the words are πορφύρεος θάνατος, literally “purple death.” As this epithet, though very expressive, is not suitable

to the idiom of our language, I have thought it not improper to substitute another.

“ ——— watch’d well the sharp shrill hiss
Of flying arrows, and loud whizzing sound
Of whirling spears. l. 485 – 7.

The Greek verse is wonderfully expressive, and hard to be equalled, perhaps, in any other language,

Στέπτετ’ ὄστων τς ῥοῶν καὶ δοῦνον ἀνόντων.

“ ——— and their cars, with rattling noise
Subverted, harshly clank’d against the ground. l. 514 – 15.

In these lines I have endeavored to imitate another of Homer’s marvellous verses, with which he was furnished by the remarkable energy of the Greek tongue, viz. :

Πηγνέες δὲ ὄχλων, διαρροὶ δ’ ἀνεκνυβαλλάον.

“ Over the fosse th’ immortal coursers leap’d. l. 516.

“ Homer had made of Hector’s horses all that poetry could make of common and mortal horses ; they stand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madness that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horses of Achilles find no obstacle ; they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain.” — *Eustathius*. “ But how did Hector escape, whose steeds were not equal to such a leap ? and why did not Patroclus follow him ? He escaped by the way he entered, which Apollo had made for him, levelling the fosse ; and Patroclus did not pursue him, because he could not neglect the host, and give his attention to their commander only.” — *Villoison*. In the latter part of this note the Scholiast is inaccurate ; for Patroclus certainly did pursue Hector. It seems that, in the haste and confusion of flight, many of the Trojans fell into the fosse, which might otherwise have been avoided by passing along the road made for them by Apollo. The leap of the immortal coursers over the fosse, appears to have been rendered necessary by the circumstance, that the other passages were thronged ; and Patroclus might have taken that course designedly, for the purpose of overtaking Hector, and also of getting ahead of the Trojans, to prevent their escape. See post, l. 537.

ss ——— *but his coursers swift*
Bore him away. l. 520 – 21.

It seems that Patroclus was at first anxious, and did endeavor, to overtake Hector; but that hero escaped by getting the start too far; which Patroclus perceiving, discontinued the pursuit, and turned about to slay the other Trojans, whom, by the swiftness of the immortal coursers, he had left behind.

hh ——— *provoked to wrath*
By wicked men. l. 524 – 5.

The moral and religious lesson here inculcated by Homer, is well worthy of remark. He ascribes the destruction occasioned by an inundation to the anger of the gods, provoked by the wickedness of men, and particularly by the injustice and oppression of those who, unlawfully and violently, usurp arbitrary sway. The prophets of the Old Testament, in many places, denounce the wrath of God against the perpetrators of similar offences.

ii ——— *'he dragg'd him, on its spike,*
Over the chariot's front; as a huge fish. l. 552 – 3.

This description of the death of Thestor is peculiar, and well calculated to give a high idea of the strength of Patroclus. The comparison of the fish, drawn to the shore by an angler, presents to the mind a lively image of the thing intended to be illustrated.

jj *But when Sarpedon saw his Lycian friends,*
Arm'd with uncinctur'd breastplates, slaughter'd thus. l. 571 – 2.

The words ἀμυροχιτῶνας ἐταίρους, Madame Dacier translates, “*des gens qui ont quitté leur cuirass pour mieux fuir* ;” but Clarke understands them, not as describing men who had thrown away their arms in flight, but as alluding to the singular garb of the Lycians; in like manner as Homer, in other places, calls the Trojans ἐλκεσπίνιλοις; a warrior, λινοθήρηξ; &c. These allusions to peculiar circumstances show the extensive knowledge of Homer, concerning the manners and customs of the nations described in his poem, and prove that a great part of it must have been founded in truth.

kk *Resume your valor, and in fight be swift.* l. 575.

The words *ῥῦν θοοὶ ἐστέ*, are capable of two interpretations.

They may signify "now be swift," or, "now ye are swift," in which last sense Eustathius understands them, as a sarcastical declaration by Sarpedon that the Lycians had been slothful in battle, but now were swift in running away. I have preferred the former meaning, which, in my opinion, is that of Homer; for the word *σοός* occurs in many other passages, and, I believe, always in an honorable sense. It is also more suitable to the dignified and patriotic character of Sarpedon, to suppose that he directly exhorted his men to exert their swiftness, not in running away, but in battle. Besides the word *γάγ*, which occurs in the next line, evidently shows the true construction to be, "now be ye no longer afraid, but swift in battle, for I will meet this terrible man," &c.

" *Ah me! that now Sarpedon, most belov'd*
Of all mankind by me, is doom'd to fall. l. 590-1.

Plato blames Homer, and I think not without reason, for putting into the mouth of the supreme being a lamentation so disgraceful. Jupiter certainly knew (as Juno afterwards tells him,) that Sarpedon was a man, and doomed, as such, to death. His affliction upon the occasion was, therefore, unbecoming the dignity of his superior nature. It is true, that in the sacred Scriptures human passions, such as anger, love, hatred, joy, and grief, are sometimes ascribed to the Almighty; but I believe it will be found, upon examination, that God is never said to be moved to anger, hatred, or grief, except by the sins of men, of which he is not the author.

^{mm} *Doubtful to snatch him, living still, from fight*
Deplorable. l. 594-5.

Cicero, (in his 2d Book, *De Divinatione*.) says, "that Homer introduces Jupiter complaining that he could not, in opposition to fate, save his son Sarpedon from death." But Jupiter is not introduced making this complaint, but merely doubting whether he ought to save him against fate, or not. — *Clarke*. Fate, according to Homer, is evidently nothing more than the previously settled and determined will, or decree, of Jupiter. On this occasion, therefore, Jupiter is only deliberating whether he shall change his mind or not. See Pope's note on this passage. "Zenodotus expunged this whole conference between Jupiter and Juno, because no previous mention is made of her return to Ida, which she left so lately. But the Scholiast vindicates the passage, by observing, that it is frequent with Homer

to pass silently over such matters as may be collected by inference. The return of the goddess is a circumstance of that sort, and understood by necessary implication." — *Cowper*.

²² *And to his friend he cried: Glaucus, my friend.* l. 663.

See Pope's note on this speech.

²³ ——— *if thou, indeed,
Art great in battle.* l. 667 — 8.

The words in the Greek are, *εἰ θεός εἶσσι*. In this place *θεός* must import swift in fight, which confirms the interpretation I have given (ante, l. 574,) to the words *εὖν θεοὶ ἐσσι*.

²⁴ ——— *me in battle slain,
Striving to win their ships.* l. 673 — 4.

There is great force in the concluding words of the dying hero, if understood in this manner, which is in conformity with Clarke and Madame Dacier. Sarpedon says, in substance, that grief and shame everlasting would be the consequence, if the Greeks should not only slay but despoil him of his armor, instead of his winning their ships, as he had confidently expected. But Mr. Füssli, and Cowper, who followed his opinions, supposed that the words *εὖν ἐν ἀγῶνι* signified, not "in the battle concerning the ships," but merely "in prospect of the ships," which greatly diminishes the energy of Homer's idea.

²⁵ ——— *with pain severe,
Afflicted by that cruel wound the shaft
Of Teucer caus'd.* l. 687 — 9.

Mr. Pope remarks, "that there seems to be an oversight in this place. Glaucus, in the twelfth book, had been wounded with an arrow by Teucer, at the attack of the wall, and here (so long after) we find him still on the field, in the sharpest anguish of his wound, the blood not being yet stanch'd," &c. It is, indeed, difficult to assign a good reason for the failure of Glaucus to have his wound dressed by a surgeon; especially when it is considered that, during a great part of the intervening time, the Trojans had been victorious, which afforded him sufficient opportunity to get assistance. It must be confessed, that this is one of those little slips which a sublime

genius cannot always avoid ; “ *quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana perum cavit natura.*”

“ ———— *O Hector ! now*

Hast thou forgotten quite thy brave allies. l. 721 – 2.

Mr. Pope observes, that “ in the speech that next follows, to Hector, there is also something liable to censure when he imputes to the negligence of the Trojans the death of Sarpedon, of which they knew nothing till that very speech informed them.” But I cannot think this remark well founded ; for in the agitated state of the feelings of Glaucus, the complaint he hastily utters against Hector is very natural. Besides, Hector had certainly run away ; while Sarpedon, staying behind, had encountered Patroclus and been slain. This furnished Glaucus with some cause for accusing Hector of negligence, at least. It may here be remarked that Glaucus, who was near at hand when Sarpedon was slain, discovered that Patroclus, and not Achilles, was the hero that slew him ; and this speech of his appears to have given Hector that important information, for the first time. This it is, in addition to their desire of revenge for Sarpedon, that induces the Trojans to renew the combat.

“ ———— *Lo ! the man*

Lies dead who first effected, in the wall

Of Greece, a breach, Sarpedon. l. 749 – 51.

It may be asked, how did it happen that Patroclus, who was not in the battle, knew that the first attack on the Grecian wall was made by Sarpedon ? To this question an obvious answer presents itself ; he might easily have been informed of this by stragglers from the battle, while he remained in the tent with Eurypylus.

“ ———— *shouts of battle direful rose,*

And armor, clashing against armor, rang. l. 759 – 60.

The sublime description in Milton's battle of the angels, very much resembles this :

————— “ *now storming fury rose,*

And clamor, such as heard in heaven till now
Was never ; arms on armor clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd.”

“ *Jove o’er the dreadful contest horrid night
Pernicious shed.* l. 761–2.

“ Homer calls here by the name of Night, the whirlwinds of thick dust which rise beneath the feet of the combatants, and which hinder them from knowing one another. Thus poetry knows how to convert the most natural things into miracles ; these two armies are buried in dust round Sarpedon’s body ; ’tis Jupiter who pours upon them an obscure night, to make the battle bloodier, and to honor the funeral of his son, by a greater number of victims.” — *Eustathius*, quoted by Pope.

“ *For not the meanest of the Myrmidons
Was slain.* l. 765–6.

See note ^b on Book XV. l. 15–16.

“ *But, having slain his valiant nephew, fled
Suppliant to Peleus.* l. 768–9.

See note ^a on Book XV. l. 570–1.

“ ——— *Thus, in vain
Æneas’ javelin from his hand robust
Was thrown, and stuck in earth.* l. 820–2.

Cowper has omitted altogether, “ as interpolated and superfluous,” two verses, viz. :

*Αἰχμή δ’ Αἰνείας κραδαινομένη κατὰ γαίης
ἦλκετο, ἔπει δ’ ἄλλον στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὄρουσεν*

of which the above is a translation ; but to me they appear to be genuine, though “ not found in the MSS. used by Barnes, nor in the Harleian ;” since, it seems, they are found in all the other manuscripts. The same lines, precisely, occur in Book XIII. l. 504–5, on a similar occasion, and such repetitions are frequent in Homer. Cowper’s remark, “ that they contain only the same matter as the two preceding lines,” I think is incorrect.

“ ——— *dancer as thou art.* l. 823.

“ This stroke of raillery upon Meriones, is founded on the custom of his country. For the Cretans were peculiarly addicted to this exercise, and in particular are said to have invented the Pyrrhic dance, which was performed in complete armor.” — *Pope*.

²² *Thy soul to car-borne Pluto, steed-renown'd.* l. 832.

See note ²² to Book V. l. 850.

²³ *That the brave minister of Peleus' son
Should drive again to Troy's beleaguer'd walls
Hector and all his host.* l. 868 – 70.

This achievement was necessary, to complete the glory of Patroclus ; for the flight of Hector and his army before, was occasioned by their supposing him to be Achilles. This second flight is accomplished by his own valor, with the favor of Jupiter, which always was considered honorable to the hero who was aided by it.

²⁴ *Then gave him to the care of Sleep and Death.* l. 905.

See Mr. Pope's note on this passage.

²⁵ *—— he then the chief
Exciting, urg'd him on.* l. 918 – 19.

The poet says, that Jupiter excited Patroclus to pursue the Trojans, in disobedience of the injunctions of Achilles, on purpose that he might be slain. It seems, therefore, that this catastrophe was prepared by the just decree of Jupiter to punish Achilles, for indulging his desire of revenge so unrelentingly.

²⁶ *—— whom first, whom last,
Patroclus, didst thou slay ?* l. 919 – 20.

The Scholiast Villoison observes, that “ the poet seldom mentions Patroclus (in this book especially,) without an apostrophe ; an argument of his affection for the character.” “ And we may fairly infer,” says Cowper, “ from his strong sympathy with a person whom he celebrates for the sweetness of his disposition and manners, a conclusion in favor of his own.” See also Pope's note.

²⁷ *Brother of Hecuba ; of Dymas, son.* l. 953.

Virgil appears, therefore, to have fallen into a mistake, in saying that Hecuba was the daughter of Cisseus, instead of Dymas, *Æn.* X. 704. Theano is said by Homer to have been daughter of Cisseus, Book VI. l. 299.

²⁸ *O ! ho ! the man is active, for he dives
With wond'rous ease.* l. 988 – 9.

The five lines which follow this, in the original, (containing, I

think, a scurvy jest, unworthy of the character of Patroclus,) Madame Dacier suspects were not Homer's, though very ancient; and for the poet's honor I hope that such was the fact. See Pope's quotation of her note, and his own remarks. The low jests in Milton's *Paradise Lost* are uttered by devils; but this jest is put into the mouth of a great and good man, upon an occasion when no such man would be disposed to jest; and, therefore, certainly is misplaced. It would have suited better the character of almost any other hero than Patroclus, of whom it is elsewhere said:

πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπιτάτατο μελίχχος εἶναι. — Book XVII. l. 671.

^{as} ——— *the staggering blow*

Dazzled his eyes. l. 1049–50.

See Mr. Pope's note on the death of Patroclus, v. 1033 of his translation. The effect of the blow given by Apollo is wonderful, and well described; but there cannot be a more striking proof of Homer's national and personal partiality, than this passage affords. He could not reconcile it to himself to give Hector all the glory of slaying Patroclus, and therefore introduces these strange circumstances for the purpose of magnifying the last mentioned hero, by rendering a blow from Apollo, and a wound by the hand of Euphorbus necessary, to enable Hector to slay him!

^{ab} ——— *Upon his back.* l. 1065.

"Patroclus, turning to see who smote him, when he received the stroke on his back from Apollo, Euphorbus seized that opportunity to wound him in that part which would not otherwise have been opposed to him." — *The Scholiast Villoison*, quoted by Cowper.

^{ac} *And thus the victor o'er his fallen foe*

Exults. l. 1096–7.

"There is much spirit in this sarcasm of Hector upon Patroclus; nor is Achilles exempt from the severity of the reflection, who (as Hector supposed) had persuaded his dearest friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him, also, for staying at home in security himself, and encouraging Patroclus to undertake this perilous adventure, and to seek after spoils which he was never like to enjoy." — *Eustathius*, quoted by Pope.

ak ——— *Faintly then, with faltering voice,*
Patroclus, thou didst answer. l. 1113 – 14.

The boastful style of this speech from a dying man, may appear objectionable to some ; but Plutarch (in his treatise on self-praise,) considers it as evincing true heroism and magnanimity. The prophecy of Hector's death, with which it concludes, is in conformity with an opinion of the ancients, that the human spirit, when on the point of separation from the body, acquired a faculty of looking into futurity. Yet Patroclus, without being a prophet, might rationally conclude that Achilles would avenge his death, by slaying Hector.

ai ——— *The disembodied soul,*
Flitting, descended to the dreary coast
Of Hades, moaning its unhappy fate. l. 1130 – 2.

How different are the cheerless, uncomfortable views of a future state (even to the virtuous) exhibited by Homer, from the glorious prospects of eternal felicity presented by him who brought life and immortality to light by the gospel ! Plato condemned this, and other similar passages of Homer, as tending to make men afraid of death, and therefore to prevent their being good soldiers and brave assertors of freedom, the loss of which ought to be dreaded more than death. Plutarch also disapproved of them, as calculated to make human life unhappy, by melancholy anticipations of sorrow in the future state.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

The contest for the body of Patroclus — The exploits of Menelaus.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

PATROCLUS, by the Trojans slain in fight,
Was not forgotten by the noble son
Of Atreus, Menelaus, lov'd of Mars ;^a
He, clad in radiant armor, to the front
Of battle came, and strode around the dead ; 5
As roves a heifer round her helpless young,^b
When, for the first time, she so strangely feels
A mother's care, and, fondly moaning, strives
To guard her offspring ; so the gallant chief
Around Patroclus strode, with brandish'd spear 10
And shield before him, resolute to slay
Whoever dar'd approach. Nor heedless then
Was Panthus' spear-fam'd son, who mark'd the fall
Of good Patroclus. Standing near the corse,
He boldly thus address'd the Spartan king : 15
Atrides, Menelaus, noble chief,
Belov'd of Jove, retreat ! That carcass quit,
And yield those spoils to me ; for I was first
Of all the Trojans and renown'd allies,
Who reach'd Patroclus with my javelin.^c Now 20
Permit me, therefore, to enjoy the praise

Among the Trojan heroes, lest I smite
 Thee also, and of precious life bereave.
 Highly incens'd, the hero, golden-hair'd,
 Exclaim'd : O father Jove ! it is not meet 25
 For mortal men to boast ! Not such the pride
 Of the fierce panther, or the lion bold,
 Or mischief-threat'ning boar, whose savage breast
 Swells high with strength and wrath unlimited,
 As of these sons of Panthus. But the might 30
 Of Hyperenor, car-borne chief, liv'd not
 To reap the joys of youth, when he with foul
 Reproach annoying, dar'd abide my wrath.
 He call'd me feeblest warrior of the Greeks ;
 Yet him, I think, his feet have not borne hence, 35
 To gladden by his presence, his dear wife
 And honor'd parents. So, thy prowess, too,
 Will I annihilate, if thou presume
 To stand against me. But I warn thee, go,
 Seek refuge in the crowd, lest thou endure 40
 Some evil better shunn'd ; for e'en a fool
 His folly by experience learns too late.
 He said ; Euphorbus, yielding not, replied :
 Now therefore, Menelaus, nurs'd of Jove,
 Surely thou shalt a just atonement make 45
 For my brave brother's blood,^d whom thou hast slain ;
 As is thy cruel boast, his youthful bride
 Making a widow in the sad recess
 Of her deserted chamber ; causing woe,
 And ceaseless mourning to his parents dear. 50
 Yet I their lamentations might assuage,
 If I should bring thy head and armor home,
 And give them to my father and my mother,
 Panthus and aged Phrontis. Therefore now,
 No longer be the warlike toil postpon'd, 55

Not void of peril, nor of fortitude
 And brave contention. Saying this, he smote
 The Spartan's buckler, broad and round, but fail'd
 To pierce the stubborn metal ; in that shield
 His javelin's spike was bent. Atrides next, 60
 With prayer to Jove the father, onset made,
 And stabb'd him in the throat, with forceful spear
 Strongly impell'd, as from the blow he shrunk.
 The point transpierc'd him, thro' the smooth white neck ;
 He thund'ring fell, and loudly rang his arms. 65
 With blood his hair was soil'd, whose beauteous curls
 The Graces might have own'd ; his flowing locks,
 With gold and silver braids, were stain'd with blood !
 As when a verdant olive's vigorous plant *
 With care is cherish'd in some lonely spot, 70
 Beside a stream where plenteous water flows,
 All beautiful and gay, with leaves that shake
 To ev'ry gentle breeze, and blossoms white
 Profusely blooming, suddenly a storm
 Invades it, rushing with destructive sweep, 75
 And low it lies uprooted on the ground ;
 So lovely, Panthus' son Euphorbus lay,
 By Menelaus slain, of arms despoil'd,
 And naked left. As when a lion, full
 Of valorous might, in savage mountains bred, 80
 Has caught a heifer, comeliest of the herd,
 He first with powerful jaws, seizing her neck,
 Breaks the strong joint, then swallows greedily
 Her blood and entrails, lacerating all
 With sharp and murd'rous fangs, while round him dogs 85
 And herdsmen vainly raise incessant cries,
 But far remote, not daring to approach,
 For terror, pale and chill, restrains them all ;
 So, not a Trojan found, within his breast,

A soul that dar'd encounter Atreus' son, 90
 Exulting in his glory. Then, with ease,
 Had Menelaus borne away the spoils
 Of Panthus' son, had not Apollo seen
 His triumph with despite, and Hector urg'd
 Against him ; Hector, match for Mars himself ! 95
 The god, in Mentès' shape, (a chief who led
 Ciconia's warriors to the aid of Troy,)
 With accents swift address'd him : Hector ! thou
 With fruitless labor, art pursuing still
 The wond'rous coursers, never to be caught, 100
 Of great Æacides, the glorious chief !
 (Hard is the task for any mortal man
 To tame their rage, or rule with guiding rein,
 Except Achilles, whom a goddess bore.)
 Meanwhile the Spartan monarch, Atreus' son, 105
 Guarding Patroclus, has, of all thy host,
 The bravest slain, Euphorbus great in arms,
 Panthoides, and quench'd his valor's fire.
 This said, the god among the warring throng
 Of heroes disappear'd. Excessive grief 110
 Great Hector's mind with darkness overcast,
 And through th' embattled files he look'd around ;
 Perceiving soon the Spartan bearing off
 The radiant spoil ; Euphorbus low on earth,
 And blood still gushing from the recent wound. 115
 Array'd in arms refulgent, towards the van
 He loudly-shouting came, like burning breath
 Of inextinguishable Vulcan ! Him
 The son of Atreus heard ; and, sighing, thus
 He commun'd with his own intrepid mind : 120
 Alas ! if I forsake these splendid arms,
 And dead Patroclus, who for my sake lies
 Here prostrate, may not some one of the Greeks

Observing, taint my name with foul reproach ?
But if, through fear of shame, I singly fight 125
The Trojans and great Hector, may they not
By numbers overpower me here alone ?
For hither all the Trojans Hector brings.
But why revolves my mind these dubious thoughts ?
Whoe'er contends against the will of fate 130
With one whom partial Jove with glory crowns,
Must perish soon, and without remedy.
No Greek will therefore blame me, should he see
Me shunning Hector, aided as he is
By power divine. Yet, could I hear the voice 135
Of Ajax, strong in battle, we would both
Return undaunted and renew the strife,
Even against a god, the glorious dead
To rescue, and restore to Peleus' son
Achilles : this of evils were the least. 140
While brave Atrides' anxious heart and mind
These thoughts revolv'd, the Trojan files advanc'd,
By Hector led. The chief retreated then,
Leaving the corse ; but ever and anon,
Turning, and facing valiantly the foe. 145
As, from the fold, a bearded lion, driven
By dogs and men with spears, and outcries loud,
Unwillingly retreats ; his wrathful heart,
Indignant, swelling in his bosom, slow
And sorrowing ; so the warrior golden-hair'd 150
Withdrew from slain Patroclus ; but he stopp'd
And turn'd again among his friendly bands,
Looking around for Ajax Telamon.
Him quickly he observ'd upon the left
Of all the fight, encouraging his friends 155
Bravely to combat ; for they terror felt,
From heav'n infus'd, by Jove's great son Apollo.

Running, he reach'd him instantly, and said :
 Hither, O Ajax ! let us haste, my friend,
 For dead Patroclus' sake, that we his corse, 160
 (His naked corse, for Hector has his arms,)
 May yet retrieve, and to Achilles bear.
 He spake, and mov'd his soul. Great Ajax strode
 Fierce to the van ;^h with him the Spartan king.
 Hector just then Patroclus' corse, despoil'd 165
 Of glorious arms, was dragging, with intent
 To sever from the shoulders soon his head,
 And give his limbs a prey to Trojan dogs.¹
 But Ajax near him came, with sevenfold shield,
 Of bulk enormous, like a moving tower ! 170
 Hector forthwith retreats with sudden haste
 Among his friends, and leaps into his car,
 Secluded by the crowd. To them he gave,
 As trophy of his fame, the radiant arms,
 To Ilion to be borne. But Ajax stood 175
 By dead Patroclus, whom his ample shield
 Completely cover'd ; as, to guard her young,
 A lioness, who, carrying through a wood
 Her suckling whelps, is by bold huntsmen met.
 Fierce in her strength, she rolls her wrathful eyes, 180
 And scowling, downward draws her frowning brows,
 Hiding both eyeballs quite. So terrible
 Around the prostrate hero Ajax strode.
 Beside him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars,
 The grief increas'd which in his bosom swell'd. 185
 But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian bands,¹
 With scornful eye regarding Hector, said :
 Hector ! illustrious though thy person seems,
 In genuine courage great is thy defect !
 Surely, unjustly Fame thy glory sounds ! 190
 For thou hast fled to-day ! Consider now,

Assisted by no troops but those of Troy,
 Canst thou alone thy town and people save ?
 For not a Lycian will the Greeks oppose
 In combat for thy city ; since, indeed, 195
 No favor is obtain'd by those who fight
 With valor unremitted ! How couldst thou,
 O wretched chief ! a meaner warrior save,
 Among the multitude, when thou hast left
 To birds of prey thy guest and faithful friend 200
 Sarpedon, bulwark of thyself and realm
 When living ? Even him from dogs to save
 Thou hast not firmness ! Now, then, if the sons
 Of Lycia by my counsel will be sway'd,
 Home we will go, and swift destruction soon 205
 Shall fall on Troy. Yet, if the Trojans felt
 That firm intrepid valor, which becomes
 A people fighting in their country's cause,
 Whom neither pain nor peril should subdue,
 Soon might we drag Patroclus' body hence, 210
 Within the walls of Ilion. Could that corse
 Be carried to the city of the king
 Thy father, from the field, Achaia's host
 Would quickly yield Sarpedon's splendid arms ;
 And e'en himself we might obtain, and bring 215
 To Troy again ; so great the man whose friend
 Has fallen now, who far surpasses all
 The Greeks of yonder fleet in feats of arms,
 And whose close-fighting comrades all excel.
 But thou couldst not sustain the dread approach 220
 Of Ajax, chief magnanimous, nor meet
 His eyes in combat, much less fairly prove
 His manly strength, which greatly thine exceeds.
 Hector, brave ruler of the battle, him
 Disdainfully regarding, answer'd thus : 225

Glaucus ! what motive prompts a chief so brave,
To insolence of language ?^m O, my friend,
I thought thee once wisest of all who dwell
In fertile Lycia ; but must charge thee now
With folly, prov'd by this intemp'rate speech ! 230
Thou say'st I dar'd not in the field abide
Huge Ajax ; but I fear'd not in the least
The combat, or the shock of thund'ring steeds.
But Jove the will of mortal man controls ;
He sometimes puts the bravest chief to flight, 235
Snatching the victory from his grasp with ease,
And then again impels him to the field.
Come then, my friend, with me ; beside me march,
And my achievements view ; whether indeed
This day I shall be cowardly and base, 240
As thou hast argued, or my valiant arm
Shall any Greek, however stout and bold,
Repel from guarding slain Patroclus' corse.
This said, he loudly to the Trojans call'd :
Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardanians, firm 245
In closest battle, now be men, my friends,
And your resistless prowess call to mind ;
While I array me in the beauteous arms
Of the renown'd Achilles, won by me
From brave Patroclus, by my valor slain. 250
Thus having spoken, Hector, great in war,
The raging conflict left, and soon o'ertook,
With rapid speed, for short the distance was,
His comrades, who were bearing towards the town
The glorious arms of Peleus' mighty son ; 255
Then chang'd his armor, from the mournful fray
Standing apart : his own, to be convey'd
To sacred Ilion, to his friends he gave.
And now celestial armor he assumes,ⁿ

Bright panoply of Peleus' son Achilles, 260
 Given by the gods, inhabitants of heaven,
 To Peleus, who, when aged, to his son
 That armor gave ; but in the father's arms
 The son grew never old !^o Him, from afar,
 When Jove, the lord of clouds and thunders, saw, 265
 Effulgent in divine Pelides' arms,
 He shook his awful head, and commun'd thus
 With his omniscient mind : Ah ! wretched man !
 No thought disturbs thee of approaching death,^p
 Impending near thee ! Glorious art thou now, 270
 In arms celestial, of the first of men,
 Whom others fear ! His comrade thou hast slain,
 The generous and the brave, and hast despoil'd
 His manly body, naked left and dead !
 Yet will I give thee victory once more, 275
 In recompense for this, that thy fair spouse,
 Andromache, shall ne'er receive of thee,
 Returning from the fight, Achilles' arms !
 Saturnius spoke, and with his azure brows
 Nodded assent. To Hector's limbs he fits 280
 The yielding armor. Mars, the terrible
 And furious, took possession of his soul :
 His frame was fill'd throughout with might and strength.
 With loud and animating shouts, he ran
 Amidst his fam'd allies, and seem'd, to all, 285
 Achilles' self, in dazzling panoply.
 Each warrior of his host he rous'd to arms,
 With ardent exhortation ; Mesthles, Glaucus,
 Medon, Thersilochus, Asteropæus,
 Hippothous, Disenor ; Phorcys too, 290
 Chromius, and Ennomus in augury wise.
 Exciting all, with accents swift he spake :
 Listen to me, innumerable tribes^a

Of brave allies from circumjacent lands !
It was not for your multitude alone 295
That I your presence needed or required,
And therefore, from your native states, conven'd
So many warriors hither ; but for this,
That with alacrity ye should defend
Our wives and infants from the warlike Greeks. 300
With this design my people I exhaust
For wages and provisions, and your hearts
Abundantly regale. Now, therefore, each,
Facing the foe, march boldly to the charge,
Resolv'd on glorious victory or death, 305
For these alone are war's alternatives.
Whoever shall Patroclus' lifeless corse .
Drag to the Trojans, and make Ajax yield,
Shall equally with me the spoils divide,
And no less glory than myself obtain. 310
As thus he spake, they, thronging towards the Greeks,
With spears high-brandish'd, march'd ardent with hope
To win the corse from Ajax Telamon.
Ah, blind to fate ! for surely multitudes
By him upon that corse were breathless laid ! 315
Then Ajax thus to Sparta's warlike king :
O Jove-nurs'd Menelaus ! O my friend !
No longer can I hope that even we
Shall from this war return ! Not for the dead
So much I fear, whom speedily the dogs 320
And vultures of the Trojans will devour,
As for my life and thine ; for lo ! that cloud
Of battle Hector covers all around,
And ruin imminent to us appears.
Call, then, the bravest of the Greeks in aid, 325
Whoe'er may hear thy call. So Ajax spake ;
And Menelaus, great in war, complied.

With all his strength he strain'd his powerful voice :
 O friends ! O chiefs and leaders of the Greeks !
 Who, seated near to Atreus' royal sons, 330
 At public banquets, plenteous wine enjoy,
 And rulers are of nations ; whom renown
 And honor still attends, from Jove supreme,
 I cannot now each noble chieftain see,
 So furiously the fire of battle burns ; 335
 But, ah ! let ev'ry warrior, though not nam'd,
 Come hither and disdain that Trojan dogs
 Should make their sport of slain Patroclus' limbs.
 He call'd ; and soon Oileus' active son,
 Swift Ajax, heard him. Running through the fray, 340
 He first approach'd : next came Idomeneus ;
 With him, his armor-bearer, Merion bold,
 A match for Mars, tremendous homicide..
 But who could, e'en in thought, recite the names
 Of all the Greeks who follow'd to the fray ? 345
 With force collected, Troy upon them charg'd,
 By Hector led. As when the surges huge
 Of ocean, at the mouths of mighty Nile,^a
 The heaven-descended river, swelling, meet
 His rapid current, all the shores around 350
 Roar with the conflict, and the foamy spray
 Is toss'd on high, far upward on the land ;
 Such was the clamor of the Trojan host.
 But, with one soul inspir'd, the valiant Greeks
 Around Menœtius' son, with brazen shields 355
 Fenc'd in, stood resolute. Jove darkness pour'd^t
 Around them, hiding all their shining helms ;
 For not to him had Menœtiades
 Been ever hateful, when Achilles' friend
 He liv'd ; and, therefore, Jove permitted not 360
 His limbs to be the prey of Trojan dogs,

But to defend him rous'd his comrades bold.
 Yet first the Trojans, from their station, drove
 The black-eyed Greeks ; the carcass, for a time,
 They left, and fled ; but not a man was slain 365
 By the fierce Trojans, eager to destroy,
 Who only seiz'd Patroclus. Short, indeed,
 Was that defection of his valiant friends ;
 For, instantly great Ajax rallied them ;
 Ajax, who, all the Greeks, save Peleus' son, 370
 Surpass'd in stature and in mighty deeds.
 He through the foremost warriors forc'd his way,
 Like a fierce mountain boar, which, wild and strong,
 Turns suddenly, obliquely, through a wood,
 And scatters troops of dogs and blooming youths ; 375
 So the great son of glorious Telamon,
 Assaulting, scatter'd easily the bands
 Of warlike Trojans, who Patroclus' corse
 Encompass'd, striving all, with ardent zeal,
 To drag him to their city, and to win 380
 The glory of the day. Him, with a thong
 Inserted in his ankle, near the foot,
 Hippothous, through the raging battle, dragg'd,
 Pelasgic Lethus' son, giving delight
 To Hector and the Trojans ; but himself 385
 Destruction swift o'ertook, which, of them all,
 None could avert ; for Ajax Telamon,
 Rushing terrific through th' embattled throng,
 His brass-check'd helmet smote. The mighty lance,
 By that strong arm impell'd, asunder riv'd 390
 The casque with horse-hair crested, and his brains,
 Mingled with blood, came gushing through the wound
 Upon the javelin's staff. He dropp'd the foot
 Of dead Patroclus, and upon him fell,
 Dying, far distant from his native land, 395

Larissa !^a Hapless youth ! he ne'er repaid
 His parents for their cares of tender love !
 Short was his life ; in early bloom he fell,
 By dreadful Ajax slain ! Hector despatch'd
 A spear at Ajax ; he, perceiving, shunn'd 400
 The brazen point, and narrowly escap'd.
 Schedius it reach'd ; Iphitus' noble son,
 First in renown of all the Phocian race,
 Who dwelt in famous Panope, a king
 Of many men ; him, in the throat it struck, 405
 And perforating, pass'd his shoulder through.
 He sounding fell, and on his body rang
 His rattling armor. But fierce Ajax smote
 Heroic Phorcys, Phænops' warlike son,
 (Defending slain Hippothous,) and cleft 410
 His concave cuirass : through his bowels drove
 The greedy javelin ; outstretch'd in the dust,
 He, dying, clasp'd the ground. The foremost ranks
 Receded, with illustrious Hector's self.
 Shouting triumphantly, the Greeks advanc'd, 415
 And seizing, stripp'd the slain. To Ilion, then,
 The Trojan host, by failing courage foil'd,
 Had fled before the Greeks, who, by their strength
 And valor, had obtain'd the victory,
 In fate's despite, had not Apollo urg'd 420
 Æneas,^v in the shape of Periphas,
 A herald who, from youth to age, had liv'd
 In old Anchises' service, and his son
 Tenderly lov'd. Resembling him, the god
 Apollo, Jove's great son, accosts the chief : 425
 Æneas ! how could ye, with Jove averse,
 Defend your stately town,^w (as I have seen
 Some heroes, who prevail'd, by manly might
 And fortitude unbending, with brave troops

Disdaining fear,) when, even now that Jove 430
 Himself designs for us the victory,
 Ye tremble, panic-struck, and shrink from fight!
 As this he said, Æneas, eyeing well
 His visage, knew the bright far-shooting god;
 And calling loudly, he to Hector spake: 435
 Hector, and all ye other gallant chiefs
 Of Troy and her allies, shame would it be,
 Defeated by the warlike Greeks, to hide
 Our heads in Ilion, stain'd with foul disgrace.
 Besides, I know that some one of the gods, 440
 Here present, near me, has declar'd that Jove,
 The sov'reign lord of all, is our ally.
 Then bravely let us charge the Greeks again,
 That, not without resistance on our part,
 They may Patroclus to their ships convey. 445
 So saying, far before the rest he sprang
 To meet the foe; again the Trojan bands
 Rallied against the Greeks. Æneas then,
 With fatal javelin, slew Leocritus,
 Arisbas' offspring, comrade brave in fight, 450
 Of Lycomedes, hero lov'd of Mars.
 He, stung with sorrow, to the foe advanc'd,
 And hurl'd a spear, which Apisaon smote,
 His people's shepherd, great Hippasides,
 Who from Pæonia's fertile region came, 455
 And all his countrymen excell'd in arms,
 Except Asteropæus; deep the dart
 His liver pierc'd, and caus'd his knees to fail.
 With grief Asteropæus saw him fall,
 And, eager to avenge him, rush'd to fight; 460
 In vain; the Greeks around Patroclus stood,
 Hedg'd in, on every side, with bucklers broad
 And huge protended lances. Ajax all

Incessantly observ'd, and bade them stand
 Unbroken, steadfast ; from Patroclus' corse 465
 None to retreat ; none forward move ; but fix'd,
 Inflexible and firm, around it fight,
 Contending hand to hand ; strict orders thus
 Gigantic Ajax gave. The ground beneath
 Was wet with streaming blood, and heaps on heaps 470
 Fell slaughter'd multitudes of Troy's brave sons
 And of her bold allies ; of Grecians too ;
 For e'en to them not bloodless was the strife.
 Yet fewer far they perish'd ;² for with care
 They recollected still, amidst the fray, 475
 To aid each other, and the blows repel.
 Thus, like devouring fire the combat rag'd ;
 Nor wouldst thou then have said, that sun and moon
 Were not extinct ; for horrid darkness hid
 The direful conflict,³ where the bravest stood 480
 Around the fallen hero. Other Greeks
 And Trojans fought at ease in open day ;
 Bright shone the sun, and not a cloud was seen
 Above the field, or on the mountains' tops ;
 By fits they combated, the deadly darts 485
 Avoiding, and continuing far aloof ;
 While in the centre agonizing woes
 The warriors felt, in darkness and in blood,
 Oppress'd with labor, gor'd with cruel wounds.
 Two youthful heroes far renown'd in arms, 490
 Antilochus and Thrasymed, not yet
 Had known Patroclus' fall, but thought him still
 Living, and in the foremost throng engag'd
 Against the Trojan host. The slaughter dire
 And tumult of their friends they had perceiv'd, 495
 Yet, sep'rate from the rest they combated,
 For Nestor so commanded, when at morn,

He urg'd them forth to battle from the ships.
 But till the close of day the dreadful strife
 Excessive, lasted ; * spent with painful toil, 500
 And bath'd in sweat, the warriors' legs and feet,
 Knees, arms, and eyes were all with blood besmear'd,
 And miry filth, while restless still they fought
 Round the brave friend of swift Æacides !
 As when a tanner gives the well-oil'd hide 505
 Of a large bull to curriers, to be stretch'd,
 They, standing round it, pull from man to man,
 Exerting all their strength, full soon its juice
 Exudes, and oil successive is imbib'd,
 While, tugg'd by many toiling hands at once, 510
 The surface ev'ry way is drawn ; so they,
 In narrow compass, pull'd from side to side
 That lifeless corse ; the Trojans, eager all,
 And fir'd with hope, to drag it to their town ;
 Th' Achaians to their ships ; and for it rag'd 515
 Tremendous conflict ! Not e'en Mars himself,
 Embroiler of the nations, nor the queen
 Of arms, Minerva, though morosest wrath
 Had sway'd her, would have blam'd that deathful scene ;
 Such arduous toil of men and steeds that day 520
 For dead Patroclus was by Jove impos'd.
 Nor was it then to great Achilles known **
 His friend had fallen ; for they combated
 Far from the fleet, under the Trojan wall ;
 He therefore thought not of the dire event, 525
 But trusted that Patroclus, when he reach'd
 The gates of Ilion, would in safety thence
 Retrace his steps ; indulging not the hope,
 That by his friend, without himself or with him,
 The town would be destroy'd ; for frequently, 530
 In private, of his mother, (who declar'd

The will of mighty Jove,) he this had learn'd.
 Yet had she not reveal'd this cruel woe
 Occurring now, his dearest comrade's death.
 They still around the corse,^{ab} with lances sharp 535
 Smiting and clashing, without respite fought,
 And fell by mutual wounds ; and Greek to Greek,
 While all contended fiercely, thus exclaim'd :
 O friends ! to us dishonor would it be,
 Defeated to the navy to return ; 540
 Rather let earth, wide-gaping, open here
 And swallow all at once ; a better fate
 Than to permit the Trojans to their town
 Patroclus hence to drag, and glory gain.
 So, too, with one consent, the Trojans bold 545
 Their ardor breath'd : O friends, though ev'ry man
 Be doom'd to perish now, around this corse
 Let none the fight relinquish. Thus they cried,
 And each the valor of his neighbor rous'd.
 So did they combat ; while the jarring sound 550
 Of clashing weapons to the starry vault
 Ascended, through the desert tracts of air.
 Meanwhile, the coursers of Æacides,^{ac}
 From fight withdrawn, were shedding mournful tears,
 Since they perceiv'd their gallant charioteer 555
 Was fallen, by stern Hector's slaughtering hand.
 Indeed, Automedon, Dioces' son,
 Strove, with the lash, repeatedly to rouse
 Their spirit, cheering oft with soothing speech,
 And threat'ning oft ; yet, restive, they refus'd 560
 Back to the fleet and wide-spread Hellespont,
 Or to the battle to return. They stood
 Immovable, as on the monument
 Of some departed chief or matron, stands
 A marble column, cold and motionless ; 565

So fix'd they kept the splendid car. Their heads,
Drooping, to earth descended ; tears profuse
Flow'd from their eyelids, for they moan'd their lord
With fond regret ; their manes dishevell'd, soil'd
With dust unseemly, trail'd beneath the yoke. 570
Them, thus afflicted, Saturn's mighty son
Beholding, pity felt. His awful head
He shook, and thoughtful, spake : Ah ! wretched steeds,
Why did we give you to a mortal man,
Yourselves from age and death forever free ? 575
Was it for this, that with unhappy men,
Their cares and woes ye should participate ?
For truly, of all creatures that exist,
Breathing or creeping in the dust of earth,
Not one is more calamitous than man ! ^{ad} 580
But Hector, son of Priam, shall not ride
Triumphant in your splendid chariot, drawn
By steeds immortal. I permit not this.
Ah ! should it not content him that he holds
Pelides' arms, and glories, though in vain ? 585
To you I now will energy impart,
And active spirit, to the hollow ships,
Safely the brave Automedon to bear ;
For yet once more to Troy I glory give,
To slay the Greeks, until they reach again 590
Their well-oar'd barks, until the sun be set,
And sacred darkness over all be spread.
He said, and breath'd into those wond'rous steeds
Spirit prodigious. Shaking from their manes
The cloud of dust, they bore the rapid car 595
With whirling wheels among the warring crowd.
Above them, on the seat, Automedon
The fight essay'd, though mourning for his friend ;
Driving with fury, as a vulture darts

Among a flock of geese. For readily 600
 He shunn'd the tumult of the Trojan host,
 And easily their thronging bands dispers'd ;
 But none he slew, though in the swift pursuit
 He strove to reach them ; for he could not hurl
 His javelin and control the fiery steeds, 605
 While on the lofty seat alone he sat.
 At length a gallant comrade saw his need ;
 Alcimedon, Laerceus' noble son.
 Behind the car he stood, and question'd thus
 His warlike friend : Automedon, say now, 610
 Which of the gods inspir'd thee with a scheme
 So vain, and of thy wisdom thee bereft ?
 That thou shouldst thus the combat wage alone,
 Among the foremost of th' embattled throng !
 Thy friend, alas ! is slain, and Hector wears 615
 Achilles' armor with exulting pride !
 To whom Automedon, Dioces' son :
 Alcimedon ! what Greek could rival thee,
 The fiery strength and fury to restrain
 Of these immortal coursers ? None but good 620
 Patroclus, equal to the gods above,^{as}
 While yet he liv'd ; but now, by death and fate
 He is subdu'd ! Accept then, thou, the whip
 And splendid reins : myself will leave the car,
 That I may combat. As he spake, the seat 625
 Ascending, brave Alcimedon receiv'd
 The whip and reins : Automedon leap'd down.
 That moment Hector saw them, and forthwith
 Address'd Æneas, standing at his side :
 Æneas, chief of Ilion's mail-clad host, 630
 I see the steeds of swift Æacides
 Again amidst the fray, with drivers weak ;^{as}
 To win them I may hope, if such thy will,

For they cannot withstand our fierce assault.
 He said, nor did Anchises' valiant son 635
 Fail to assent ; against them straight they march'd,
 With shields uplifted, large, and strongly fram'd,
 Of hides well-tann'd and tough, and plated well
 With burnish'd brass. With them two valiant youths,
 Chromius and Aretus, of godlike form, 640
 March'd to the combat, fir'd with ardent hope,
 To seize the coursers with high-arching necks,
 And their defenders slay ! Ah ! blind to fate !
 Unhappy youths ! ^{as} not destin'd to return
 With blood unspilt from stern Automedon ! 645
 He father Jove implor'd ; and fiery strength
 And courage fill'd his breast, wrathful and dark.
 His faithful comrade then he thus bespake :
 Alcimedon, the coursers near me keep, ^{ah}
 Blowing upon my shoulders in the rear. 650
 For Hector, son of Priam, will not quit
 This enterprise until he mount the car
 Of great Achilles, having slain us both,
 And put the Greeks to flight, or fall himself
 In the dread front of war. With that, he call'd 655
 The two Ajaces and the Spartan king.
 Ajaces, leaders of Achaia's host,
 And thou, O Menelaus, leave the dead,
 Entrusted to the chieftains who surround
 And guard him ; from the living, now repel 660
 This day of sorrow ! Hither, through the fray,
 Rush Hector and Æneas, first in fame
 Of all the Trojans ! But th' event depends
 Upon the gods ; my javelin I will throw,
 And leave my fate to Jove who governs all. 665
 He said, and whirling, toss'd his powerful lance,
 Long-shadowing as it flew. It smote the shield

Of Aretus, which yielded to the blow.
 The brazen point transpierc'd his belt, and deep
 His entrails tore. As, when a vigorous arm, 670
 With hatchet keen, an ox for sacrifice
 Strikes, just behind the spreading horns, and cuts
 The vital nerve, he, bounding suddenly,
 Falls dead ; with such a bound, the warrior fell
 Supine ; the javelin quivering, stood fix'd 675
 Within his bowels, and his spirit fled.
 Then Hector at Automedon despatch'd
 His shining lance, which he, observing, shunn'd
 By stooping forward ; o'er him glanc'd the dart,
 And in the ground behind him plunging, shook 680
 With long vibrations to its upper end,
 Until at length impetuous Mars withdrew
 His forceful impulse. Now, with falchions keen,
 They fiercely had encounter'd in close fight,
 Had not th' Ajaces, terrible in arms, 685
 That contest parted ; through the tumult they
 Advanc'd, attentive to their comrade's call.
 Alarm'd at their approach, retreated straight
 Hector, Æneas, and the godlike youth
 Chromius. They left unhappy Aretus 690
 On earth extended, weltring in his blood.
 Him fierce Automedon, a match for Mars,
 Rapid in battle, of his arms despoil'd,
 And thus triumphant cried : Ah ! surely now,
 In some degree my sorrow is allay'd 695
 For dead Patroclus ; though, indeed, but small
 The comfort is, a meaner warrior slain.
 So saying, high he rais'd the gory spoils,
 And plac'd them on the car ; he mounted then,
 His hands and feet dyed red with trickling blood ; 700
 Like some grim lion from a bull devour'd.

Again, around Patroclus, horrible
 And cruel was the fight, and full of woe.
 Minerva's self, descending from high heav'n,
 Inflam'd the conflict, by the Thund'rer sent 705
 To excite the Greeks ; for now his mind he chang'd.^{ai}
 As Jove from heaven displays to mortal men,
 A purple meteor, sign of bloody war,
 Or cold and dreary weather,^{ak} in whose sway
 All rustic labors cease, and cattle mourn ; 710
 So, in a veil of purple clouds involv'd,
 Minerva glided to Achaia's host !
 There, mingling with the crowd, she all excites,
 But Atreus' son, brave Menelaus, most.
 Him she exhorted first, (for so it chanc'd 715
 That he was nearest,) in the reverend form
 Of Phoenix,^{al} and resembling him in voice :
 O Menelaus ! shame and foul reproach
 Are ever thine, if, under Ilion's wall,
 Renown'd Achilles' faithful friend be torn 720
 By Trojan dogs ! Be active, then, maintain
 The conflict still, and all thy troops exhort !
 To her the Spartan, great in arms, replied :
 Ah ! venerable Phoenix, old and wise,
 Thou chief of other days, if strength to me 725
 Minerva would impart, and from me turn
 The strokes of hostile weapons, I would stand,
 Firmly, and yet Patroclus save, for whom
 My heart is full of woe ; but Hector's might,
 Tremendous, equals burning flame ; his rage 730
 Unwearied always plies his brazen lance,
 For Jove gives him renown. He said ; with joy
 Minerva listen'd ; pleased that, first of all
 The powers divine, herself he had invok'd.
 Forthwith the goddess gave his knees and arms 735

Valor and strength ; she breath'd into his breast
 Intrepid spirit, such as animates
 The daring fly,^{an} which, often brush'd away,
 Still man molests, returning without end,
 Eager to bite, insatiable of blood. 740
 With such audacious courage did she fill
 His stern and wrathful bosom ! Instantly
 Patroclus he approach'd, and hurl'd his lance.
 A youth there was among the Trojans, rich,
 And brave in battle ; Podes was his name, 745
 Eetion's noble son ;^{an} by Hector lov'd,
 And honor'd more than all the sons of Troy,
 His guest and dear associate ; him the dart
 Of Menelaus, as to fight he rush'd,
 Smote through the belt, with forceful impulse driven. 750
 He, sounding, fell. Then Menelaus drew
 Patroclus' body, from amidst the crowd
 Of Trojans, to the phalanx of his friends.
 But, urgent, near the side of Hector, stood
 Apollo, in the shape of Asius' son, 755
 Phænops, (of all th' allies his favorite guest,)
 Who at Abydos dwelt, (his shape assum'd,)
 Far-shooting Phœbus thus address'd the chief :
 Hector ! will any other of the Greeks
 Thy valor dread, since thou art terrified 760
 By Menelaus, hitherto esteem'd
 A feeble warrior ? Yet he, singly, now
 Is bearing, from amidst the Trojan host,
 Patroclus' carcass, and has slain, besides,
 Thy faithful friend, conspicuous with the first 765
 In prowess, Podes, great Eetion's son !
 As this he said, a cloud of sorrow dark
 The soul of Hector overshadow'd ; swift
 He rush'd to combat, clad in shining arms.

Saturnius then his shaggy *Ægis* took, 770
 Beaming terrific splendors ; *Ida*'s top
 In clouds he wrapp'd, and flashing lightnings dire,
 Loud, and yet louder, thunder'd ; shaking, too,
 That dreadful shield ! He gives the glory now
 To *Troy*, and puts *Achaia*'s host to flight. 775
Peneleus first, *Bœotia*'s chieftain, fled ;
 For, while he bravely fought with dauntless front,
 Turn'd ever towards the foe, a javelin thrown,
 Not far remote, by brave *Polydamas*,
 His shoulder struck, and raz'd it to the bone. 780
 Brave *Leitus* with him, *Alectryon*'s son,
 Was wounded in the wrist by *Hector*'s lance,
 And forc'd to quit the battle. Looking round,
 He fled, expecting never, spear in hand,
 To war with *Troy* again. *Idomeneus* 785
 Struck *Hector*, as he *Leitus* pursued,
 Upon the breastplate, but his spear's long staff
 Snapp'd near the spike. With that the *Trojans* rais'd
 A joyful shout. Stern *Hector* aim'd a lance
 At *Idomen*, *Deucalion*'s royal son, 790
 Conspicuous on his car ; the mark he miss'd
 A little space, but *Cœranus* he slew,
 Stout *Merion*'s martial squire and charioteer,
 Who came with him from *Lycus*' well-built town.
Idomeneus that day had left the ships, 795
 On foot to combat, and his fall had then
 Great glory given to *Troy*, if *Cœranus* ^{so}
 Had not, when needed most, the coursers brought.
 To him a light of safety then he prov'd,
 His evil day repelling, but was reft 800
 Of life himself, by slaught'ring *Hector*'s arm.
 Beneath the cheek and ear the weapon struck,
 Resistless, forcing out his teeth, and quite

Gashing in twain his tongue. He from the car 804
 Fell prone, and dropp'd the reins, which Merion caught,
 Stooping, and from the field took up ; in haste
 To Idomen he cried : Now, lash the steeds,
 To reach Achaia's fleet, for certainly
 Thou seest strength and hope are lost to Greece.
 He said ; and, terror-struck, Idomeneus 810
 Lash'd the swift steeds, adorn'd with waving manes,
 Returning to the ships. Nor Ajax fail'd,
 Or Atreus' son, to know, that Jove's high will
 The scale of victory for the Trojans turn'd ;
 And thus the Telamonian hero spake : 815
 Alas ! stupidity itself may see
 That Jove, the sire of all, now glory gives
 And triumph to the Trojans. All their darts,
 Whoever sends them, valorous or weak,
 Effectual prove ; he guides them to the mark : 820
 While ours, ill-aim'd, fall fruitless on the ground !
 But let us, self-instructed, now devise
 Some needful counsel, good Patroclus' corse
 To save, and gladden yet, by our return,
 Those absent friends who look with longing eyes, 825
 Mournful and anxious, towards the fatal field,
 Expecting surely we can ne'er oppose
 Stern Hector's direful rage and conquering arm,
 But soon must fall among the sable ships.
 O that some trusty comrade could be found, 830
 To bear a message now, with rapid speed,
 To Peleus' son ! The doleful tidings yet
 He has not heard, that his dear friend is slain.
 But such a man I cannot see ; for all
 Achaia's host, the warriors and their steeds, 835
 Are wrapp'd in one deep gloom of dreary night.
 O Jove, eternal father ! from this cloud

Opaque of darkness dense relieve the Greeks,
 And let our eyes behold the sun's bright rays !
 Destroy us, then, in daylight, since it seems 840
 Such is thy pleasure.²⁷ Thus the warrior pray'd,
 And Jove, the sire supreme, commiserates
 Him, shedding bitter tears ; the clouded air
 He clears, and dissipates the darkness. Forth,
 All-cheering, shone the sun ; the deathful scene 845
 Burst fully on their view ! Then Ajax said :
 Now, godlike Menelaus, look around,
 To find, if yet he live, Antilochus,
 Sage Nestor's son magnanimous ; send him
 To tell the great Achilles, speedily, 850
 That far the dearest of his friends is dead !
 He ceas'd ; nor did the Spartan, skill'd in war,
 Fail to comply ; he from his post withdrew,
 Like a reluctant lion from a fold,
 Round which he prow'd all night, baited and bay'd 855
 By sleepless dogs and men, and kept aloof
 From flesh of cattle : often, hunger-pinch'd,
 He rushes forward, but with vain attempt,
 For many javelins are against him hurl'd
 From dauntless hands ; and blazing torches toss'd, 860
 Which most he fears, however rous'd his rage :²⁸
 At length, when morning dawns, sullen and sad
 He stalks away. So Menelaus left
 Patroclus' body then, with sore regret ;
 For much he fear'd that, forc'd by dire affright, 865
 The Greeks might leave it captive to the foe.
 To guard it, therefore, strictest charge he gave
 To Merion and th' Ajaces : O my friends !
 Let every man the kindness recollect
 Of good Patroclus ;²⁹ poor and helpless now ! 870
 Benevolent and mild he was to all

When living ; but to death and ruthless fate
 He now submits ! The warrior golden-hair'd,
 So saying, march'd away, looking about
 On all sides, like an eagle, who, renown'd 875
 For keenest sight of all the birds that wing
 The spacious air, when soaring high aloft,
 Fails not to spy a little tim'rous hare,
 Cow'ring beneath a shrub of broadest leaf,
 And, pouncing, bears it off to feed her young. 880
 So Menelaus, then, thy sparkling eyes
 In all directions turn'd, with ardent gaze,
 Throughout the squadrons of confed'rate Greeks,
 To see if Nestor's son were living still,
 Him quickly he perceived upon the left 885
 Of all the battle, cheering there his troops,
 And urging still to combat. Standing near,
 The chief address'd him : O belov'd of Jove,
 Antilochus ! come hither ! direful news
 To hear, which should, alas ! never have been ! 890
 Surely, already thou hast seen that heaven
 Rolls back defeat and ruin on the Greeks,
 And to the Trojans victory is given !
 For he is dead, Achaia's bravest son,
 Patroclus,^{as} cause of deep regret to all 895
 Who yet survive ! But hasten thou to tell
 Achilles, running quickly to the fleet, L
 That he may save, and to his ship convey
 The naked corse, for Hector has his arms.
 He said ; the youthful hero, horror-struck, 900
 No answer gave ;^{as} unutterable grief
 Long held him mute ; his eyes were fill'd with tears,
 His clear and manly voice in chains was bound.
 Yet not for this neglected he the charge
 Of Menelaus, but ran speedily, 905

Throwing his armor to his comrade brave,
 Laodocus, who near him drove his steeds.
 So from the battle, him, though weeping, bore
 His rapid feet to Peleus' son, Achilles,
 Sad messenger of tidings fraught with woe. 910
 But Menelaus, thou belov'd of Jove,
 Didst not abide t' assist the Pylian bands,
 Who, press'd by foes, regretted much the loss
 Of brave Antilochus ; entrusting them
 To godlike Thrasymedes, he return'd, 915
 Again to combat for Patroclus slain.
 Arriving soon, he by th' Ajaces stood,
 And thus address'd them : Him indeed, at last,
 Before us to the navy I have sent,
 To swift Achilles ; but no hope is mine 920
 That he will come to help us,^{av} though incens'd
 Exceedingly by Hector, for, unarm'd,
 He cannot wage the combat.^{av} Let us, then,
 Without him, means devise, hence to convey
 The long-contested corse, and save ourselves 925
 From Trojan fury, threat'ning death to all.
 Great Ajax, son of Telamon, replied :
 Well hast thou spoken, O illustrious chief !
 Do thou, then, and Meriones, with speed
 The body lift, and bear it from the fray. 930
 We, in your rear, will check the fierce assault
 Of noble Hector and his Trojan host,
 We who are always with one soul inspir'd,
 And nam'd alike, who often, side by side,
 Have stood the sharpest brunt of bloody Mars. 935
 He said ; the chiefs uplifted from the ground
 Patroclus in their arms,^{aw} and bore aloft
 With strength prodigious. Straight the Trojan host
 One universal outcry rais'd, and rush'd

Against them, like swift hounds, that spring beyond 940
 The youthful huntsmen, at a wounded boar.
 They, for a time, pursue him eagerly,
 Intent to seize and rend him ; but again,
 When, trusting to his strength, he fiercely turns
 The combat to renew, they, terror-struck, 945
 Before him fly, dispers'd ; the Trojans so,
 Thronging at first, pursued, with powerful blows
 From falchions huge and double-pointed spears ;
 But when th' Ajaces turn'd and fiercely stood,
 Their color chang'd ; no warrior ventur'd, then, 950
 Heroic onset to regain the dead.
 With anxious haste that lifeless corse was borne
 Towards the hollow ships, while horrid war
 Infuriate roll'd behind it ; like a fire
 O'erwhelming all, which, spreading suddenly, 955
 Consumes a populous city ; houses sink
 In one vast blaze, blown by tempestuous winds,
 And loudly roaring with ungovern'd rage ;
 So the dread-sounding din of bounding steeds
 And men tumultuous, follow'd on their way. 960
 They, strong and patient as laborious mules,
 That from a mountain drag, through craggy paths,
 A beam or mast unwieldy, while, with sweat
 And toil oppress'd, they onward still contend ;
 So they, with painful toil, their burden bore. 965
 But, in their rear, th' Ajaces kept aloof
 The Trojan forces. As a causey huge
 Of timber, firm and strong, from hill to hill
 Extending far and wide, repels a stream
 Of rushing waters, e'en the rapid floods 970
 Of mighty rivers, turning o'er the fields
 Their currents, which in vain attempt to break
 Its steadfast bulk ; so did th' Ajaces turn

Backward the battle of the Trojan host ;
Yet they continued the pursuit, and two, 975
Beyond the rest, Anchises' valiant son,
And glorious Hector. As a timorous flock
Of starlings, or of jays, shrill screaming, fly
Before the falcon, who destruction brings
To smaller birds, so fled the sons of Greece 980
From Hector and Æneas ; clamoring wild,
Their valor quite forgetting, while about,
And in the trench, the splendid armor fell
Of many, dropp'd in flight precipitate ;
Yet unabated was the storm of war. 985



NOTES.

BOOK XVII.

* ——— *Menelaus, lov'd of Mars.* 1. 3.

The skilful management of Homer in exhibiting to advantage all his heroes successively, has been before remarked. In this book the display of valor by Menelaus is peculiarly interesting, as proceeding from friendly regard for the amiable character of Patroclus, and a sense of duty and honor, excited especially by the consideration that the fallen hero was slain in his cause.

† *As roves a heifer round her helpless young.* 1. 6.

This tender and simple comparison is admirably well adapted to the occasion. The fondness, sorrow and anxiety of Menelaus, together with the deplorable condition of his lifeless friend, are all illustrated by it. The circumstance that the heifer "never had a young one before," is very striking; as conveying the idea that Menelaus had never felt so much concern for the death of any warrior as for that of Patroclus.

* ——— *for I was first
Of all the Trojans and renown'd allies,
Who reach'd Patroclus with my javelin.* 1. 18-20.

Euphorbus seems to have laid claim to the armor of Patroclus upon the same principle which the person, who first wounds a deer, generally relies upon, to demand his skin of the more fortunate huntsman who kills him.

^d *Surely thou shalt a just atonement make
For my brave brother's blood.* l. 45-6.

The feelings of the reader are much awakened in favor of Euphorbus by this speech. But it must be recollected that, as he fought to revenge his brother, Menelaus was roused to uncommon exertion to save from his enemies the dead body of his friend. The poet could not, consistently with the truth of history, have given Euphorbus the victory in this combat; but compassion is forcibly excited by the description of his death.

^e *As when a verdant olive's vigorous plant.* l. 69.

This beautiful simile resembles in some degree one in Book IV., where the fall of Simoisius, slain by Ajax, is compared to that of a poplar. The two similes (though both are drawn from trees,) have each peculiar and appropriate beauties. Eustathius is mistaken in saying, that Euphorbus is the only Trojan whose death the poet laments. See post, l. 396.

^f *The god, in Mentès' shape.* l. 96.

A common writer would have been content to put this speech into the mouth of Mentès himself; but Homer delighted in adding dignity to his subject on all occasions, by introducing the gods. He does not appear to have regarded the rule pronounced by Horace, who says,

“Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.”

But some critics understand this rule as applying not to epic, but to dramatic poetry.

^g ——— *this of evils were the least.* l. 140.

Such appears to be the plain and evident meaning of the words *κακὸν δὲ αὖ φέρτερον εἶη*, which Cowper translates very differently. The thought of Menelaus is obvious and natural, that it would be an evil to carry back to Achilles the dead body of his friend, instead of returning with him triumphant as had been expected; but that leaving it behind in the power of the Trojans would be a greater evil.

^h *He spake, and mov'd his soul. Great Ajax strode
Fierce to the van.* l. 163-4.

The silence of Ajax, who says not a word in answer to the mourn-

ful tidings communicated by Menelaus, but rushes immediately to combat, is strongly expressive of extreme concern and resolute valor, and exactly suitable to the plain, blunt and soldierlike character of Ajax, who was a man of deeds, not of words.

¹ *And give his limbs a prey to Trojan dogs.* l. 168.

The cruel design here ascribed to Hector, does not appear consistent with the mildness and magnanimity of his character on other occasions. He seems to have been excited to it by vexation at his recent disappointment, in being prevented by Patroclus from burning the Grecian fleet. A man like Hector, not habitually cruel or savage, but of passionate temper, might naturally, in the heat of battle, when highly exasperated, declare an intention to dishonor the body of his slain enemy; though, after the battle was over, he might not have carried such threat into execution. Eustathius says, that Homer accuses Hector of this design, for the purpose of lessening in the reader's mind the horror he may conceive at the cruelty afterwards exercised by Achilles upon the body of Hector. It appears probable that his ferocious outrages were occasioned partly, by being told that Hector had intended to insult and throw to the dogs the corpse of Patroclus. See post, Book XVIII. l. 943-6.

² ——— *as, to guard her young,*
A lioness. l. 177-8.

This passage affords a remarkable example of the judicious manner in which Homer selects his similes, and applies them suitably to the different characters of his heroes. With due regard to the mild and benevolent disposition of Menelaus, he compared him to a heifer; but for Ajax, the stern and grim warrior, he presents this wrathful image of the lioness. Both the animals are described in the same act; each female, as protecting her young; yet, how different are the emotions produced by the two comparisons! How tender and pathetic is the one! how gloomy and terrible the other!

³ *But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian bands.* l. 186.

The speech of Glaucus to Hector affords an example of the freedom with which princes and generals were reproved by the independent chieftains and warriors in those heroic ages. It is important also, as being the moving cause of the subsequent extraordinary exertions of

the Trojans to carry off the body of Patroclus. The suggestion that if that could be accomplished, they might recover by exchange the body and armor of Sarpedon, which they supposed were in the possession of the Greeks, appears to have induced Hector and his whole army to regard their honor and glory as staked on success in that enterprise. This accounts satisfactorily for the fury and obstinacy of the conflict afterwards described.

▪ *Glaucus ! what motive prompts a chief so brave,
To insolence of language ?* l. 226 - 7.

Hector's answer is not less spirited than the reproachful speech of Glaucus. With great address he endeavors to repel the charge of cowardice, by laying on Jupiter all the blame of his flight from Ajax, the truth of which reproachful fact he could not deny.

▪ *And now celestial armor he assumes.* l. 259.

Madame Dacier remarks that a difficulty may arise here, and the question be asked, why did Hector send these arms to Troy? Why did he not put them on at first? There are three answers (she says) which are all plausible. The first, that Hector, having killed Patroclus, and seeing the day very far advanced, had no need to take those arms for a fight almost at an end. The second, that he was impatient to show to Priam and Andromache those glorious spoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at first intended to hang them up in some temple. Glaucus's speech makes him change his resolution; he runs after those arms to fight against Ajax, and to win from him the body of Patroclus. See Mr. Pope's notes.

Homer (says Eustathius, quoted by Pope,) does not suffer the arms to be carried into Troy for these reasons: that Hector, by wearing them, might the more encourage the Trojans, and be the more formidable to the Greeks; that Achilles may recover them again when he kills Hector; and that he may conquer him, even when he is strengthened with that divine armor.

° ——— *but in the father's arms
The son grew never old.* l. 263 - 4.

This is a very pathetic stroke, introduced unexpectedly, and, like a flash of lightning, penetrating instantly the heart of the reader, who, in the moment of admiring the glory of Achilles, and the favors bestowed by the gods on his family, is reminded of his melancholy destiny, to die in youth in a foreign country.

“——— *Ah! wretched man!*

No thought disturbs thee of approaching death. l. 268-9.

A preacher from his pulpit could scarcely pronounce a more affecting description of the shortness and uncertainty of life and vanity of human glory, than this which Homer has put into the mouth of Jupiter. How handsomely, too, has he introduced the praise of Achilles and Patroclus, and pathetically prophesied the sorrow of Andromache for the death of Hector; and all this, in a speech containing only eight lines in the original, and ten in this translation!

“*Listen to me, innumerable tribes.* l. 293.

See Madame Dacier’s note quoted by Pope. Her remarks on this occasion are generally good, but she refines too much in saying that Hector, by calling the allies “borderers upon his kingdom,” designed thereby, in some manner, to exclude the Lycians, who were of a country more remote. The word *περικυκλίων* is properly translated circumjacent, and may mean nations at a distance, as well as those adjoining Troas. Hector evidently intended to exhort all his allies to do their utmost in the combat. Mr. Pope very well translates it,

“——— hear, unnumber’d bands
Of neighb’ring nations, or of distant lands!”

“*Call, then, the bravest of the Greeks in aid.* l. 325.

The reason is obvious why Ajax requested Menelaus to call for help instead of doing it himself. Menelaus was one of the generals of the army, and had more influence in the absence of Agamemnon than any other person. See Book I. l. 23, where the two sons of Atreus are called “the brother kings and rulers in the war.”

“——— *As when the surges huge*

Of ocean, at the mouths of mighty Nile. l. 347-8.

The name of the river Nile is not mentioned by Homer; but as the river here described is one with a plurality of mouths, it is probable he alluded to the Nile. The learned critic Spanheim seems to have so understood this passage. He says, that “Porphry, in his manuscript observations on the Iliad, (formerly possessed by Isaac Vossius,) observes that Solon, who in all other respects had emulated the poem of Homer, when he came to this and the two following verses, in which the poet describes the mouths of the Nile, was so transported

with admiration that he burned his own poems, and that Plato did the same thing." See notes on the Clouds of Aristophanes, l. 271.

‘ ——— *Jove darkness pour'd.* l. 356.

See Book XVI. l. 754–5, note ^{uu}. The same honor is here conferred by Jupiter on Patroclus, as on his own son Sarpedon.

“ *Dying, far distant from his native land,
Larissa!* l. 395–6.

The poet here feelingly describes the melancholy death of Hippothous; another proof of the incorrectness of the remark of Eustathius, that Euphorbus was the only Trojan whose death Homer laments. See also the death of Simoisius, in Book IV., and that of Iphidamas, in Book XI.

“ *In fate's despite, had not Apollo urg'd
Æneas.* l. 420–1.

The meaning of Homer is, that fate, or the will of Jove, would not have been carried into effect if the means predetermined by him had not been used. Apollo was his servant and agent.

“ *Æneas! how could ye, with Jove averse,
Defend your stately town?* l. 426–7.

Apollo seems in this speech to declare plainly that the will of Jupiter had sometimes been counteracted by the bravery of men. The only way to give a tolerably rational or consistent explanation of Homer's opinions on this subject of fate, seems to me to be this, that, according to his system, the will of Jupiter was sometimes absolute, or unconditional; in which case it never could be thwarted by men; at other times it was contingent, or conditional, depending on the operation of second causes, which might or might not have effect, as the free agency of man might determine. For example, Jupiter might resolve that a city should be destroyed, if the bravery of its defenders should not save it. In this point of view, the doctrine of Homer may have been conformable to divine revelation; for some of the prophecies in Holy Scripture appear to have been intended conditionally. Jonah foretold that Nineveh should be destroyed in forty days; but, when the Ninevites repented of their sins, they were spared. The divine decree must therefore have been conditional, that such destruction

should fall upon them if they did not repent. But Homer seems to have expressed himself in a manner derogatory to the majesty of the Supreme Being, in saying that his will could ever be defeated; for even the free agency of man, being one of his works, ought to be considered as decreed by him, and therefore, as fulfilling his designs in the grand scheme of things. However it must be confessed, that, to our imperfect understandings, this subject is involved in perplexity; and it is one "upon which," says Mr. Pope, "it is no great wonder if a poet should not always be perfectly consistent with himself, when it has puzzled such a number of divines and philosophers." See his note to the 20th Book, l. 41, of his translation.

* *Yet fewer far they perish'd.* l. 474.

Homer is very particular, on various occasions, in describing the superior military discipline of the Greeks. Nothing, therefore, (as they were more numerous than the Trojans,) could satisfactorily account for their being defeated, but that such was the will of Jupiter. It seems probable, however, that in reality the great talents of the Trojan general, Hector, and the enthusiastic valor of patriots fighting on their own soil in defence of their country, made amends for the want of numbers and discipline, and for some time delayed the fall of Troy.

† ——— *for horrid darkness hid*
The direful conflict. l. 479 – 80.

See Mr. Pope's judicious note on this passage.

* *But till the close of day the dreadful strife*
Excessive, lasted. l. 499 – 500.

There surely never was a fierce and desperate battle better described than this. The simile of curriers pulling to and fro a bull's hide is wonderfully expressive, though drawn from a vulgar subject.

** *Nor was it then to great Achilles known*
His friend had fallen. l. 522 – 3.

For the purpose of giving the mind of the reader some relief from the horrors of the combat, the poet digresses occasionally to other scenes. And here he skilfully introduces Achilles sitting remote from the bloody conflict, and not acquainted with the event of the death of Patroclus. The agreeable effect of contrast is in this place remark-

able, resembling a glimpse of the sun's all-cheering light, shining forth from between two dark and dreary clouds.

^{ab} *They still around the corse.* l. 535.

The warlike bard again sounds the trumpet, returning with renovated energy to the fury of the battle, of which nothing could give a more lively idea than the speeches supposed to be uttered by the soldiers on both sides.

^{ac} *Meanwhile, the coursers of Æacides.* l. 553.

The episode of the horses and charioteer of Achilles, here introduced, has a happy effect, and is another instance of the fertility of invention with which Homer adorns and diversifies his poem. Having brought the fury of the battle to its *ne plus ultra*, he adroitly, without forsaking it altogether, turns away the reader's attention to other incidents not immediately connected with the struggle for the body of Patroclus, but having a natural relation to the fortunes of the day. The horses of Achilles being immortal, are described as possessing intelligence and feeling equally with men. Automedon, the charioteer, is a true hero, worthy of being not only the servant, but the companion and friend, of Patroclus and Achilles.

^{ad} *Not one is more calamitous than man.* l. 580.

This affecting declaration of the misery of man, is exactly conformable with the character of human nature, degraded by sin, given in the Holy Scriptures. Homer, who knew mankind so well, was thoroughly convinced that man, notwithstanding his rational faculty, is by vice rendered as wretched as any creature, however low. He might have said much more so, if man were not capable of repentance and amendment; for man alone is doomed to suffer the horrors of a guilty conscience, and inconceivable miseries of never-ending punishment. A wicked man is, indeed, the most loathsome and abominable object in the universe, except a fallen angel; but the difference between the man and the angel is great indeed; for the fallen angel has no hope, but the wicked man, if not incorrigibly obstinate, may be regenerated by the Spirit of God, and afterwards obtain eternal happiness by the grace of his merciful Saviour Jesus Christ.

^{ae} *Patroclus, equal to the gods above.* l. 631.

How affecting is this tribute of praise to Patroclus by his faithful

charioteer ! and how naturally does he applaud him for possessing that skill in which he was eminent himself !

^{at} ——— *with drivers weak.* l. 632.

Hector seems to have caught the view of the chariot just at the moment when Alcimedon mounted, and before Automedon had descended. He therefore supposed there were two drivers.

^{as} ——— *Ah ! blind to fate !*

Unhappy youths ! l. 643-4.

Mr. Pope remarks that "these beautiful anticipations are frequent in the poets, who affect to speak in the character of prophets, and men inspired with the knowledge of futurity." But it may well be asked, how can they be said to affect to speak in the character of prophets, when they are plainly only anticipating for a moment events about to be narrated, not as future, but as past ? Such anticipations, however, on occasions like this, are truly beautiful, and touching to the feeling heart. See the passages quoted by him from Virgil, Tasso, and Milton.

^{ab} *Alcimedon, the coursers near me keep.* l. 649.

It may be asked, why did Automedon descend from the chariot for the purpose of fighting ? Perhaps, as he saw the Trojans formed in close array, and both Greeks and Trojans thronging around the dead Patroclus, he thought he could combat more at his ease and to better advantage on foot. There are many similar instances of heroes quitting their chariots, for the purpose of giving free scope to their valor. Diomed, in the first battle, and Achilles, when pursuing the Trojans, in Book XXI., did the same thing.

^{ad} ——— *for now his mind he chang'd.* l. 706.

See note ^m to l. 286 of Book XII. Homer does not mean that Jupiter's design to give the Trojans success, so far as to drive the Greeks to their ships, was relinquished ; but that, by giving the Greeks this temporary advantage, he postponed the execution of that design for a short time, and therefore seemed to change his mind. He did not intend to give the Trojans a complete victory ; but that the body of Patroclus should be saved from them in the end ; (as the poet himself declares, ante, l. 360-2,) of course it was necessary, for the accomplishment of his plan, to encourage the Greeks to such a degree as would insure the rescue of the body of Patroclus.

^{ak} *A purple meteor, sign of bloody war,
Or cold and dreary weather.* l. 708-9.

This meteor is, in the Greek, πορφυρέην ἱρὶν, which Mr. Pope translates Jove's "purple bow." But, although the word ἱρὶς, generally signifies a rainbow, I cannot think that such is its meaning in this place; because, first, the ἱρὶς, here mentioned, is not described as appearing in, or upon a cloud; second, the rainbow is not purple, but of various colors; and, thirdly, we are told nowhere else, neither is it probable, that a rainbow, in Homer's time, was regarded as a sign of war or cold weather; whereas a purple meteor, being of a gloomy and threatening aspect, might have been dreaded as such.

^{al} ——— *in the reverend form
Of Phoenix.* l. 716-17.

It was very natural for Phoenix, who came to the battle with Patroclus, to make this speech, which the poet, for the sake of the marvellous, ascribes to Minerva. In like manner, afterwards, Apollo is said to have spoken, in the shape of Phenops, which probably must have been uttered by Phenops himself.

^{am} *Intrepid spirit, such as animates
The daring fly.* l. 737-8.

See Mr. Pope's note on this passage.

^{an} ——— *Podes was his name,
Eetion's noble son.* l. 745-6.

The Eetion here mentioned is evidently a different person from the father of Andromache, who was not a Trojan, but a Cilician. Pope remarks, that "Podes, the favorite and companion of Hector, being killed on this occasion, seems a parallel circumstance to the death of Achilles' favorite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpose to engage Hector on the like occasion with Achilles." But Hector's love for his country, his father, his wife, and his brethren, many of whom were slain by the Greeks, did not require this additional stimulus, of the death of Podes, (who is nowhere mentioned but in this place,) to induce him to do his utmost.

^{ao} ——— *his fall had then
Great glory given to Troy, if Cæranus
Had not, when needed most, the coursers brought.* l. 796-8.

I confess that I cannot discern in what manner Cæranus saved (as

Mr. Pope translates it,) Meriones from danger, by bringing the chariot and horses ; when it appears that he did not make use of them, but continued in the field on foot, and, with Menelaus, lifted and carried off the body of Patroclus. See post, l. 929, &c. If Cœranus had not brought them, the danger of Meriones would have been neither more nor less than before. It is evident, therefore, that Cowper is right in applying to Idomeneus the words,

“Πεζός γάρ τὰ πρῶτα, λυπὼν νείας ἀμφιέλλοντας,
“*Ἦλυθες,*”

especially as the nominative case to the verb “*Ἦλυθες*” is not expressed. It seems that, after Cœranus arrived, Idomeneus mounted the chariot, by which circumstance his life was saved ; the charioteer (Cœranus) being slain by a javelin thrown at Idomeneus. Mr. Pope has also erred, in rendering the lines

“*Καὶ τάς Μερῖονος ἔλαβεν χεῖραςσι φέλῃσι,
Κύπας ἐκ πεδίου, καὶ Ἰδομενεῖα προσγύδα*”

thus :

“This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war.”

Merion is plainly described as stooping, not ἐκ δίφρου, from the car, but ἐκ πεδίου, from the ground. Mr. Pope’s mistake is important, since it leads to the erroneous idea that Merion left the field with Idomeneus, which he did not, as the sequel demonstrates. He advised his king to retire from the hopeless contest ; but being himself more youthful and able to undergo more fatigue, remained in the battle.

“*Destroy us, then, in daylight, since it seems,
Such is thy pleasure.* l. 840–1.

This short prayer of Ajax affords a remarkable example of the sentimental, or moral sublime, and is well worthy of the encomium bestowed upon it by Longinus. See Pope’s note.

“*Which most he fears, however rous’d his rage.* l. 861.

The knowledge possessed by Homer of the nature of animals, and of all circumstances proper to be mentioned in his similes, was uncommonly accurate. It is a well-established fact, that wild beasts are

easily terrified by a blazing fire ; to the protection of which, travellers through forests frequented by them, are accustomed therefore to have recourse.

*" Let every man the kindness recollect
Of good Patroclus. l. 869 - 70.*

* This is a truly affecting appeal. In a few simple but energetic words, the amiable character of Patroclus is portrayed, and the charms of benevolence and goodness recommended. It was not at all wonderful, that the whole Grecian army were determined to conquer or die, rather than permit the Trojans to dishonor the corpse of one so deservedly beloved.

*" For he is dead, Achaja's bravest son,
Patroclus. l. 894 - 5.*

There is a particular beauty in the manner of announcing the dreadful event to Antilochus. Menelaus does not mention the name of Patroclus at first ; but, apparently unwilling to utter fully so great a misfortune, he at last, with evident self-compulsion, expresses it. This little circumstance shows how tenderly he loved, how bitterly he lamented, the fallen hero.

*πίφεται δ' ὄριστος Ἀχαιῶν,
Πάτροκλος, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Λαυαίοισι τέτυκται.*

*" He said ; the youthful hero, horror-struck,
No answer gave. l. 900 - 1.*

How much more expressive is this silence of Antilochus than any speech the poet could have put into his mouth ! The most profound knowledge of the diversities of character enabled Homer to describe the effects of all the passions correctly. A woman, on such an occasion, would have shrieked and fainted ; a man of violent temper, like Achilles, would have fallen into a frenzy of grief ; but a mild-tempered, though brave man, like Antilochus, receives the dreadful news with mute consternation and tears. Such descriptions as these induced the ancients to declare that Homer was intimately acquainted with the inmost recesses of the human heart, and that he alone had the keys to open its doors, and spy into all its secrets. The poet Gray, in like manner, beautifully and truly sings of Shakespeare,

*" Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
This shall unlock the gates of joy ;*

Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

"—— but no hope is mine,
That he will come to help us. l. 920 – 1.

A few moments before Menelaus had expressed to Antilochus a hope, that Achilles might "save, and to his ship convey, the naked corse." Yet here he pronounces an opposite sentiment! This seeming inconsistency may be explained by considering the waverings of the mind of a man in distress, alternately hoping and fearing; or by supposing, that what he said to Antilochus was for the purpose of encouraging the Pyliaus; and that, on the present occasion, he more candidly confessed to the Ajaces, whom he knew nothing could discourage, his real opinion.

"—— for, unarm'd,
He cannot wage the combat. l. 922 – 3.

"This is an ingenious way of making the valor of Achilles appear the greater; who, though without arms, goes forth in the next book, contrary to the expectation of Ajax and Menelaus." — *Dacier*, quoted by *Pope*.

"He said; the chiefs uplifted from the ground
Patroclus in their arms. l. 936 – 7.

The beauties of the description, following to the end of this book, are such as must captivate every reader. Eustathius has particularly pointed them out, in a passage quoted from him by Pope; but it was unnecessary. Any person of common understanding must perceive and be delighted with the astonishing variety of well-chosen similes, poured forth by Homer's fertile imagination; nor can he fail to be transported with the martial enthusiasm here displayed, while "bright-eyed fancy,"

"Scatters, from her lifted urn,
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

The grief of Achilles — New armor made for him by Vulcan.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

So they, like burning fire insatiate, fought.
But, swift of foot, Antilochus convey'd
The message to Achilles. Him he found
Pensive, beside his ships with hoisted sails,^a
Surmising all that cruel fate had done ;^b 5
And, deeply sighing, with his mighty mind
He commun'd : Woe is me ! what is the cause
That thus the Greeks, tumultuous, o'er the field
Are driven with uproar to the ships again ?
Ah ! may the gods fulfil not what I fear, 10
And long ago my mother prophesied !
She told me, that before my fated end,
The bravest of the Myrmidons should leave
The light of day, by Trojan prowess slain !
Surely Menœtius' valiant son is dead ! 15
Unhappy warrior ! obstinately bold !
I strictly charg'd him, when the fleet was sav'd
From conflagration, hither to return,
Nor, rashly brave, with Hector's strength contend !
While in his anxious heart these painful thoughts 20
The chief revolv'd, illustrious Nestor's son

Approach'd him, shedding tears profuse, and thus
 His mournful tidings told :^a Ah me ! O son
 Of warlike Peleus ! sad, indeed, is now
 The message thou must hear ; a dire event, 25
 Which never should have been ! Patroclus lies
 Low in the dust ! They combat for his corse,
 His naked corse, for Hector has his arms !
 A sable cloud of anguish wrapp'd in night
 The hero's senses.^d Snatching, with both hands, 30
 The scorching ashes on his head he threw,
 And all his noble countenance bewray'd.
 His purple robe, breathing nectarious sweets,
 With filth was overspread. Himself, in dust
 Extended at full length, of stature huge, 35
 Lay prostrate, tearing, with infuriate hands,
 His graceful hair. The captive maidens, won
 In battle by Achilles and his friend,
 Lamenting shriek'd, and rushing wildly forth
 Around their warlike lord, their bosoms smote, 40
 And fainted on the ground.^e Antilochus,
 Standing before him, wept, and, sighing, held
 Achilles' frantic hands ! his own great heart
 Afflicted deeply ; fearing lest the chief
 Might turn his desp'rate sword against his life. 45
 Loudly and horribly he wail'd. The cry
 His goddess mother heard, though far remote,
 Sitting within the caverns of the deep,
 Beside her aged father. Sorrow-struck,
 She shriek'd, and all the sea-born goddesses, 50
 Daughters of Nereus, who in ocean dwell,
 Around her flock'd.^f Cerulean Glauce came ;
 Cymodoce, who smooths the raging main ;
 With Thalia blooming in immortal youth ;
 Nereia, patroness of sea-girt isles ; 55

Thoe the swift, and Speio from her cave ;
 With bright-eyed Halia ; Cymothoe,
 Sporting on rolling waves ; Limnoria, calm,
 Preferring quiet waters ; near the shores,
 Actæa, playing ; Melita, the sweet, 60
 With charming voice ; Iæra, sprightly nymph ;
 Amphithoe and Agave, heavenly bright ;
 Doto, the giver of propitious gales ;
 Proto, the chief of Amphitrite's train ;
 Pherusa, speeding sailors on their way ; 65
 Dynamene, the potent queen of tides ;
 Dexamene, receiving river-streams ;
 Amphinome, who feeds great Neptune's flock ;
 Callianira, beautiful and gay ;
 Doris, the bounteous, Panope the sage ; 70
 And Galatea, goddess far-renown'd ;
 Nemertes faithful, and Apeudes true ;
 Callianassa, fairest of the fair.
 There, too, was Clymene, whose song by night
 Delights the list'ning mariner ; the kind 75
 Janira, who relieves him in distress ;
 Janassa, queen of joy, who brings him home ;
 Mæa, resplendent as a radiant star ;
 Orithya, mov'd by incense duly paid ;
 And Amathæa, dancer on the sands, 80
 Waving her beauteous tresses ; and the rest,
 Daughters of Nereus, who in ocean dwell.
 With these, the silver-gleaming cave was fill'd,
 And all in concert beat their snowy breasts.
 But Thetis, thus her sad lament began : 85
 Listen, ye sister Nereids ! that all
 May fully know my sorrows how severe !
 Wretch that I am ! ill-fatedⁿ to produce
 An offspring, first in glory and in woe !

I bore a son illustrious, brave and strong, 90
 The chief of heroes ; like a thriving plant
 In fertile soil, he flourish'd, and to Troy
 I sent him, to the war ; but never more
 Shall I receive him, to his home return'd,
 In Peleus' royal house ! While yet he breathes, 95
 And views the light of day, he lives in grief,
 Nor can I yield him comfort ; yet I'll go
 And see my son, and listen to his plaint,
 Whate'er it be ; whatever dire event
 Has happen'd, since from combat he withdrew. 100
 This said, she leaves the cave, and, weeping, they
 Her steps attend. The circling waves divide,
 And give them passage ; on the shore of Troy,
 In long procession, they ascend the strand,
 Where crowded lay the Myrmidonian ships 105
 Around the swift Achilles. Near him there,
 While heavily he groan'd, his mother stood.
 She, wailing shrill, her son's lov'd head embrac'd,
 And thus condoling spake : Why weeps my son ?
 What cruel woe invades thy mournful heart ? 110
 Speak ! hide it not. All now has been fulfill'd
 By mighty Jove, according to thy prayer,¹
 Offer'd with hands outspread ; that all the Greeks,
 Depriv'd of thee, should to their ships be driven,
 With foul defeat and carnage horrible ! 115
 Achilles, deeply groaning, answer'd thus :
 My mother ! true it is th' Olympian king
 Has this perform'd for me ; but what delight
 Can it afford me, since my dearest friend
 Has perish'd, my Patroclus ? He, of all 120
 My comrades, most regarded, whom as life
 I valued, he is lost ; and Hector too,
 By whose strong arm he fell, has stripp'd his corse

Of my resplendent armor, beautiful
 And wond'rous to behold, the glorious gift 125
 To Peleus, of the gods, that fatal day,
 When to a mortal's bed they thee consign'd.
 O that, among th' immortals, in the main,
 Thou hadst continued, and a mortal wife
 To Peleus had been given ! Boundless woe 130
 Is now for thee reserv'd ; thine offspring slain !
 For never more shalt thou receive thy son,
 Returning to his home ; since not to live
 My mind permits me, nor with men confer,
 Till cruel Hector, by my javelin slain, 135
 Atonement shall have made me for the death
 Of brave Patroclus Menœtiades.
 To him, with tears quick-falling, Thetis spake :
 Thy life, my son, will then be brief indeed ;
 For after Hector's fate, thy own is near. 140
 With high disdain, Achilles, answering, said :
 That moment let me die ; since 't was my doom
 Not to defend my comrade slain in fight !
 Unaided in his dying hour, he fell,
 Far distant from his country ; vainly, then, 145
 My prowess needing to repel the blow.
 Now, since to my beloved natal shore,
 I never shall return, and was no light
 In darkness, to Patroclus, and the rest
 Of my unhappy countrymen, of whom 150
 Such multitudes by Hector's arm have fallen,
 But here a fruitless burthen to the ground,
 Sit idly at the ships ; though such I am
 In martial prowess, as no Greek can match ;
 While, in the council, others me excel ; 155
 Ah ! may fell discord perish utterly,
 From gods and men extinct ; with cruel wrath,

Which e'en the wisest to destruction leads ;
 Which, sweeter to the soul than honey, swells
 In human bosoms, dark as clouds of smoke ! 160
 So Agamemnon, king of men, to rage
 Me fatally excited ! But to this,
 As done, and past, and not to be recall'd,
 We must submit, through sad necessity,
 Our aching hearts repressing. Now to war 165
 I go to meet the murd'rer of my friend ;
 And death I will embrace whene'er decreed
 By Jove and other bless'd immortal gods.
 For, lo ! not e'en the strength of Hercules
 Could death escape, though most of all mankind 170
 He was belov'd of Jove Saturnian king !
 E'en him, all-conquering fate, and Juno's wrath
 Relentless, overcame ! So also I,
 If fate like his be mine, must low be laid
 By death the grim destroyer ! Glory now, 175
 The meed of heroes let me reap, and all
 The Trojan and Dardanian matrons force,
 With bosoms heaving mournfully, to sigh
 And groan without relief, with both their hands
 Wiping the tear-drops from their tender cheeks. 180
 Then shall they know that I have long abstain'd
 From combat. Stay me not ; though fondly thou
 Entreat me, even thou canst not persuade !
 To this fair Thetis, silver-footed dame :
 Thy words, my son, are surely true and right. 185
 It thee behooves thy countrymen to save
 From ruin imminent in bloody fray.
 But now the Trojans have thy glorious arms,
 Of brass refulgent ; by proud Hector worn,
 Exulting, though his fated end is near, 190
 And short will be his triumph. Therefore, thee

I charge, from bloody toil of war abstain,
 Till me thou see returning ; with the sun
 I will be here to-morrow, bringing thee
 Celestial arms from Vulcan, king of fire. 195
 So saying, from her son she turn'd away,
 And thus her sister Nereids address'd :
 Ye, to the bosom of the wide-spread main
 Returning, now the senior of the deep
 Revisit, in our aged sire's abode, 200
 And tell him all. To steep Olympus I
 Will hence repair, to Vulcan, architect
 Renown'd of heaven, who willingly may give
 My offspring arms transcendent, beamy bright.
 She said ; and they, forthwith, in ocean's waves 205
 Plunging, were gone ! The silver-footed dame^m
 Repair'd to high Olympus, thence to bring
 Resplendent armor for her much-lov'd son.
 Meanwhile Achaia's sons, with dreadful cries,
 By hero-slaught'ring Hector to the ships 210
 And Hellespont were driven. Nor had they yet
 Rescued Patroclus from the storm of darts,
 Patroclus, great Achilles' faithful friend.
 For him, again, the thund'ring horse and foot
 Had overtaken, led by Priam's son, 215
 Hector, tremendous as consuming flame.
 Thrice by the foot he seized him, fir'd with hope
 To bear him off, and loudly to his troops
 Call'd to assist ; but thrice th' Ajaces bold,
 Cloth'd with resistless prowess, forc'd him back, 220
 And from the slain repuls'd. Yet, undismay'd,
 And confident in valor, he renew'd,
 Alternately, bold onset through the crowd,
 Or stood loud-clamoring, but not an inch
 Relinquish'd. As a lion, stout and fierce, 225

By greedy famine pinch'd, cannot be chas'd
 By shepherds from a carcass, all night long ;
 So both th' Ajaces, with united strength,
 Could not intimidate or backward drive
 Stern Hector, Priam's son ! E'en yet the corse 230
 He would have won, and boundless glory gain'd,
 Had not swift Iris, maid with feet of wind,
 Flown from Olympus, Juno's messenger,
 Apart from Jove, and all the powers of heav'n,
 To rouse the dread Pelides to the field. 235
 She, hovering near, with swift-wing'd accents spake :
 Rise, Peleus' son, most terrible of men,
 To save Patroclus, for whose sake a fray
 Most horrible now rages near the ships.
 There man slays man with mutual fury ; some, 240
 Striving his lifeless body to defend,
 Others, to bear it thence to Ilion's height.
 But, more than all, great Hector ardently
 Desires to win it, with intent to fix
 Patroclus' head, lopp'd from his graceful neck, 245
 Upon a stake, sad spectacle of shame !
 Rise, then ; remain no longer here supine,
 But let thy reverence for thy friend forbid
 That he become the sport of Trojan dogs !
 Ah ! shame to thee, if insult he sustain ! 250
 To her divine Achilles : Iris, say,
 From whom in heaven this message dost thou bring ?
 The winged maid, with feet of wind, replied :
 I came by Juno sent, Jove's glorious spouse,
 Unknown to great Saturnius thron'd on high, 255
 And other deathless gods, who round the cliff,
 Snow-crown'd, of vast Olympus hold abode.
 Achilles answer'd : How can I engage
 In combat, when the Trojans now possess

My glorious arms ? My mother strictly, too, 260
 Enjoin'd me to refrain from martial toil,
 Till her I see again, with splendid arms
 From Vulcan, which to bring me she intends ;
 Nor could I other armor wear in fight,
 Save the broad shield of Ajax Telamon. 265
 But he, among the foremost Greeks, I trust
 Is well employ'd, plying his slaught'ring lance
 With forceful arm, for dead Patroclus' sake.
 The goddess swift, with feet of wind, replied :
 Full well we also know that they possess 270
 Thy radiant armor ; yet, unarm'd, appear
 At yonder trench ; the Trojans, seeing thee,
 May, panic-struck, retreat ; the sons of Greece,
 Hard-press'd and sore afflicted, may respire,
 And from the battle some short respite gain. 275
 She spake, and vanish'd ; straight Achilles rose, P
 Belov'd of Jove ; Minerva spread her shield,
 The shaggy Ægis, o'er his shoulders broad.
 She, first of goddesses, his lofty head
 Crown'd with a golden cloud, from which a flame 280
 Of dazzling splendor blaz'd. As curling smoke
 Ascends to heaven from some beleaguer'd town,
 Far distant in an isle, around whose walls
 Relentless foes, all day, have tried the chance
 Of ruthless battle ; when the sun has set, 285
 Torches burn, numerous, on the lofty towers,
 And flames aspire, far-gleaming o'er the waves,
 Bright signal of distress to neighboring realms,
 That friends with ships, to raise their siege, may come ;
 So from Achilles' head the splendors rose 290
 To heaven's ethereal cope. Beyond the wall
 Advancing, but not far, beside the trench
 He stood, not mixing with Achaia's host,

But mindful of his mother's strict command.
 There standing, rais'd the chief a dreadful shout ; 295
 Athenian Pallas, with her thund'ring voice,
 That shout augmented, spreading heartless fear
 And wild confusion in the Trojan ranks.
 As, loud and clear, a shrill-ton'd trumpet sounds
 Dread signal for assault of daring foes, 300
 Who round a city spread destructive war ;
 So shrill and loud was then the clear-ton'd voice
 Of stern Æacides. That awful sound
 The Trojans heard, and perturbation felt
 In every bosom ; back the coursers roll'd 305
 Their chariots, woes expecting imminent !
 The drivers, horror-struck, beheld the flame
 Tremendous rising, with continual blaze,
 From great Pelides' head ; that wond'rous fire
 Which blue-eyed Pallas kindled ! Thrice, a shout 310
 Divine Achilles utter'd from the fosse,
 And thrice the Trojans and their fam'd allies,
 Astonish'd and confounded, fled. E'en then,
 Twelve of the bravest warriors perish'd, slain
 By their own javelins keen and clashing cars ! 315
 But, from amidst the darts, the joyful Greeks
 Patroclus drew, and on a funeral couch
 Laid, decent. Moaning, round him stood his friends,
 Dejected, and among them swift Achilles,
 Shedding warm tears profuse ; for on that bier 320
 He saw his faithful comrade, lifeless, pale,
 Extended, gor'd with many ghastly wounds ;
 That comrade whom, all glorious, with his steeds
 And car refulgent, to the field he sent,
 But so returning never more receiv'd ! 325
 Th' unwearied Sun, still lingering in the west,
 At length majestic Juno to the waves

Of ocean sent, unwilling ; in the deep
He sunk, and yielded, to the godlike Greeks,
Relief from conflict sharp and toil intense. 330
Meanwhile the Trojans, from the dreadful strife
Retreating, soon their rapid steeds releas'd ;
To council straight conven'd, before they thought
Of needful food ! All standing, none to sit
Presuming, they that council trembling held ; 335
For they had seen Achilles ! and the time
Since he abstain'd from deadly fight was long !
With them Polydamas debate commenc'd,
Old Panthus' prudent son ; for he, alone,
Considerate, view'd the future and the past ; 340
Compeer of Hector, born the self-same night
With him ; the one in counsels wise excell'd,
The other with the spear. Considerate, thus
The Trojans he harangued : O friends, reflect
And duly weigh the measure I propose. 345
I now advise to Ilion to return,
Forthwith, and not the morning's dawn await
In open field ; yon hostile fleet so near,
Our bulwarks so remote. While wrath retain'd
That dreadful man, more harmless were the Greeks. 350
E'en I rejoic'd, at first, when near their ships
We pitch'd our tents ; for fondly then I hop'd,
That in the morning all would be our prey.
But now the swift Pelides much I dread !
So violent his temper, to the field 355
Not long will he be limited, where Greeks
And Trojans, hitherto, the brunt of war
Have borne with equal peril. For the town,
And for our wives, the combat soon will be !
Then haste we to the city ! Be ye warn'd, 360
And take, submissively, the better course.

Now balmy night's ambrosial sway restrains
 The swift Achilles. Should he, arm'd for fight,
 Find us to-morrow here,* not one of us
 Will fail to know him well ! He that escapes 365
 Will reach, with rapture, sacred Ilion then,
 And many of the Trojans food will be
 For dogs and vultures. May I never know
 The dire result ! But should my words prevail,
 Though we the sad necessity regret, 370
 This night, in council, we may well provide
 For strength and safety.¹ Towers, and lofty gates
 Of solid timber fram'd, compact and strong,
 With panels broad and smooth, will guard the town.
 We, early in the morn, will take our stand, 375
 Clad in bright armor, on the walls. Then hard
 Will be his enterprise, if, from the shore
 Approaching, he around our ramparts try
 The combat. Baffled, to his ships again
 He must return ; his tall-neck'd coursers spent 380
 With toil, careering vainly o'er the field,
 Below the town. E'en him his daring mind
 Will not impel, to make the rash attempt
 By storm to enter ; never shall he sack
 Our well-defended Ilion ; sooner be 385
 Himself a bloody prey for Trojan dogs !
 Hector, great ruler of the ranks of war,
 Disdainfully regarding him, replied :
 Polydamas ! not now hast thou propos'd
 Such plan as I approve ; that we retreat 390
 Again to Troy, heartless and woman-like !
 What ? had ye not enough of such restraint,
 Coop'd in your bulwarks ? Heretofore the town
 Of Priam, for abundant gold and brass,
 Was far-renown'd among the numerous tribes 395

Of many-languag'd men ; but now the wealth
 We once enjoy'd, a flowing treasury,
 Has vanish'd, dissipated all, and gone
 To Phrygia's or Mæonia's blissful realm.
 Such was th' effect, while Jove his wrath display'd ; 400
 But now, that he has given me victory,
 And hemm'd the Greeks in, by the main confin'd,
 Let not thy folly these unmanly fears
 Diffuse among our army. Not a man
 Shall be persuaded, for my will forbids. 405
 Now, then, what I enjoin let all perform ;
 Take ye repast in separate bands, and all,
 To-night, be watchful, keeping rigid guard.
 Let every Trojan, whom tormenting care
 Disquiets for his wealth, hither convey, 410
 And give it, to be shar'd among the troops ; *
 Better by them enjoy'd than by the Greeks.
 We, early in the morning, clad in arms,
 Will rouse the roar of conflict at the ships.
 If great Achilles, godlike man, indeed 415
 Has risen to war, so much the worse for him.
 The sound of dreadful battle'shall not me
 Intimidate.† I will not shun his might,
 But bravely meet him, whether he obtain
 The prize of fame from me, or I from him. 420
 Mars, common friend of warriors, help affords
 To all alike,‡ and oft the slayer slays.
 So Hector spake ; the Trojans with loud shouts
 Applauded ! By Minerva were they, thus,
 Of sense bereft ! § Infatuated men ! 425
 For Hector's evil mandate all approv'd,
 None the wise counsel of Polydamas !
 To take refreshment, then, the troops withdrew.
 But all that night the Greeks, with sighs and tears,

Bewail'd Patroclus ! More than all the rest, 430
 Pelides mourn'd, with sorrow unrestrain'd.
 His hands, so often stain'd with blood of men,
 He laid upon his comrade's clay-cold breast,
 And without respite groan'd. A lion, thus,
 Shaggy and fierce, whose whelps a huntsman bold 435
 Has stolen from his den in gloomy woods,
 Returning, roars with anguish ; many a steep
 And hollow of the mountains he explores,
 With painful toil, scenting the tracks of men,
 The fugitive to find, with raging wrath 440
 His swelling bosom burns ; so, groaning deep,
 Among his Myrmidons the chief exclaim'd :
 Ah ! surely fruitless was the word, ill-weigh'd,
 I pledg'd that day, when in our halls I vow'd,
 Consoling great Menœtius, to restore 445
 At Opoeis, to his fond embrace,
 His son, triumphant, deck'd with Ilion's spoils !
 But Jove fulfils not all that men expect ;
 We both alike were doom'd, on Trojan ground,
 To redden with our blood this doleful field. 450
 For Peleus never, old illustrious chief,
 Will me, returning, in his house receive ;
 Nor will my mother, Thetis, see me there,
 But, here entomb'd, my ashes must remain !
 Now, then, Patroclus, while surviving thee 455
 I breathe above the ground, the last sad rites
 I will not pay thee, till I hither bring
 Proud Hector's arms and head, the lifeless head,
 Of that bold man who slew thee ; and, besides,
 Twelve sons of noble Trojans I will slay 460
 Upon thy funeral pile,* a sacrifice,
 Devoted to my vengeance ! Thou, till then,
 Rest at my ships, and thee shall Trojan dames

And Dardan, weeping, night and day bemoan,
Their bosoms heaving with incessant woe ; 465
Those captive dames whom we, together, won
In fight laborious, with resistless strength
And javelins uncontroll'd, when wealthy towns
Of many-languag'd nations we destroy'd.
This said, Achilles bids his comrades place 470
Upon the fire a tripod large and deep,
To cleanse Patroclus soon of filth and gore.
The bath preparing, on the fire they place
The hollow tripod, water pouring in,
And wood beneath it laying ; curling high, 475
The flames embrace it, and with fervent heat
The water glows. Soon as its swelling sides
Of polish'd brass sufficient warmth receiv'd,
They bath'd the breathless hero, and with oil
His limbs anointed ; fragrant ointment, kept 480
To the ninth year, fill'd all his gaping wounds.
They laid him then upon the funeral bed,
From head to foot, in linen fine and neat,
Enwrapp'd, and shrouded with a snow-white pall.
This done, the Myrmidons their sighs and tears 485
And doleful groans renew'd, and all that night,
Around Achilles, for Patroclus mourn'd.
Meanwhile Saturnian Jove, the lord of all,
His spouse and sister thus address'd : At length,
Imperial goddess with the sparkling eyes, 490
Thy wish is gain'd ! Achilles, swift of foot,
Is rising to the battle ! Without doubt
The long-hair'd Greeks, thy favorites, must be
An offspring from thyself ! Then wrathful, thus
The bright-eyed queen of heaven : Vexatious Jove ! 495
What words, ill-weigh'd, have issued from thy lips ?
Surely a mortal might have gain'd, ere this,

Against his fellow-man a just revenge,
 To death subjected though he be, and far
 To me inferior ; why, then, should not I,^{aa} 500
 Supreme of all the goddesses, and spouse
 E'en of thyself, the sovereign of the skies,
 My hatred wreak upon these sons of Troy ?
 So they conferr'd ; the silver-footed dame
 Arriv'd, meanwhile, at Vulcan's brazen dome, 505
 All incorruptible and starry bright,
 Conspicuous 'midst the palaces of gods,
 By the lame architect himself achiev'd.
 Him, laboring at his bellows, there she found
 Among his forges, hastening to complete 510
 Not less than twenty tripods for his hall,
 With skill miraculous ; for golden wheels .
 Were added to their feet,^{ab} that so, endued
 With life, they might th' assembly of the gods
 Enter self-mov'd, and, wonderful to view, 515
 Return unaided ! Nearly finished now
 They stood, but handles of Dædalian work
 Not yet were added. He, preparing these,
 Was beating smooth and shaping molten gold.
 While, thoughtful and sagacious, thus he toil'd, 520
 Fair Thetis, silver-footed dame, approach'd.
 To meet her Charis ran,^{ac} with blooming wreaths
 Of flowers celestial deck'd, the graceful bride
 Of Vulcan, glorious architect of heaven.
 With kind regard her hand she press'd, and spake : 525
 Why, Thetis, honor'd goddess, dearly-lov'd,
 Com'st thou to visit us ? for hitherto
 Thy presence has not often cheer'd this dome.
 But follow me, that entertainment, due
 To friendship, we may pay thee. Saying this, 530
 The lovely goddess to the dome she led,

And gave her for a seat a splendid throne,
 Studded with silver, and with sculptur'd works .
 Of matchless art adorn'd ; beneath her feet
 She plac'd a footstool firm, and call'd the god : 535
 Come hither, Vulcan ! Thetis has of thee
 A favor to request. The god renown'd
 For science answer'd : Surely, then, there is
 Beneath my roof a goddess honor'd much
 And reverenc'd by myself ! She sav'd me, erst, 540
 Helpless and bruise'd, by that tremendous fall
 My cruel mother caus'd, who wish'd to hide
 Her limping offspring. Tedious anguish then
 I must have borne, had not Eurynome
 And Thetis in their bosoms me receiv'd ; 545
 Daughters of old Oceanus, whose tide
 Is ever refluant. I remain'd with them
 Nine years, and made them many trinkets rare,
 Buckles and bracelets, rings and golden chains,
 Deep in their hollow grotto, while above, 550
 The foaming waves of ocean murm'ring flow'd ;
 Conceal'd from all, both gods and mortal men,
 Save Thetis and Eurynome, by whom
 Preserv'd I was and cherish'd. Thetis now
 Has at our house arriv'd ; it therefore me 555
 Greatly behooves, to exert my utmost skill
 Her kindness to requite. Do thou, before
 The fair-hair'd goddess, place without delay
 A pleasant banquet, worthy such a guest,
 While I my tools and bellows lay aside. 560
 He said ; and from his anvil's pedestal
 The fiery god, of bulk immense, arose,
 Limping, and lamely dragging after him
 His legs distorted. From the fire apart
 He plac'd his bellows, in a silver box 565

Laid up his tools, and with a moisten'd sponge
 Cleans'd well his face and arms, his sturdy neck
 And hairy breast ; his tunic he assum'd
 And massy sceptre, then came halting forth
 With gait uneven ; but beside him walk'd, 570
 With footsteps firm, supporting well his frame,
 Two golden damsels, like two living girls
 In beauty's bloom ! ^{and} possessing sense and thought,
 Speech, energy, and knowledge of the works
 Of deathless gods ! They on the king of fire 575
 Attended steadily, until he came,
 With uncouth steps, where beauteous Thetis sat
 Upon his radiant throne. Her hands he clasp'd
 Affectionate, her name pronounc'd, and spake :
 Why, graceful Thetis, clad in flowing robes, 580
 Dost thou this palace visit, ever dear
 And ever-honor'd goddess ? Heretofore,
 Not often have we seen thee. Speak thy wish.
 My mind impels me, whatsoe'er it be,
 To grant it, if transcending not my skill, 585
 And possible it be. To whom, with tears,
 Fair Thetis answer'd : Vulcan, is there one,
 Of all the goddesses who dwell in heaven,
 Doom'd to endure such cruel misery
 As Jove, Saturnian king, on me impos'd ? 590
 For me alone, of all the nymphs marine,
 He to a man subjected, made the wife
 Of Peleus, son of Æacus ! The bed
 I suffer'd of a mortal, loth indeed,
 And by compulsion. He, decrepid now 595
 With doleful age, lies helpless in his house,
 And other miseries me attend. A son
 I bore him, whom I bred with anxious care,
 The chief of heroes ! Like a vigorous plant

In fertile ground he flourish'd. When his youth 600
 To manhood grew, I sent him with his ships
 To Ilion, there pernicious war to wage
 Against the Trojans ; but shall never more
 Receive him, home return'd, in Peleus' house.
 Besides, while yet he lives and views the light 605
 Of cheerful day, he mourns, and all my love
 Is unavailing. First a captive maid,
 His prize, allotted by the sons of Greece,
 Their monarch, Agamemnon, took by wrong,
 E'en from his arms ! He, raging with regret, 610
 Pin'd for the maid. Meanwhile, the Trojans drove
 The Achaians to their ships, and hemm'd them in,
 Permitting not escape. The chiefs of Greece
 Implor'd him then, and offer'd many gifts
 Of boundless price: In person, he refus'd 615
 Their ruin to repel, but in his arms
 Patroclus clad, and to the battle sent,^{as}
 With all his warriors. Till the day declin'd,
 The combat rag'd around the Scæan gates ;
 And Ilion, even then, had been destroy'd, 620
 Had not Apollo slain Menœtius' son,
 Whose valiant arm had dreadful feats achiev'd,
 And given the praise to Hector. Therefore now
 I come to thee a suppliant, that thou mayst
 Bestow upon my son, to death soon doom'd, 625
 A shield and helmet ; graceful cuirasses, join'd
 With silver clasps, a splendid cuirass too ;
 For his own armor by his friend was lost
 In fatal combat. Him he mourns, o'erwhelm'd
 With cruel sorrow, grovelling on the ground ! 630
 The skilful architect of heaven replied :
 Be comforted ; permit not cares like these
 Thy quiet to disturb. O that I could,

When cruel fate her victim shall demand,
 Hide him as certainly from horrid death, 635
 As glorious armor he shall soon receive,
 To be admired by all the sons of men !
 This said, he left her there, and to his forge
 Repairing, turn'd his bellows to the fire
 And bade them blow. In twenty furnaces, 640
 Full twenty bellows all, together, blew,
 Breathing whatever blast his work requir'd ;
 Adapted well to his commanding will,
 Gentle or brisk, for heat intense or mild.
 Straight, brass impenetrable, ductile tin, 645
 And precious gold, he cast into the flame,
 With glittering silver ; on its block he fix'd
 The pond'rous anvil ; with his right hand grasp'd
 The huge sledge hammer, with his left the tongs.
 Then first he fram'd the large and solid shield,⁴ 650
 Adorning every part with wond'rous works
 Of rich engraving, and around it plac'd
 A radiant threefold border, glossy white,
 To which a silver baldrick was attach'd,
 A firm supporting brace. Five ample folds 655
 Compos'd that buckler ; many pictures rare,
 His perfect skill upon its surface drew.
 There earth and heaven, there ocean, he display'd,
 The sun unwearied, and the bright full moon ;
 There all the stars, whose beauteous beams adorn 660
 And crown the heavens, as with a diadem ;
 The Pleiads, Hyads, great Orion's strength,
 The brilliant Bear, which some the Wagon call,
 Who, changing not her station, ever views
 Orion, and from ocean's waves exempt, 665
 Alone, among the constellations shines.⁴
 Two beauteous cities, next the god portray'd,

Of various-languag'd men. In one were seen
Gay feasts and weddings. From their chambers came
The lovely brides, attended through the streets 670
With blazing torches, and with joyful songs
Sacred to Hymen. Wheeling circular,
The youthful dancers bounded to the sound
Of flutes and citherns. In the porticos
The women stood, the pleasing scene to view ; 675
But in the forum swarm'd a busy crowd.
Two men contended there ; one claim'd a fine
For murder due ; the other solemnly
Averr'd, before the people, all was paid.
The claimant this denied ; impatient, both 680
Demanded trial by a judge ;^{al} the crowd
Applauded each, as partial favor mov'd.
But heralds still'd the noisy multitude ;
Grave elders sat on seats of polish'd stone,
Within the sacred circle, to decide 685
That contest. In the shrill-tongued heralds' hands
Their sceptres were, which they receiving, rose,
And each his judgment spake. Before them lay
Two golden talents, a reward for him
Who then should justice best administer.^{al} 690
The other city, by two armies, clad
In mail refulgent, was beleaguer'd. They
Debated, whether to destroy it quite,
Or be content among them to divide
Whatever treasures in the beauteous town 695
Should be contain'd. The townsmen yielded not,
But, arm'd for fight, an ambuscade prepar'd.
Upon the wall their wives and infants stood,
Watching the foe ; with them their hoary sires,
Whom age enfeebling from the strife withheld. 700
The warriors march, and at their head appear

Mars and Minerva, both of sculptur'd gold,
 And clad in golden garments, beautiful ;
 Their stature as of gods ; their armor large
 And glorious to the view ; the troop of men 705
 Were more diminutive. Then, at the place
 Intended for their ambush, near a stream
 Where cattle us'd to drink, they sat them down,
 Cover'd with brass resplendent. In a space
 From these apart, two watchful spies observ'd 710
 What time the sheep and kine should thither come.
 They soon approach'd, and in their rear were seen
 Two herdsmen piping pleasantly with reeds,
 Unconscious of the snare. Up-rising, swift,
 The men in ambush intercept those herds 715
 Of stately kine and flocks of snow-white sheep,
 Slaying their herdsmen. By the bellowings loud,
 And cries, alarm'd, the bold besiegers soon
 Their council break and mount their fiery steeds,
 Swift galloping, and bounding o'er the plain. 720
 Soon they arrive, and near the river's brink
 A furious battle fight. There warriors fall
 By mutual wounds ; there Discord horrible
 Is active in the crowd ; there Tumult dire,
 And cruel Fate ! She, unrelenting, held 725
 A wounded man whose vital stream pour'd fast ;
 Another too, a captive yet unhurt ;
 And dragg'd a third, amidst the conflict, dead ;
 Her robe all deeply dyed with human blood !
 The warriors struggling, fought like living men, 730
 And pull'd the slaughter'd bodies to and fro.^{ak}
 He next design'd a freshly-furrow'd field,
 Of deep and fertile soil, and large extent,
 The third time plough'd. Full many ploughmen there,
 Hither and thither teams of oxen drove ; 735

And when the borders of that field they reach'd,
 A man, attending, handed them to drink
 A bowl of cheerful wine : refresh'd they turn'd
 Each to his furrow, eager all to gain
 The farther limit of the deep-soil'd ground. 740
 Behind them, dark the turn'd-up ridges seem'd,
 As truly plough'd, though form'd of molten gold,
 A matchless prodigy of art divine !
 With harvest crown'd another field appear'd,
 Where laborers, with sharp sickles in their hands, 745
 The grain were reaping which the bounteous power
 Of harvests, Eleusinian Ceres, gave.^{al}
 Beside them fell the plenteous sheaves of wheat
 In rows exact, while others bundles made.
 Three binders busy were ; the puny boys 750
 Were seen behind them gathering heaps of sheaves,
 Stretching their little arms to grasp their loads,
 And bring them to the binders. In the midst,
 A monarch with his sceptre, silent stood,^{am}
 The growing heaps surveying with delight ; 755
 And, separate from the rest, beneath an oak,
 His heralds were employ'd about the feast.
 A large fat ox, in honor of the gods,
 Lay slain ; around it they due rites perform'd,
 While for the reapers' supper, women mix'd 760
 White flour of wheat, preparing plenteous bread.
 Next on that shield he drew a vineyard, fair
 And comely, burthen'd heavily with grapes ;
 Golden the vines, with clusters black to view,
 And handsomely arrang'd on silver props. 765
 Around it, too, a shaded ditch was dug,
 And hedge of tin was rais'd ; one only path
 Leaving for gatherers of the grapes to bring
 The vintage home. There slender boys and girls

Of tender age, in wicker-baskets, bore 770
 The fruit delicious ; pleasantly a youth,
 Among them, play'd upon a deep-ton'd harp,
 And to the sounding strings accordant, rais'd
 His shrill, melodious voice.^{an} They, merrily
 Beating the ground, with feet together tim'd, 775
 Singing and shouting, follow'd in a dance.
 There, too, a herd of cattle he engrav'd
 Of gold and tin, with tall majestic heads :
 Lowing, they left their stalls, and rush'd in haste
 To pasture, by a roaring river's side, 780
 Whose rapid current gleam'd, through brakes of reeds,
 Upon its verdant margin. With them went
 Four herdsmen, follow'd by nine active dogs.
 Two dreadful lions in the front appear'd,
 Holding a groaning bull ; him, bellowing loud, 785
 They dragg'd along, by dogs and men pursued,
 And rending, with remorseless fangs, his hide,
 Swallow'd the blood and entrails greedily.
 Vainly the men pursued ; their dogs in vain
 Strove to encourage ; for they dar'd not seize 790
 The grim destroyers, but still stood aloof,
 Though near them, barking while they tore the prey.
 Then in a beauteous vale the power divine,
 A pasture wide of fleecy sheep,^{oo} display'd
 With walks, and cottages, and cover'd folds. 795
 The glorious artist, next a dance engrav'd,
 Of scheme diversified, like that of old
 Invented by the Cretan Dædalus,
 For lovely Ariadne, in the town
 Of Cnossus wide. There sprightly youths, and maids, 800
 Whose beauties might have wealthy dowries gain'd,^{ap}
 Together tripp'd ; each holding, clasp'd in hand,
 His partner's wrist, by her his own held fast ;

The virgins clad in finest linen vests,
 The youths in tunics gay, and glossy smooth, 805
 With lightly-sprinkled oil ; the former crown'd
 With flowery wreaths, the latter deck'd with swords,
 In golden scabbards and bright silver belts.
 Successively they turn'd, with knowing feet,
 Lightly and pleasantly ; as, at his ease, 810
 A potter sitting, proves a new-made wheel,
 With nimble fingers whirling it around ;
 And then again discursive, through their ranks
 They ran with frequent change ; a gazing throng
 Standing around, enjoy'd the lively scene, 815
 Delighted. In the midst, two tumblers show'd
 Their pleasant feats,^{as} and vaulted actively,
 Beginning with a song their sprightly sport.
 Last, on the margin of the labor'd shield
 He pour'd the strength immense of ocean's flood, 820
 Encircling all. The shield of ample size
 Now finish'd, firm and strong, he fashion'd next
 A cuirass, brighter than the burning flame ;^{as}
 A helmet, fitting well the warrior's brows,
 Heavy and large, and beautifully wrought, 825
 And crown'd with many miracles of art !
 Upon its cone the wondrous artist plac'd
 A crest of heavenly gold ! With these he fram'd
 Cuishes of ductile tin ; and, all his work
 Divine complete, the splendid burthen laid 830
 Before fair Thetis, mother of Achilles.
 She, like a swift-wing'd falcon, downward leap'd
 From high Olympus' snowy cliff, the suit
 Of radiant armor bearing to her son.

NOTES.

BOOK XVIII.

^a *Pensive, beside his ships with hoisted sails.* l. 4.

See Pope's note on this passage.

^b *Surmising all that cruel fate had done.* l. 5.

The mournful reflections and anticipations of Achilles, sitting alone, and viewing the field of battle, are very naturally described. When he sees the Greeks retreating in confusion, his fears are awakened, and he conjectures the truth, that his friend has fallen. He then recollects the prophecy formerly communicated to him by his mother, which had before escaped his memory. See Cowper's note.

^c *His mournful tidings told.* l. 23.

The brevity with which Antilochus delivers the dreadful message is worthy of observation. He says precisely what he ought to have said, and no more. His feelings would not permit him to make a long and prolix harangue; he appears overwhelmed with grief, and in broken sentences reluctantly, and with few words, announces what has happened. Homer's judgment is eminently displayed in all this.

^d *A sable cloud of anguish wrapp'd in night*
The hero's senses. l. 29 - 30.

The grief of Achilles could not have been less violent, consistently with his warm and passionate character. The critics, who censure

Homer on this occasion, are so palpably in the wrong, that nothing need be said to refute them.

* ——— *their bosoms smote,*
And fainted on the ground. l. 40 – 1.

The grief of the captive maidens strikingly shows the humane and amiable character of Patroclus, for whom his slaves lamented as for a friend.

† ——— *and all the sea-born goddesses*
Around her flock'd. l. 50 – 2.

This was a puzzling passage to the translator. In the original, there follows here a long string of names of sea-nymphs, to very few of which any epithet is annexed. A literal translation would therefore have been insufferable. Pope has avoided this, by inserting epithets of his own, *ad libitum*, without reference to the signification of the Greek names, and with no ostensible reason. For example, no reason appears for his making “Agave *gentle*, and Amphithoe *gay* ;” “Nesæa *mild*,” “Dexamene *slow*, Dynamene *swift*,” “Janira *black*, and Janassa *fair* ;” none of whom are so described by Homer. As all the Greek names have meanings, I thought it best to investigate those meanings, and apply them, as poetically as I could. With what success I have done this, the reader must judge.

‡ *Amphinome, who feeds great Neptune's flock.* l. 68.

That is, the sea-fish, who may be called his flock. By consulting the Lexicon, the reader will find that the name of Amphinome is compounded of the preposition *ἀμφί*, and the noun *νομή*, pabulum ; Cymodoce may be derived from *κύμα*, fluctus, and *δοκέω*, videor ; Thalia, from *θάλλω*, vireo ; Nesæa, from *νῆσος*, insula ; Speio, from *σπέος*, spelunca ; Cymothoe, from *κύμα*, fluctus, and *θοή*, velox ; Limnoria, from *λίμνη*, stagnum, and *οὔρος*, custos ; Actæa, from *ἀκτῆ*, litus ; Melita, from *μέλι*, mel, or *μέλος*, carmen ; Iæra, from *λαίρω*, exhalare ; Doto, from *δίδωμι*, do ; Proto, from *πρῶτος*, primus ; Callianira, from *κάλλος*, pulchritudo, and *λαίρω*, exhalare ; Doris, from *δώρον*, donum ; Panope, from *πᾶς*, omnis, and *ὄψ*, vox, or *ὄψ*, oculus ; Callianassa, from *κάλλος*, pulchritudo, *λαίρω*, exhalare, and *ἄνασσα*, regina ; Janira, from *λαίρω*, exhalare, or *ἰάομαι*, sano, curo ; Janassa, from the same, with *ἄνασσα*, regina ; Orithya, from

ἔρα, excite, and θύω, sacrifice ; and Amathæa, from ἀμαθός, arena. Glaucæ literally signifies cerulean, or sea-green ; Thoe, swift ; Halia, salt ; Amphithoe, moving swiftly around ; Agave, illustrious, or conspicuous ; Pherusa, one who brings, conveys, or conducts ; Dynamene, powerful ; Dexamene, a receptacle of waters ; Nemertes, true, or honest ; Apsendes, one who never tells a falsehood ; Clymene, one who is heard, or is famous, from κλέω, audio ; Mæra, a star, from μάλρω, luceo. Galatæa may be derived from γάλα, milk ; but Homer gives her the epithet of ἀγανκλειτή, inclyta, or renowned ; probably because she was much celebrated, or had many worshippers. He calls Halia βοῶπις, or fine-eyed, and Amathæa εὐπλόκαμος, or the nymph with beautiful tresses ; and these are all the epithets he has given on this occasion ; the names being, of themselves, sufficiently expressive.

^b *Wretch that I am ! ill-fated.* l. 88.

Such language as this sounds very strangely from the mouth of a goddess ; but the heathen described their deities as subject to many of the passions and sorrows of human beings.

ⁱ ——— *All now has been fulfill'd*

By mighty Jove, according to thy prayer. l. 111 – 12.

The moral intended to be inculcated by the poem is here apparent. The cruel revengeful prayer of Achilles was fully granted, yet became the means of making him exceedingly miserable ; for if the Greeks had not been distressed, (as he desired,) his friend, Patroclus, would not have gone to their assistance, and would not have been slain.

^k *Ah ! may fell discord perish utterly.* l. 156.

One would think there could hardly be a better lesson against indulging excessive anger, than this mournful exclamation and acknowledgment of Achilles ! Such is always the fate of passionate men ; repentance and sorrow are the inevitable fruits of unrestrained wrath and revenge.

^l *But now the Trojans have thy glorious arms.* l. 188.

A question has been asked, why could not Achilles put on the armor of Patroclus, since that hero had worn his ? The answer is

obvious, that although a smaller man might well wear the arms of a larger, it does not follow that the larger could those of the smaller. Achilles was evidently superior in stature to Patroclus, and equal even to Ajax Telamon. See post, l. 264-5.

^m ——— *The silver-footed dame.* l. 206.

Thetis was called silver-footed, either because her feet were as white as silver, or because she wore silver sandals. So horses were called brazen-footed, from their being shod with brass; and their manes were golden, being of the color of gold.

ⁿ *Apart from Jove, and all the powers of heaven.* l. 234.

Juno, it seems, not knowing the intention of Jupiter, that the body of Patroclus should be rescued from the Trojans, sent Iris secretly to persuade Achilles to go forth to the field, and thus accomplished her husband's will, at the very time she was endeavoring to counteract what she supposed it to be.

^o *Upon a stake, sad spectacle of shame!* l. 246.

What Iris here says, concerning Hector's design to mutilate and insult the remains of Patroclus, may serve to account, in some measure, for the outrages afterwards perpetrated by Achilles upon the lifeless body of Hector.

^p *She spake, and vanish'd; straight Achilles rose.* l. 276.

The scene which follows is worked up with all the splendor of the poet's genius. The terrible character of Achilles is exalted, by the marvellous assistance of Minerva, (who, it seems, was let into the secret by Juno,) in such manner as to account rationally for the panic-fear of the Trojans. The shouts of Achilles induced them to think he was coming against them with fresh forces; for they knew not that he was destitute of another suit of armor. The light which appeared from his head was probably that of a torch, intended to deceive them, by resembling the blazing of his helmet, for which they might easily take it, when indistinctly seen at a distance, and about sunset. This stratagem of Achilles the poet ascribes to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom.

^q *Th' unweary'd Sun, still lingering in the west.* l. 336.

Here terminates a day which commenced at the beginning of Book

XI., and, from its many great events, appears uncommonly long, though all might easily have happened within the compass of one midsummer day. The sun's being said to set unwillingly, is only a poetical way of describing the tardiness with which his setting seemed to come to the Greeks, fatigued with such a tedious and laborious battle.

* *For they had seen Achilles ! and the time*

Since he abstain'd from deadly fight was long. l. 336 - 7.

Pope and Cowper (following Eustathius) both suppose that, in reality, Achilles had been absent from the field of battle a few days only ; but in this they appear to be mistaken. True it is, that only sixteen days had elapsed since his quarrel with Agamemnon ; but it should be recollected that, prior to that quarrel, no engagement had taken place between the two armies for a considerable time ; the Trojans remaining cooped within their walls, and the Greeks inactive in their camp.

* ——— *Should he, arm'd for fight,*

Find us to-morrow here. l. 363 - 4.

Pope observes that this passage is objectionable, because Polydamas " knew that Achilles' armor was won by Hector, and must also have known that no other man's armor would fit him." But it may be asked, how could Polydamas know that Achilles had no more than one suit of armor ; or, if he had but one, that the many smiths, accompanying so large an army as that of the Greeks, could not make him a new suit in one night ? Surely, the most natural conclusion for Polydamas was, that Achilles, the champion of the Greeks, would be furnished by them with arms ; and this, without supposing that application would be made to Vulcan for that purpose. The fiction of Homer, that new arms were made for him by that god, was introduced, not through necessity, but for the sake of the marvellous, and to adorn the poem with the description of the wonderful works of Vulcan. Poetically, too, works done by smiths on earth were ascribed to Vulcan, their great master above.

* *This night, in council, we may well provide*

For strength and safety. l. 371 - 2.

The words in the original are, *Νύκτα μὲν εἰν ἀγορῇ σθένος ἔξομαρ,*

which Cowper, I think, very strangely translates, "here assembled we will hold the host all night." For what purpose the Trojan army was to be kept assembled all night in the field, not far from the ships, when it was intended that "early on the morrow they should stand, all arm'd, on Ilium's towers," seems not easy to be discovered.

^u *And give it, to be shared among the troops.* l. 411.

"This noble and generous proposal is worthy of Hector, and at the same time very artful, to ingratiate himself with the soldiers." — Pope.

^v *The sound of dreadful battle shall not me
Intimidate.* l. 417 – 18.

That is, "the sound of battle, which is so terrible to you, Polydamas, is not so to me."

^w *Mars, common friend of warriors, help affords
To all alike.* l. 431 – 2.

So Livy says: "*Communis Mars, et incertus belli eventus.*"

^x ——— *By Minerva were they, thus,
Of sense bereft.* l. 424 – 5.

See ante, note ^b to Book II. l. 238.

^y *Ah! surely fruitless was the word, ill-weigh'd.* l. 443.

See Mr. Pope's note on this passage. But it does not seem that Achilles flattered himself sometimes, that his own fate might be changed. He had only entertained a hope that Patroclus might survive him, and return happily home. See Book XIX. l. 432 – 3.

^z *Twelve sons of noble Trojans I will slay
Upon thy funeral pile.* l. 460 – 1.

The savage barbarity of this vow of Achilles, which afterwards was executed, strikes every reader with horror. Nothing can render it sufferable, but the violent and vindictive character of this hero. Homer, in Book XXIII., expresses his disapprobation of this act of cruelty, saying, *καὶ δὲ φρεσὶ μὴδετο ἔργα*. Yet Virgil, injudi-

ciously, describes the pious *Æneas* doing the like, at the funeral of *Pallas* ! — *Æn.* XI. l. 81.

^a ——— *why, then, should not I.* l. 500.

So *Juno*, in the *Æneid*, says :

Aut ego, quæ Divum incedo regina, &c. — *Æn.* I. l. 50.

^b *With skill miraculous ; for golden wheels
Were added to their feet.* l. 512 – 13.

These tripods were evidently *automata*, moved by secret springs, in the nature of clock-work. From this it follows, that such works of art were known in *Homer's* time, or that his genius enabled him to perceive the possibility of improvements not yet accomplished, and, therefore, to ascribe such astonishing performances to *Vulcan*, the great inventor of arts.

^c *To meet her Charis ran.* l. 523.

“ The commentators observe, that grace and beauty being required in all works of art, *Vulcan*, therefore, has two wives, respectively the patronesses and dispensers of those properties ; *Charis*, of grace, (which her name signifies) and *Venus*, of beauty.” — *Cowper*.

^d *Two golden damsels, like two living girls
In beauty's bloom.* l. 572 – 3.

The poet, by giving these *automata* not only the power of motion, but sense, thought, speech, and knowledge, makes them, indeed, miraculous works, which none but a god could accomplish. For the allegorical meaning, according to *Heraclides*, of what *Homer* says concerning *Vulcan*, see *Pope's* note. But it is not easy to understand why the god of fire is said to have fallen into the sea, and there to have been preserved by *Thetis* and *Eurynome*. Perhaps this fable was suggested by knowledge of the fact, that volcanoes have sometimes risen from the ocean. *Homer* seems to have been aware of the existence of sub-marine fires, or vapors, which he supposed were the cause of earthquakes, as is evident by the epithet “ earth-shaking,” so often applied by him to *Neptune*. It appears that he mentions two different occasions on which *Vulcan* was thrown from heaven. See ante, Book I. l. 761.

" ——— *In person, he refus'd
Their ruin to repel, but in his arms
Patroclus clad, and to the battle sent.* l. 615 – 17.

See the observations of Eustathius, quoted by Pope.

" *Then first he fram'd the large and solid shield.* l. 650.

The shield of Achilles, in describing which the fertility of Homer's genius so eminently appears, is a subject of much controversy among the critics; some of whom insist that there could not be space sufficient on its surface for the many figures engraven upon it. But the futility of this objection is fully demonstrated by Pope, in his excellent remarks on the shield of Achilles.

" *Alone, among the constellations shines.* l. 686.

Strabo, in the beginning of his first book, says: "Under the name of the Bear and the Wagon, Homer comprehends all the arctic circle, for, there being several other stars in that circle which never set, he could not say that the Bear was the only one which did not bathe itself in the ocean; wherefore those are deceived who accuse the poet of ignorance, as if he knew one Bear only, when there are two, for the lesser was not distinguished in his time. The Phenicians were the first who observed it, and made use of it in their navigation, and the figure of that sign passed from them to the Greeks. The same thing happened in regard to the constellation of Berenice's Hair, and that of Canopus, which received those names very lately; and (as Aratus says well) there are several other stars which have no names."

" ——— *impatient, both
Demanded trial by a judge.* l. 680 – 1.

In the original the words are, —

"Αυτῶ δ' ἐσθθην ἐπὶ ἰστορί πειραρ ἐλίσθαι.

Cowper translates them, —

" And each, producing witnesses, appear'd
Impatient for th' award."

Pope, in like manner, has it, —

" The witness is produc'd on either hand."

But Aristotle (*De Repub.* lib. 9,) says, that the word *forops*, here used by Homer, signifies a judge, or man excelling others in knowledge and wisdom.

²¹ *Two golden talents, a reward for him*

Who then should justice best administer. l. 689 – 90.

It does not appear by whom this premium to the judge who gave the best opinion, was to be awarded. Probably the bystanders were to adjudge it, by a plurality of voices. If such was the rule, popular prejudice, no doubt, frequently determined the comparative merits of the judges very incorrectly. Mr. Pope (rather satirically and ludicrously) describes “the reverend elders nodding o’er the case,” though no such idea is found in Homer!

²² *The warriors struggling, fought like living men,*

And pull’d the slaughter’d bodies to and fro. l. 730 – 1.

Cowper, fancifully, supposes that these figures were endued with actual motion, when it is evident that the poet is only describing, in his daring manner, the wonderful expression of the picture, which gave to the figures represented upon it the appearance of life.

²³ *The grain were reaping which the bounteous power*

Of harvests, Eleusinian Ceres, gave. l. 746 – 7.

I have translated here a line, which seems to be Homer’s, being quoted by Eustathius as belonging to this place, viz. :

Καρόν ’Ελευσινίης Δημήτρεος ἀγλαοδώρου.

²⁴ ————— *In the midst,*

A monarch with his sceptre, silent stood. l. 753 – 4.

This passage is an evidence of the simple manners of ancient times, when a king did not think it beneath him to superintend the gathering in of his harvest. Pope has not expressed this idea fully, when he says, “the rustic monarch of the field;” and Cowper has omitted it altogether. Homer plainly means not a common land-owner, (who may, it is true, be called a monarch in his own field,) but a real king, as is evident from his having heralds to attend him; which circumstance Pope and Cowper omit.

²⁰ *And to the sounding strings accordant, rais'd
His shrill, melodious voice.* l. 773 - 4.

The words of Homer are, —

——— *λινον δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἀείδεν
Ἀεπταλέη φωνῇ.*

Which Pope renders, —

“ Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings.”

But although Pausanias (in his *Bæotics*) supposes this passage to allude to a song in honor of Linus, we may well ask, with Clarke, how could the subject of the song be painted on the shield! The word *λινον*, signifies a string, and the meaning of Homer is plain and obvious. Cowper also translates it as I have done.

²¹ *A pasture wide of fleecy sheep.* l. 794.

The contrast is very pleasing, between this peaceful scene and the terrible images just described. In like manner, previously, the cheerful picture of the wedding is contrasted with the turbulent controversy relating to the fine for murder, and that again with the solemnity of the court of justice, &c. See Mr. Pope's division of the shield of Achilles into its several parts, in which he skilfully explains the whole, as containing twelve separate pictures.

²² *Whose beauties might have wealthy dowries gain'd.* l. 801.

Such is the meaning of the word *ἀλφεισίβοιαι*, according to the Lexicon of Schrevelius.

²³ ——— *In the midst, two tumblers show'd
Their pleasant feats.* l. 816 - 17.

Cowper translates the lines, —

——— *δοῦν δὲ κυβιστηγῆρε κατ' αὐτοὺς
Μολπῆς ἐξάρχοντες, ἐδίνεον κατὰ μέσσους.*

——— “ two, the leading pair, their heads
With graceful inclination bowing oft,
Passed swift between them, and began the song.”

How the words of Homer can be capable of this meaning, I am not able to discover. Pope renders them as I do.

²² *A cuirass, brighter than the burning flame.* l. 823.

The poet, having so particularly described the shield, passes over the rest of the armor briefly, to avoid being tedious, especially as he had been so particular in Book XI. in describing the cuirass of Agamemnon.

It may be proper here to remark, that the impenetrability of the armor made by Vulcan was not known to Achilles. See post, Book XX. l. 360, where the poet takes care to tell us this, that the hero's reputation for courage might not be tarnished, by his knowing that he fought with so great an advantage over his enemies.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

The reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

AURORA, now, in saffron robe array'd,
Rose o'er the waves of ocean, light to bring
To mortal men and ever-living gods ;
When Thetis to the navy came, the gift
Of Vulcan bearing. Her beloved son 5
She found in tears, Patroclus' dreary corse
Embracing and bemoaning. Many friends
Around him weeping stood. Among them shone
The power divine. His hand she clasp'd, and said :
My son, though sorrowing, let us now permit 10
This lifeless body undisturb'd to lie ;
Since heaven's high will has laid it low in death.
But thou receive from Vulcan glorious arms
Of passing beauty, such as never man
Before has worn. So saying, on the ground 15
She dropp'd them at his feet. The shining arms
With rattling clangor sounded as they fell,
And struck with terror all the Myrmidons.
That awful splendor none endur'd, nor dar'd
To look upon, but all affrighted fled ! 20
Not so Achilles !^a He, the more he gaz'd,

Was fir'd the more with wrath. His eyes, beneath
His frowning brows, like flames terrific glar'd ;
And joy possess'd him, while he held and view'd
The glorious present of the god. At length, 25
Sate with gazing at the beauteous scenes,
By wond'rous skill upon those arms portray'd,
He thus, with swift-wing'd words, to Thetis spake :
Truly, my mother, Vulcan has bestow'd
Such armor as displays the work of gods, 30
And not of mortal man ! I now will arm ;
But horribly I dread that flies impure,^b
Admitted through the wounds which brazen darts
Inflicted on Menœtius' mighty son,
May worms engender and defile the dead ; 35
For life is gone, and putrid he may be.
To him replied the silver-footed dame :
My son, let thoughts like these distress thee not.
My care it shall be, to repel from him
The loathsome armies of vexatious flies 40
That feed on warriors slain. Should he abide
Till the full circle of the year revolv'd,
His flesh should sound remain, or e'en improv'd ;
But thou, thy wrath against the king of men
Renounc'd before th' assembled chiefs of Greece, 45
Arm thee for combat, and thy might resume.
This said, the goddess in his bosom breath'd
Heroic ardor ; she ambrosia shed,
And nectar in the nostrils of the slain,^c
To keep the flesh untainted, firm and sound. 50
Divine Achilles to the sea-beat shore
Proceeded, shouting terribly, and rous'd
Achaia's heroes. At the navy, then,
Not one remain'd ; e'en those who erst were left,
When others march'd to battle, all came forth ; 55

Pilots and steersmen, cooks and stewards too,
Thronging, increas'd the countless multitude !
For great Achilles now appear'd again ;
And long had he been absent from the fight !
But two brave ministers of Mars approach'd 60
With falt'ring footsteps ; Diomed the strong,
And wise Ulysses, leaning on their spears ;
For still they suffer'd much by painful wounds ;
Yet came they, and took seats among the first.
But last was Agamemnon, king of men,^d 65
Enduring anguish, from the recent wound
Which Coon's brazen lance in battle dealt.
When all that num'rous concourse was complete,
Achilles swift of foot, arising, spake :
Atrides ! better surely this had been 70
For thee and me, before, inflam'd with wrath
By soul-corroding discord, for a girl
We rashly strove ! Ah ! would that Dian's shaft
Had slain her at the ships that fatal day °
When I receiv'd her from Lyrnessus' spoils. 75
Then had not many of Achaia's sons
Bitten the ground, in agonies of death,
Throughout yon wide-spread field, by hostile hands
Laid prostrate, while pernicious wrath detain'd
My prowess from the combat, yielding joy 80
To Hector and the Trojans. Long, indeed,
Will Greece the memory of our strife retain.
These evils now, afflicted as we are,
We must endure, as not to be revok'd ;
Subduing, through necessity, our hearts 85
Swelling with sorrow. Now, then, I renounce
My wrath ; for it beseems me not t' indulge
Perpetual rage, implacable. But thou
Excite the Greeks to arms without delay ;

That speedily the Trojans I may prove, 90
 Whether another night they will maintain
 Their camp so near our fleet. Of them, I trust
 Whatever warrior from the burning fight,
 And my resistless javelin shall escape,
 With joy will bend his wearied knees to rest. 95
 He said ; the mail-clad Greeks their joy proclaim'd
 With loud applause, that thus the great of soul,
 Achilles, had renounc'd his direful wrath.
 Then also Agamemnon, king of men,
 Among them spake, but standing near his throne, 100
 Not stepping forth amidst the crowd. O friends,
 Heroes of Greece and ministers of Mars !
 To hear the man who rises to address you,
 And not to interrupt him, right requires.
 E'en to the most experienc'd orator, 105
 Hard is the task such hindrance to surmount.
 For how can any hear, or utterance find
 Amidst a noisy and tumultuous throng ?
 A speaker's voice, though loud and clear, is lost
 In uproar and confusion. Now, the truth 110
 I will distinctly show to Peleus' son.
 Ye Argives, listen all, attentively,
 My words to weigh and fully understand.
 Already have I heard the same complaint,
 Repeated often by Achaia's host, 115
 Who load me with reproaches ; but know ye
 That I was not to blame, but Jove and Fate,
 And dark Erinnys from the realms of night,
 Who, in your public meeting, on the day
 When I depriv'd Achilles of his prize, 120
 Suggested to my mind that horrid ill.
 What could I do ? all things proceed from Jove.
 His daughter Ate, stern and terrible,^a

Destructive pest, who injury does to all,
 Is light of foot ; for never to the ground 125
 Does she approach, but walks upon the heads
 Of mortals, bruising them with heavy woes ;
 And one, at least, she catches in her net
 Whenever two contend. She once distress'd
 E'en Jove himself ; Jove, whom of men and gods 130
 We deem the greatest. Juno, by her wiles,
 A female though she is, deceiv'd the god,
 When in the Theban city, girded well
 With lofty walls, Alcmena to the birth
 Was soon to bring the strength of Hercules. 135
 Then Jove, exulting, spake among the gods :
 Hear, all ye gods and all ye goddesses,
 What now my mind impels me to proclaim.
 This day, Ilithya, minister of births,
 Will bring to light a man, ordain'd to rule 140
 O'er all his neighbors ; of the sacred seed
 Of heroes, who from me their birth derive.
 To him, with fraudulent purpose, Juno spake :
 Fallacious is thy promise ; not, indeed,
 To be fulfill'd ; but if, Olympian Jove, 145
 This word be certain, pledge thy solemn oath,
 That he in truth shall all his neighbors rule,
 (Whoe'er he be) of thy celestial seed,
 That shall be born to-day. The goddess said ;
 And Jove, suspecting not her subtle scheme, 150
 Pronounc'd his awful oath,¹ to him the cause
 Of many sorrows. She with rapid flight
 Olympus' summit left, and soon arriv'd
 At Argos in Achaia, where she knew
 The wife of Sthenelus her seventh month 155
 Of pregnancy had gone. Her son to light
 She brought before the months had run their round ;

But stay'd Alcmena's labor, and withheld
Th' Ilithyæ from their task. Announcing then
Th' event with triumph, thus to Jove she said : 160
Now, father Jove, by whom red lightnings blaze,
I to thy mind recall a word of thine.
The mighty man is born whose sovereign power
Shall Argos rule : Eurystheus is his name,
And Sthenelus his sire, from Perseus sprung, 165
Thy own celestial seed : therefore, it well
Becomes him to be Argos' potent lord.
As thus she spake, with sorrow most intense
And deep regret, the king of gods was smitten.
That instant from his head sublime, adorn'd 170
With graceful locks resplendent, in his wrath
He Ate snatch'd, and swore a dreadful oath
That never, to Olympus' happy seats
And heaven's starry cope, that cause of woe
To the whole universe should come again. 175
This said, he threw her from the starry sky,
Toss'd round and round, and hither soon she came,
To meddle with the troubled ways of men.
The god incessantly her work deplor'd,
While he beheld his fav'rite offspring doom'd 180
To shameful slavery and oppressive toils,
By stern Eurystheus. So also I,
When mighty Hector, ruler of the war,
Slaughter'd Achaia's heroes at their ships,
Could not escape the stroke of Ate's hand, 185
Whose cruel influence all that mischief caus'd.
Now, (since this evil I have done, bereft
Of judgment by the sire supreme,) in turn
I wish to make atonement, and will give
Presents of boundless price ; but thou arise 190
To battle, and excite our troops to arms.

All shall be thine, the treasures offer'd thee
 By sage Ulysses, in thy tent before.
 Or stay a moment, if it please thee now
 Ardent for battle ; my attendants soon 195
 Shall bring those presents, that thyself may see
 How much I give thy friendship to regain.
 To whom the swift Achilles : Glorious son
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men ;
 Be it with thee those presents to provide 200
 (As right to thee appears,) or to retain.^k
 Now, let us think of nothing but the fight
 Without delay ; for it behooves us not
 To waste our time in words, or loiter here,
 Leaving unfinish'd so that mighty work 205
 Which fate assigns us. Let thy Greeks again
 Behold Achilles in the battle's front,
 With brazen javelin slaught'ring far and wide
 Whole squadrons of the foe ; that all may learn,
 By his example, how to wage the war. 210
 To him, Ulysses, for wise counsel fam'd :
 Godlike Achilles ! valiant as thou art,
 Impel not thus Achaia's sons to fight
 Their warlike foes without repast ;^l for short
 The combat will not be, when heroes bold 215
 Encount'ring heroes, in fierce conflict join,
 And gods auxiliar strength and rage inspire.
 But bid th' Achaians at their navy take
 Refection sweet of generous food and wine ;
 For courage thence, and warlike prowess spring. 220
 Without refreshment no man can sustain
 The toil of battle till the sun descend ;
 For, ardent though his mind for combat be,
 His weary members secretly will feel
 The weight of thirst and hunger, and his knees 225

Will fail him in the march ; but, well supplied
With wine and meat, he stoutly fights the foe
Throughout the day laborious ; strong abides
His valiant heart, and firm his active limbs ;
Till from the finish'd contest all return. 230

Now, then, dismiss the troops, commanding all
With speed to take repast ; but let the king,
Great Agamemnon, hither, in the sight
Of all the Greeks, his presents bring ; that all
May just atonement see completely made, 235
And thy great heart be solac'd. Standing now
Among his Argives, let him swear to thee
That he has never touch'd Briseis' bed.

Then placid be thy mind, the wrong aton'd ;
And let him entertain thee in his tent 240
With royal splendor ; that of due amends
No circumstance be wanting. Henceforth thou,
Atrides, will of equity and right

More mindful be ; for 'tis no shame a king
Should make amends when guilty of a wrong. 245
To whom the monarch : With delight thy words,
Son of Laertes, I have heard, for all
Correctly hast thou stated and enjoin'd.

The solemn oath, for so my conscience bids,
Freely I take, nor will that oath be false. 250
But let Achilles' ardor be controll'd,
Till this at least be done. Here all remain
Assembled, till the presents from my tents
Hither be brought, and we the compact firm

Of friendship ratify. Ulysses, thee 255
This duty I assign ; do thou select,
Of all Achaia's offspring, noblest youths,
To bring the presents ; whatsoever gifts
We promis'd yesternight, forgetting not

The captive dames. Talthybius, from the camp 260
 A victim boar provide, to mighty Jove,
 And to the sun all-seeing, to be slain.
 Achilles, swift of foot, this answer gave :
 Most noble Agamemnon, king of men,
 Surely ye might some other time prefer 265
 For cares like these, when we from battle find
 Some intermission, and my mournful breast
 With martial fury less intensely burns.
 But now all gor'd with wounds and unaveng'd
 Our heroes lie, whom Hector, Priam's son, 270
 Subdued when Jove to him the glory gave.
 Ye urge the troops to feasting ; I prefer
 To rouse them to the combat instantly,
 With fast unbroken, reckless of repast ;
 But with the setting sun, I would provide 275
 A plenteous banquet for them when our arms
 Have wip'd our shame away. Till then no drink
 Or food shall pass my lips ; my friend is dead !
 He, gash'd by Trojan javelins, lies outstretch'd
 In my pavilion ; to the door his feet 280
 Are pointed,^a and his comrades round him weep.
 For this, no thoughts engage my troubled mind,
 But slaughter, blood, and groans of dying men !
 To whom Ulysses wisely thus replied :
 O first of heroes, Peleus's mighty son, 285
 Thy strength and warlike prowess far transcend
 What I can claim,^o but thee I much surpass
 In prudence ; for before thee I was born,
 And more experience boast. Then let thy heart,
 Swelling with grief, by my advice be sway'd. 290
 Soon must the minds of mortals satiate be
 With cruel warfare, by whose brazen scythe
 Stubble, profusely falling, hides the ground,

But small indeed the harvest is of grain,^p
 When Jove has turn'd his scales ; Jove, who allots 295
 Exclusively to men the fruits of war.
 'Tis not by abstinence Achaia's sons
 Should mourn the dead ; for many heroes fall
 Daily in battle ; how, then, could we find
 A respite, if for each we kept a fast ? 300
 The dead should be committed to the tomb,
 And sorrow claims a day of tears and woe ;
 But the survivors of the bloody fray
 Should not neglect what human frailty craves ;
 That so the more courageously we may, 305
 In stubborn brass array'd, incessantly
 Maintain the contest. Now let none expect
 Another signal.^a Woe will be to him,
 Who, loitering at the navy, stays behind ;
 Let all, with force united, rushing forth 310
 Against the Trojans, fiery Mars excite.
 He said, and for attendants chose the sons
 Of glorious Nestor ; Phyleus' offspring, too,
 Brave Meges, Thoas, Merion, Lycomed,
 Of Creon's race, with Melanippus. They 315
 To Agamemnon's royal tent repair'd.
 Then instantly, e'en as the word was said,
 The work was done ; seven tripods forth they bring,
 As promis'd ; twenty caldrons, beamy bright,
 And twelve swift coursers ; seven female slaves, 320
 Lovely in form, and skill'd in costly works ;
 With these, the eighth, Briseis, beautiful,
 With rosy cheeks. Ulysses led the way,
 Bearing ten golden talents fully told.
 Achaia's noble youths attendant bore 325
 The other presents. In the centre these
 They plac'd of all th' assembled multitude.

Then Agamemnon rose. Talthybius stood
 Beside him, sacred herald, who in voice
 A god resembled, holding with strong hand 330
 The bristly boar. Atrides drew a knife,
 Which near his sword's broad scabbard always hung,
 And, clipping first the victim's hair, to Jove,
 With hands uplifted, pray'd ; while all the Greeks
 Sat silent, listening till their king should speak, 335
 As reverence due demanded. Having pray'd,
 He, looking upward to the vault of heaven,
 His solemn oath pronounc'd : Be witness, Jove,
 Greatest and best of gods ; thou, earth and sun,
 And ye, black furies, who in realms below, 340
 Vindictive, punish men who falsely swear ;
 I never, on Briseis, laid my hands,
 By love induc'd, or any other cause ;
 But in my tent, untouch'd and undefil'd,
 She ever has remain'd. If, in the least, 345
 This oath be false, may angry gods inflict
 Those numerous woes on me, to which they doom
 The wretch who dares foul perjury commit.
 He said ; and with the ruthless weapon, gash'd
 The victim's throat. Talthybius to the depth 350
 Of ocean's gulf immense the carcass threw,
 Whirl'd round and round, to be the food of fish.
 But swift Achilles, rising, spake again
 Among the warlike Argives : Father Jove !
 Truly on men great evils thou hast brought !^a 355
 Else Atreus' son commotion in my breast
 Had never rais'd, nor taken from my arms
 The maid against my will : but, doubtless, Jove
 Decreed that many Greeks should perish thus.
 Now go ye to repast, that soon we may 360
 The battle join. So saying, he dissolv'd

The speedy concourse. They, dispersing all,
 Each to his tent repair'd. The Myrmidons
 Receiv'd the royal presents, and convey'd
 To great Achilles' ship; some in his tent 365
 They stow'd, and seated there the captive maids.
 The stately coursers to the stud they drove.
 Briseis then, like golden Venus bright
 In heavenly charms, when she Patroclus saw,
 Mangled with ghastly wounds and pale in death, 370
 Upon him, shrieking fell, and tore her breast,
 Her tender neck, and face divinely fair;
 And thus the maid, in form a goddess, cried,
 Lamenting: Ah! Patroclus, dearest friend
 To my afflicted heart! When from this tent 375
 I parted, here, in bloom of health and strength,
 I left thee; now, returning, find thee cold,
 O prince of men! Thus, always woe with me,
 Succeeds to woe! The man to whom my sire
 And honor'd mother gave me, I beheld 380
 Before my city slain. Three brethren, too,
 Whom the same hapless mother bore with me,
 Kind and belov'd, were all in one sad day
 To slaughter doom'd! Then didst thou kindly check
 My flowing tears, when swift Achilles slew 385
 My husband, and destroy'd my native town,
 The town of godlike Mynes. Thou didst say
 That I should be divine Achilles' first
 And only bride; that he would bring me hence
 To Phthia, and our nuptials celebrate 390
 Among the Myrmidons. I therefore weep,
 Ah! never to be comforted! for thee,
 Who always wast benevolent and kind!
 So mourn'd the weeping fair one; while the rest
 Her groans reëchoed, seeming to bewail 395

Patroclus, but in truth their own hard fate.²
 Meanwhile, the chiefs around Achilles strove
 Persuasively, to move him food to take ;
 But, sighing, he refus'd : I pray my friends,
 If any who love me will my wishes grant, 400
 Request me not with meat or drink to cheer
 My aching heart ; for sorrow too intense
 Has come upon me. Till the sun goes down,
 I will continue thus, and bear it all.
 So saying, he dismiss'd the other kings ; 405
 But the two sons of Atreus with him staid,
 Divine Ulysses, royal Idomen,
 Nestor and Phœnix, old equestrian chiefs,
 Endeavoring still to soothe his mournful soul ;
 But nought his grief abated, till he rush'd 410
 Within the bloody jaws of horrid war.
 With recollections sad his bosom heav'd,⁷
 And, deeply groaning, thus the hero spake :
 Thou too, ill-fated, dearest of my friends,
 Didst heretofore thyself before me place 415
 Th' inviting banquet, early in our tent,
 With diligence and care, what time the Greeks
 Were hastening to the field ; but, fallen now,
 Thou liest dead, and fasting I remain,
 Regretting thee ; for nothing worse than this 420
 I could have suffer'd, even had I heard
 Of my dear father's death, (who now, perhaps,
 In Phthia sheds for me a tender tear,
 Of such a son depriv'd, while far remote
 I wage, for hateful Helen, cruel war ;) 425
 Or that my son, who now, in Scyros' isle,
 Is educated, if my godlike boy,
 My Neoptolemus, be still alive.
 Till now my hope has been, a cheering hope,

Delightful to my heart, that only I 430
 Would perish here in Troas, distant far
 From Argos steed-renown'd ; that thou, my friend,
 To Phthia wouldst return, and bring for me,
 My son from Scyros, in thy sable ship ;
 That, with a parent's fondness, thou to him 435
 Wouldst all I left and had acquir'd display ;
 My large domain, my captives, and my house
 Magnificent with lofty towering roof !
 For aged Peleus, now into the tomb
 Has sunk, or pines away in hopeless grief, 440
 The scanty remnant of his doleful days,
 Decrepid, tremulous, expecting still
 To hear the dismal tidings of my death.
 So spake the chief with tears. The princes all
 Return'd him groan for groan, rememb'ring each 445
 Dear objects of affection, left at home.
 [Them thus disconsolate, Saturnius saw,
 With pity touch'd, and speedy words forthwith
 Address'd to Pallas : Daughter, hast thou quite
 Forsaken one who merits all thy care ? 450
 Hast thou, indeed, forgotten great Achilles ?
 See, at his tall-prow'd ship, the hero sits,
 Mourning his friend belov'd ; the rest are gone
 To take refreshment, he refuses food,
 Though needful, and continues fasting still. 455
 Go thou, into his warlike breast infuse
 Nectar and sweet ambrosia, food of gods,
 That meagre want may not his might subdue.
 So saying, he despatch'd Minerva, prompt
 And willing ere he spake. She, like a bird, 460
 Of broadest wing, and shrill, obstreperous note,
 The ravenous osprey,* sprang, with downward flight,
 Through boundless ether. For the field, meanwhile,

The Greeks were arming through their wide-spread camp.
 She soon infus'd into Achilles' breast, 465
 Nectar and sweet ambrosia,^{aa} food of gods,
 That wasting want might not debilitate
 His knees in combat. To th' eternal dome
 Of her almighty father, she return'd ;
 While they to battle pour'd from all their ships. 470
 As when from Jove on high thick-driving snows
 Fly forth, on Boreas' cold ethereal wing,
 So dense, the burnish'd helms, the bossy shields,
 Strong concave cuirasses, and ashen spears,
 By heroes brandish'd, from the fleet came forth. 475
 To heaven their splendors flam'd ; and all around,
 Earth laugh'd, with dazzling light^{ab} of radiant arms.
 The sound of trampling warriors echo'd wide.
 Achilles in the midst, his limbs array'd
 In armor.^{ac} Trembling with impatient rage, 480
 His rattling teeth resounded ; like two fires
 His eyeballs shone ; intolerable grief
 Possess'd his heart ; and, threat'ning death to Troy,
 He takes in haste the god's resplendent boon,
 Celestial arms, by Vulcan's labor made ! 485
 First, on his legs the polish'd greaves he drew,
 With silver clasps adorn'd ; upon his breast
 The cuirass girded next, and by his side
 Suspended, radiant in its brazen sheath,
 The silver-studded sword. His arm sustain'd 490
 The broad and solid buckler, beaming bright
 Far distant, like the moon's unclouded orb.
 As, on the darkly-rolling deep a light
 Appears to sailors, gleaming o'er the main,
 From some lone watchtower, on a mountain's brow, 495
 Where fires are blazing high, in night's dark hour,
 While they, by tempests, through loud-roaring waves,

Far from their friends reluctantly are driven ;
 So, from Achilles' shield, bright, finely wrought,
 Effulgence rose to heaven ! Uplifting then, 500
 He plac'd the pond'rous helmet on his head ;
 The pond'rous helmet, with its beauteous crest,
 Gleam'd like a star ! Above it, sparkling, wav'd
 Profusely, hairs of gold, by Vulcan set !
 Now clad in arms, the godlike hero tried 505
 Whether his new-made armor fitted well,
 And gave free motion to his graceful limbs.
 Easy and buoyant, they like pinions seem'd
 To lift him from the ground with airy spring.
 Then, from its case, he drew his father's spear, 510
 Huge, heavy, strong, which not another Greek
 But fierce Achilles only knew to wield ;
 The Pelian ash, which, for his warlike sire,
 From Pelion's lofty summit, Chiron fell'd,
 To be the death of heroes ! Last his steeds, 515
 Automedon and Alcimus attending,
 Join'd to the car ; with harness beautiful
 Arraying ; in their fiery mouths they plac'd
 The bridle's curb, and drew the flowing reins
 Behind them, reaching to the chariot's seat. 520
 Seizing the splendid scourge, Automedon,
 Impetuous, leap'd into his place. In rear,
 Achilles mounted, bright in all his arms,
 With glories dazzling like the rising sun !
 Then, loudly thus and terribly, he gave 525
 Stern exhortation to his father's steeds : ^{ad}
 Xanthus and Balus, offspring far-renown'd
 Of swift Podarge, now (quite otherwise
 Than heretofore) be mindful that ye bring
 Your master safely to the Grecian camp, 530
 When we the war have finish'd. Leave not me,

As erst ye left Patroclus, cold in death.
To whom, his wondrous steed, with feet of wind,
Immortal Xanthus, spake,^{as} beneath the yoke
Stooping, with head dejected, in the dust 535
Spreading his mane dishevell'd. Juno him
Gave utterance,^{ad} Juno, white-arm'd queen of heaven :
Ah ! surely, now at least, O furious chief,
Achilles, we shall bring thee from the fight
In safety, but thy day of death is near ! 540
Not ours the fault ; for so a powerful god
And cruel fate determine. Truly, not
By our neglect or sloth, thy glorious arms
From dead Patroclus did the Trojans tear.
Of gods the mightiest, bright Latona's son, 545
Slew him, contending in the van of fight,
And Hector gave the glory ! We could run
With the swift blast of speedy Zephyrus,
By men esteem'd most rapid of the winds !
Yet certain is thy destiny to die, 550
Slain by a god and man ! With that, his voice
Miraculous the Furies snatch'd away !
But swift Achilles, with disdainful heart
Intrepid, answer'd : Xanthus, why to me
This prophecy of death ? To tell me this, 555
I need not thee ; for well I know my doom,
To perish here, from my beloved sire
And mother, far remote. Yet will I not
The fight relinquish, till the Trojans have
Enough of war. He said, and in the van, 560
Shouting, his coursers to the battle drove.

NOTES.

BOOK XIX.

^a *Not so Achilles!* l. 21.

How remarkably is Achilles described as superior in valor to all the Myrmidons! They, though brave men, were terrified and fled from the sight of the celestial armor; but Achilles felt no trepidation.

^b *But horribly I dread that flies impure.* l. 32.

The anxiety of Achilles lest the body of Patroclus might be contaminated by flies, is in perfect conformity with the ideas prevailing in those times, when it was customary to be very careful by embalming, &c., to keep the dead from putrefaction.

^c ——— *she ambrosia shed,
And nectar in the nostrils of the slain.* l. 48-9.

The service here rendered by Thetis, a goddess of the ocean, is very properly attributed to her; for salt is the grand preservative from corruption.

^d *But last was Agamemnon, king of men.* l. 65.

Agamemnon seems to have lagged behind the rest, not merely in consequence of his wound, which, being in the arm, could not have much retarded him, but from a consciousness of having acted improperly, and therefore a feeling of reluctance to meet Achilles again.

* ——— *Ah! would that Dian's shaft
Had slain her at the ships that fatal day.* l. 73-4.

Mr. Pope very well remarks, "that Achilles does not wish the death of Briseis now, after she had been his mistress; but only that she had died before he knew or loved her." The hero utters this wish when smarting under afflictions occasioned by the quarrel of which she, though innocently, was the cause. The death of his friend Patroclus weighs more heavily on his mind at this moment, than his love for Briseis; and such is generally the case with men of violent passions in similar circumstances. The present emotion with them prevails over every other.

† ——— *but standing near his throne,
Not stepping forth amidst the crowd.* l. 100-1.

After much reflection, I have concurred with Cowper as to the meaning of this passage, and for the reasons assigned in his note. The Greek line is, 'Αὐτόθεν ἐξ ἔδρης, οὐδ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἀναστάς. Clarke mentions that, in some copies, *παραστάς*, (instead of *ἀναστάς*;) is found, which suits exactly this interpretation. The word 'Ἐσταόρος, in the commencement of Agamemnon's speech, clearly shows that he spoke standing.

‡ *That I was not to blame, but Jove and Fate.* l. 117.

Agamemnon finds it very convenient to lay the blame of his own misconduct on Jupiter and Fate.

§ *His daughter Ate, stern and terrible.* l. 123.

"It appears from hence, that the ancients owned a *dæmon*, created by God himself, and totally taken up in doing mischief. This fiction is very remarkable, inasmuch as it proves that the Pagans knew that a *dæmon* of discord and malediction was in heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy history."—*Dacier*. The fable contains also a beautiful allegory, showing the mischiefs arising from strife and malice. Ate walks on the heads of men, because the head is the seat of the mind, which evil passions irritate and disorder. She catches one at least in her net, whenever two contend; because, in quarrels, one party is always in the wrong, and sometimes both.

¹ *And Jove, suspecting not her subtle scheme,
Pronounc'd his awful oath.* l. 150 – 1.

The story told by Agamemnon is highly derogatory to the character of Jupiter. His wife deceives him as easily as if he had been a mere mortal ; and he is subject to the infirmity of sorrow, as a man would have been. Such were the absurd tales, often told by the Pagans concerning their gods to suit their own purposes.

² *Be it with thee those presents to provide
(As right to thee appears,) or to retain.* l. 200 – 1.

Achilles, on this occasion, displays a magnanimous contempt of wealth, very suitable to his character. He cares for nothing but glory, and thinks every moment thrown away that is not employed in the battle.

³ *Impel not thus Achaia's sons to fight
Their warlike foes, without repast.* l. 213 – 14.

The prudence of Ulysses here is well contrasted with the impetuosity of Achilles. Some squeamish critics have ridiculed the earnestness with which the necessity of the army's taking refreshment is insisted upon. But Homer was not a writer of romance, but a describer of nature as it is. He adorns his descriptions, indeed, by introducing celestial machinery ; but, after making allowance for the interposition of his gods, it will be found that he seldom, if ever, departs from rational probability. His heroes are not like the fabulous knights-errant, whose exploits were related in the books contained in Don Quixote's library, of whom it was said that they never ate, except on great occasions, when entertained at some sumptuous banquet. Though heroes, the Greek and Trojan chiefs were human beings, and their exploits are related with a reasonable regard to historical truth. Ulysses concludes this speech with an excellent lesson to Agamemnon, uttered with freedom and truth. Rollin observes, that " the first degree of virtue is to commit no faults ; the second is to suffer ourselves at least, to be made sensible of them, and not to be ashamed of amending them. This useful lesson Ulysses ventured to give Agamemnon, the king of kings, and the last heard it with great docility."

⁴ ——— *Till then no drink
Or food shall pass my lips ; my friend is dead !* l. 277 – 8.

These several speeches of Achilles are strongly characteristic.

They breathe all the energy of heroism, and violence of grief. Whether the troops take food or not, he is determined to fast in honor of his friend.

ⁿ ——— to the door his feet
Are pointed. l. 280 – 1.

It was a custom of the Greeks and Romans to lay the bodies of their dead in this manner. So Persius says, "*In portam rigidos calces extendit.*"

^o *Thy strength and warlike prowess far transcend
What I can claim.* l. 286 – 7.

How skilfully does Ulysses bespeak the favor of Achilles, and prevent his taking offence at the claim of surpassing him in prudence ! He begins with giving him the praise he merited ; modestly ascribing his own superior wisdom merely to his being an older man, not to his having naturally greater powers of mind. The delicacy of this management is worthy of observation.

^p *But small indeed the harvest is of grain.* l. 294.

The unprofitable nature of war is well described by the wise Ulysses. The dead who are killed in battle are but stubble ; the conquerors receive no real advantage from slaying multitudes of their enemies ; and when the scale of victory turns, as it often does, they lose so many men on their own side, that when their losses are counted, they get but a small harvest of benefit in the end. Such appears to me the meaning of this passage, which Cowper (I think unnecessarily) regards as an *opprobrium criticorum*. Ulysses makes this observation, as a check to the fury of Achilles, by showing how vain and fruitless it is to be so eager "for slaughter, blood and groans of dying men." He then resumes the subject in controversy between them, concerning the necessity of refreshing the troops before the battle.

^q ——— *Now, let none expect
Another signal.* l. 307 – 8.

"This is very artful. Ulysses, to prevail upon Achilles to let the troops take repast, and yet, in some sort, to second his impatience,

gives with the same breath orders for battle, by commanding the troops to march, and expect no farther orders." — *Dacier*.

‘ ——— *Having pray'd*. l. 336.

Agamemnon appears to have first breathed a prayer mentally, before he pronounced his solemn oath.

▪ *And ye, black furies, who in realms below,
Vindictive, punish men who falsely swear.* l. 340 — 1.

See ante, note * to Book III. l. 363 — 4.

‘ ——— *Talthybius to the depth
Of ocean's gulf immense the carcass threw.* l. 350 — 1.

“It was not lawful to eat the flesh of the victims that were sacrificed in confirmation of oaths ; such were victims of malediction.” — *Eustathius*.

▪ ——— *Father Jove !
Truly on men great evils thou hast brought.* l. 354 — 5.

Cowper very well remarks, that “the gods of the heathen seem to have been very convenient characters, when there was a want of somebody to whom the blame of any mischief might be imputed. The two heroes having discovered at last, Agamemnon that he had been infatuated by Ate, and Achilles that Jupiter had preordained their quarrel, discover likewise that neither of them was at all in fault, and are therefore perfectly reconciled.”

‘ ——— *Ah ! Patroclus, dearest friend
To my afflicted heart !* l. 374 — 5.

This lamentation of Briseis, on seeing the body of Patroclus, is natural, pathetic, and honorable to his benevolent character. The refinement of Dionysius of Halicarnassus on the subject, probably never entered Homer's mind.

▪ ——— *when swift Achilles slew
My husband.* l. 385 — 6.

From this it appears that Briseis was a young widow, and not a

virgin. Barnes remarks that, in ancient times, very young widows were spoken of as still in a state of virginity. So the prophet Joel says, ch. i. v. 8, "Lament like a virgin girded with sackcloth for the husband of her youth;" and Horace, in his Ode to Iccius, (lib. i. Ode 29,)

"Quæ tibi virginum,
Sponsio necato, barbara serviet!"

² ——— *seeming to bewail*

Patrochus, but in truth their own hard fates. l. 395-6.

"According to my particular taste, this is the finest stroke in all the Iliad. Nothing is more natural than the representation made by the poet of these unhappy young women, who, having been for a long time in captivity, take occasion, from every mournful object that occurs, to weep afresh, though in reality little interested by any of them." — *Terrasson's Dissertation on the Iliad*, part iv. cap. 4.

³ *With recollections sad his bosom heav'd.* l. 412.

This lamentation is finely introduced, and dwells upon every subject, of regret and chagrin, which naturally would present itself to the mind of the afflicted hero. The grief of the other chiefs, each of whom remembers "dear objects of affection left at home," is also well conceived.

⁴ *The ravenous osprey.* l. 462.

From a note of the Scholiast, it appears probable that the bird here mentioned by the name of ἄγρην, was an osprey. Cowper and Pope call it a harpy; but if that had been intended, the word ἀγρῖνα would have been used. Besides, it is usual with Homer to draw his similes from natural and known objects, not from such as have only a fabulous existence.

⁵ *She soon infus'd into Achilles' breast
Nectar, and sweet ambrosia.* l. 465-6.

This interposition of Minerva is altogether miraculous, and not allegorical, as was her descent from heaven (in Book I.) to check the rage of Achilles.

²⁰ *Earth laugh'd with dazzling light of radiant arms.* l. 477.

This daring personification is in the true oriental style. So, in the Sacred Scriptures, the valleys are described as "breaking forth into singing," the trees of the wood as "clapping their hands," and the floods as "uttering a voice and lifting up their hands on high."

²⁰ *Achilles in the midst, his limbs array'd
In armor.* l. 479-80.

See Pope's note on this sublime description of Achilles arming himself, in which the genius of Homer is eminently conspicuous. That gentleman's translation is here peculiarly beautiful. Cowper also has rendered it with great poetical fire. Several of his lines are uncommonly fine, especially these :

"So clad, the godlike hero trial made,
If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope
To his proportion'd limbs ; they buoyant prov'd
As wings, and high upbore his airy tread."

²⁰ *Then loudly thus and terribly, he gave
Stern exhortation to his father's steeds.* l. 525-6.

Cowper's remarks on the speeches addressed to their horses by several of Homer's heroes, are judicious. He rationally concludes that a poet, so attentive to nature, would not have introduced such speeches, if it had not been customary with the Greeks occasionally to harangue their horses. But drivers in our own times frequently endeavor to move theirs, by coaxing and soothing language, as well as by curses or abuse ; and the sagacious animals often seem to understand them.

²⁰ *Immortal Xanthus spake.* l. 534.

The reader was, in some measure, prepared for such a prodigy as this, by the description in Book XVII., concerning which Rollin remarks, "It is not surprising that this poet, who gives life and action to inanimate beings, should represent the horses of Achilles under such affliction upon the death of Patroclus. He describes them, after this mournful accident, as fixed and unmovable with grief, (their heads bowed down to the earth, their manes trailing in the dust,) and shedding tears in abundance." Such fictions may be condemned by

some as extravagant, but they were justified by the popular belief, in Homer's time, and long afterwards. Livy gravely mentions two different occasions, on which "an ox spoke."

²¹ ——— *Juno him*

Gave utterance. l. 536-7.

Cowper asks, "Why should Juno interpose to afflict Achilles?" But it does not appear that the goddess had any such intention. The speech of Xanthus was rather encouraging; for it assured the hero that, then at least, he should return from the fight in safety.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

The fourth battle — The acts of Achilles.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

Thus, at their tall-prow'd ships, Achaia's sons,
Well-arm'd, for combat were array'd, with thee,
Insatiable of war, great Peleus' son ;
And opposite, upon the rising ground,
The Trojan host. But Jove commanded, straight, 5
Themis the gods to assemble.^a Her he sent
From high Olympus, hill of many dales :
Throughout th' extent of heaven and earth she flew,
And call'd the deities to the starry dome.
Not one was absent save Oceanus, 10
Of all the river gods ; nor of the nymphs,
Who with their beauty charm the silent grove,
Or sport in crystal spring or verdant mead !
Arriving at the courts of mighty Jove,
The cloud-assembler, in his spacious hall 15
They took their seats, on polish'd marble thrones,
In radiant order, fram'd for Jove, his sire,
By Vulcan, glorious architect of heaven.
So they, in Jove's high palace, were conven'd.
Not e'en the great earth-shaking power refus'd 20
Obedience to the goddess ; ^b he forsook

The seas profound, and came among the rest ;
 Then, seated in the midst, inquiry made :
 Say, wherefore, thou who dost red lightnings wing,
 Hast thou conven'd the gods ? Does any thought 25
 Of Greeks and Trojans occupy thy mind ?
 For lo ! the kindling fire of war and strife
 Between them is about to burst in flame !
 To whom the sire supreme : Well hast thou judg'd,
 Neptune, by whom the world's foundation shakes, 30
 The counsels of my bosom, for what cause
 The gods I have assembled. Wretched men,
 Though perishing, are objects of my care.
 But here will I, upon Olympus' brow,
 Remain, and with the spectacle be pleas'd ; 35
 While ye resort, as heretofore ye wish'd,
 To join the Trojan or Achaian host,
 Assisting either, as your pleasure serves.
 For if Achilles, uncontroll'd, should wage
 This war against the Trojans, they could not 40
 Pelides' fierce assault a moment bear,
 For even at his sight they trembling fled ;
 And now when rage unbounded, for his friend,
 His breast inflames, I fear he might o'erturn
 The towers of Troy, before the fated time.^c 45
 Saturnius spake, inevitable strife
 Among the gods exciting. They, with minds
 Discordant, hasten'd to the scene of strife ;
 Juno and Pallas to Achaia's fleet,^d
 With Neptune, girder of the spacious globe, 50
 Hermes, benevolent and wise, of arts
 Inventor, Vulcan, terrible in strength,
 Rolling dread threatening eyes, but lame of foot,
 And dragging after him distorted limbs ;
 But, to the host of Troy, Mars, rapidly 55

His crested helmet shaking, Phœbus, bright,
With locks unshorn,* Diana, glorying
In bows and arrows keen ; Latona fair,
Their honor'd mother ; Xanthus, river god,
And lovely Venus, queen of heavenly smiles. 60
While yet the gods from men apart remain,
The Greeks exult with joy unlimited,
That great Achilles in their van appears,
Achilles, absent long from horrid fight !
Not so the Trojans, they cold tremor felt 65
In every limb ; for, terror-struck, they saw
The swift Pelides, blazing in his arms,
Dreadful as Mars, the bane of human kind !
But when the gods, among the throng of men
Embattled, came,† then raging Discord rose, 70
Rousing the nations. Fierce Minerva, then,
Shouted terrific ; now beside the fosse
Fronting the wall, now near the sounding shore
She stood, and rais'd her loud tremendous voice.
His awful shout, Mars, opposite, return'd, 75
Terrific as a roaring midnight storm ;
From Ilion's towery height, with outcry shrill,
The Trojan host encouraging, and thence
Flying to Simois, and the beauteous mount
Callicolone. Thus the blessed gods, 80
Exciting Troy and Greece, both armies urg'd
To fell contention ; and, with horrid shock,
They rush'd against each other. Dread, above,
Thunder'd the awful sire of men and gods !
Beneath, stern Neptune shook the boundless earth, 85
And bent the summits of her highest hills ;
Huge Ida's deep foundations, and her cliffs,
Sources of many rolling rivers, all
Were shaken, with the Trojan city, too,

And navy of the Greeks ! The king of shades, 90
 Tremendous Pluto, in the nether realm,
 That dire concussion felt, and from his throne
 Affrighted leap'd, and gave a fearful cry ;
 Lest he that shakes the solid globe should rend
 Its mighty mass asunder, and, to sight 95
 Of mortals and immortals, open lay
 The dark abodes of terror, loathsome, foul,
 Which e'en the gods themselves with horror view.
 Such was the wild commotion, when the gods
 That conflict join'd ; for radiant Phœbus, arm'd 100
 With winged arrows, ocean's king oppos'd,
 And sage Minerva strove with furious Mars ;
 The golden-quiver'd huntress, with bent bow,
 And echoing horn, rousing the woodlands wide,
 Diana, sister of the god of day, 105
 Defied imperial Juno ; Hermes, sire
 Of useful arts, benignant friend to man,
 Against Latona warr'd ; and Vulcan's strength
 The mighty river, foaming, deep, and swift,
 Resisted ; Xanthus, by immortals nam'd, 110
 By mortals call'd Scamander. Thus oppos'd,
 Gods against gods, were mingled in the fray.
 But fierce Achilles chiefly then desir'd,
 Forcing his way through Trojan throngs, to meet
 Hector, Priamides, ardent to make, 115
 By furious wrath impell'd, of Hector's blood
 A feast for Mars, the cruel homicide.
 Phœbus inspiring valor, urg'd, meanwhile,
 Æneas to encounter Peleus' son,
 And dauntless spirit breath'd into his breast. 120
 The youthful shape and voice, the god assum'd,
 Of Priam's son, Lycaon, and, like him
 In aspect, thus address'd the valiant chief :

Æneas ! prince of Trojans, where is now
 Thy boastful promise to the chiefs of Troy, 125
 When warm'd with wine, around their festive board,
 That singly thou wouldst combat Peleus' son ?
 Æneas answer'd : Son of Priam, why
 Wouldst thou incite me, much against my wish,
 To meet in battle Peleus' mighty son ? 130
 For not the first time will it be, if now
 I try his prowess. Long ago, to flight
 He drove me ^h with the spear, from Ida's hills,
 When suddenly upon our herds he came.
 Lyrnessus then he sack'd, and Pedasus ; 135
 But Jove sav'd me, my nimble feet with strength
 And wond'rous speed enduing, else I then
 Had fallen by Achilles' dreadful arm,
 And by Minerva, who before him march'd,^l
 And gave him victory ; by her command 140
 The Trojan and Lelegian race he slew.
 No mortal, therefore, should the combat wage
 With great Achilles ; for some guardian god
 Is always near him ; ever to the mark
 His javelin flies, and stays not, in the least, 145
 From rapid flight, till bath'd in blood of men.
 But if the sacred balances, that weigh
 Events of battles, Jove would fairly poise
 Between us, not so easily should he
 My prowess vanquish, even though his frame 150
 Were solid brass. To this the son of Jove,
 Apollo, king of day : Pray also, thou,
 Brave hero, to the never-dying gods,
 And aid expect ; for heavenly Venus thee,
 But him, a goddess far inferior, bore. 155
 Thy mother daughter is of Jove supreme,
 His of a sea-god only. Therefore, now,

Against him bear thy shield, of stubborn brass
 Impenetrable ; let not vaunting words
 Vainglorious, or fierce threatenings, make thee yield. 160
 So saying, valor terrible he breath'd
 Into the prince, the shepherd of his people.
 Dauntless, array'd in shining arms, he march'd
 To meet Achilles, through the foremost ranks.
 Not unobserv'd by Juno, queen of heaven, 165
 Was great Anchises' offspring,^k through the crowd
 Rushing against Pelides. She, forthwith,
 Assembling her confederate deities,
 Address'd them : Neptune and Minerva, now
 Consider well how these events shall end. 170
 Æneas, lo ! in arms refulgent clad,
 Against Pelides rushes, by Apollo
 Urg'd to this bold attempt ! Let some of us
 Compel him to retreat, or stand in aid
 Of great Achilles, and his arm supply 175
 With strength resistless, that he nought may need,
 But know full well that his auxiliar gods
 Are greatest of th' immortals ; phantoms they
 Who Troy defend. We to this battle came
 From high Olympus, that, to-day at least, 180
 He might no ill sustain ; he must, indeed,
 Hereafter suffer all that rigid Fate
 Spun for him with her thread, when first he saw
 The light of day ; but, not inform'd of this,
 He may be daunted when, amidst the fray, 185
 Some adverse deity he meets, for gods,
 When manifest, are terrible to men.
 To whom earth-shaking Neptune : Be not thou
 Intemperate, Juno ; rash, ungovern'd wrath
 Beseems thee not. I will not, that in haste 190
 We combat powers to us inferior far.

Let us, retiring from the field of fight,
 Secluded sit on yonder lofty mound,
 And leave to men the labors of the day.
 But if stern Mars or Phœbus should commence 195
 The contest, or impede the great Achilles,
 Permitting not the hero to exert
 Freely his valor, we will battle wage
 Forthwith, decided soon, by their defeat
 And flight inglorious to th' Olympian hall, 200
 Where other gods remain, for they must yield,
 Perforce, subdued by our superior might.
 This said, cerulean Neptune led the way
 To the huge mound of godlike Hercules; ¹
 A heap of earth, high-rai'd by toil divine, 205
 Which Pallas and the Trojan people made,
 To save him from a monster of the deep,
 When from the sea-beat shore it follow'd him,
 E'en to the distant plain. There, with a cloud
 Infrangible encompass'd, Neptune sat, 210
 With his auxiliar powers. Opposite,
 The gods allied to Troy, on Simois' hill,
 Callicolone, took their seats, with thee,
 Bright Phœbus, arm'd with silver bow, and Mars
 The dire destroyer. So the deities, 215
 In separate parties meditating, sat,
 Reluctant all the battle to begin,
 Though Jove, on high, his awful signal gave.
 Meanwhile, embattled armies throng'd the field;
 Bright shone the brazen arms and trappings gay 220
 Of men and coursers. With quick trampling feet
 Earth echoing shook, while warriors fierce and strong
 Encounter'd in the fray. Two mighty chiefs,
 Conspicuous o'er the rest, amidst them met,
 Ardent for combat; great Anchises' son, 225

Æneas, and invincible Achilles !
 With gesture firm Æneas first approach'd,^m
 Threatening and bold, nodding his massy helm,
 And holding high, to guard his manly breast,
 The swiftly-turning buckler, while he shook 230
 The brazen javelin ; but Pelides rush'd
 To meet him, like a lion terrible,
 On deadly deeds intent, whom to destroy,
 A city pours forth all her multitude !
 Viewing the first assailant with disdain, 235
 He passes on, but when a smarting wound,
 By some young hero dealt with javelin keen,
 Excites his fury, writhing on the dart,
 He opens wide his jaws ; his dreadful teeth
 Are white with foam, his valiant heart beats high, 240
 Swelling with fury ; lashing with swift tail
 His sides and thighs, he stimulates the more
 His fiery prowess ; with tremendous glare,
 Rolling stern threatening eyes, among them all
 He leaps, and slays, or by o'erwhelming crowds 245
 Himself is slain ; so, with resistless might
 And rage terrific, to th' encounter sprang
 The fierce Achilles ! When, oppos'd in arms,
 They met, the Trojan he accosted thus :ⁿ
 Æneas ! wherefore, passing by a host 250
 Of combatants, hast thou stopp'd here at length ?
 Is it thy wish to prove thy strength with mine ;
 By hope induc'd, to gain the regal sway
 O'er Ilion's race, with honors such as now
 Priam enjoys ? But shouldst thou slay e'en me, 255
 The monarch would not grant that high reward ;
 For sons he has, and steady is his mind,
 Not light or versatile. Has Troy propos'd
 Some portion eminent of fertile soil,

Pleasant and fair, for tillage and for vines, 260
To be thy prize, if thou Achilles slay ?
But hard the task for thee, since, heretofore,
My javelin forc'd thee to inglorious flight.
Hast thou forgotten, when from Ida's hills
I drove thee to the valley, from thy herds 265
Of cattle, separate and alone ? Thy feet
Were then exerted with transcendent speed !
In that swift race thou didst not look behind,
Escaping to Lyrnessus ! I that town
In ruins laid, conducted to th' assault 270
By great Minerva, and her father Jove.
The women thence I took, and bore them off
To slavery, but the partial gods again
Protected thee ; yet will they save no more,
As is thy fond reliance. Therefore, now, 275
I warn thee, to the common throng retreat,
And venture not this contest, lest thou feel
Some mischief better shunn'd ; (for even fools
May wisdom by experience learn too late.)
Æneas answer'd : Think not, Peleus' son, 280
By boastful language me to terrify,
Like a weak stripling ! I could, easily,
Utter heart-wounding and opprobrious words.
But each of us the other's lineage knows,
And parentage by fame's loud voice proclaim'd 285
Throughout the world. Thou hast not seen, indeed,
My parents, nor I thine ; but thou, 'tis said,
Art the brave offspring of a noble chief,
Illustrious Peleus, and of Thetis, bright,
With azure tresses, daughter of the deep ; 290
While I the glory claim the son to be
Of great Anchises and the queen of love,
Celestial Venus ! One of these will weep,

This day, bewailing her beloved son ;
 For not with childish railing we, so match'd, 295
 The combat will relinquish. But if now
 It be thy wish more fully to be told
 My high descent, well known to many men ;
 The first was Dardanus,^o whom Jove begat,
 The cloud-assembler. He Dardania built ; 300
 For sacred Ilion was not settled then,
 The city on the champaign, peopled since
 With many-languag'd men ; but at the foot
 Of Ida's hill, mother of many streams,
 The natives dwelt. From Dardanus arose 305
 Great Ericthonius, who all mankind
 Surpass'd in wealth. For him three thousand mares,
 Joyous with sprightly colts, their pasture made
 In flowery meadows. Boreas view'd, well pleas'd,
 Their matchless beauty, and admiring lov'd. 310
 In form disguis'd, a horse with azure mane
 Resembling, he pursued them o'er the field,
 And made them pregnant ; they twelve fillies bore,^p
 So swift that, when they gamboll'd on the land,
 Lightly they touch'd the tops of daffodils, 315
 And bent them not ; or, sportive when they ran
 Upon the wide-spread billows of the deep,
 They skimm'd along, on surges rolling high,
 And dipp'd not in the foam their flying feet.
 Of Ericthonius, Tros, the Trojan king, 320
 Was offspring ; three illustrious sons were his,
 Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed,
 The youth of form divine, in beauty chief
 Of mortal men, whom gods caught up to heaven,
 The cup of Jove to bear ;^a for heavenly charms 325
 Selected, with immortals to remain,
 Their lov'd associate. Ilus had one son,

THE ILIAD.



Laomedon, a monarch far renown'd,
Of whom Tithonus, Priam, Lampus, sprang,
Clytius, and Hicetaon branch of Mars. 330
Capys, the son of great Assaracus,
Begot Anchises, and Anchises me ;
But Priam is of godlike Hector sire.
Such is the lineage, such the blood I boast.
But prowess Jove bestows, or takes away, 335
From mortals, at his pleasure ; he, of all,
Is sovereign lord. Come then, no longer thus,
Like bragging striplings, let us waste our time,
Deedless, amidst the fury of the fight.
We both could multiply offensive words 340
In number infinite, until their weight
Might sink a galley with a hundred oars ;
For voluble and restless is the tongue,
And many are the speeches it can frame
Of every kind ; wide is the field of words ; 345
Thyself shalt hear whatever thou hast said.
Why should we, then, with insults and abuse
Contend, as women, urg'd by wrath and spite,
Wrangle in public streets incessantly,
Venting reproaches foul ; some merited, 350
Some not, as passion unrestrain'd excites ?
By menaces thou shalt not me deter,
Nor cool my ardent valor. Then, come on,
And prove we now each other with our spears.
He said ; and hurl'd his javelin strong and swift 355
Against the dreadful shield miraculous.
The shield resounded with that powerful blow !
Pelides, far before him, on his arm
Extended held its ample orb ; e'en he
Some trepidation felt, for he suppos'd 360
Magnanimous Æneas' mighty lance

Would penetrate with ease. Unthinking man !
 Reflecting not how hardly gifts of gods
 Can be controll'd by mortals, or made vain
 By human efforts ! That impetuous spear, 365
 Though thrown with forceful impulse by the strength
 Of great Æneas, could not perforate
 Achilles' shield ; the golden plate repell'd it,
 Given by Vulcan ! Two thick folds it pierc'd,
 Three yet remain'd ; for five compos'd the shield, 370
 Connected well by the lame architect.
 Two were of brass ; two, innermost, of tin ;
 The middle, of pure gold ; rebated, there
 The javelin stay'd its flight. Achilles next
 His spear despatch'd, long-shadowing as it flew, 375
 And smote Æneas' shield orbicular,
 Upon the rim above, where thinnest was
 The brazen plate, and frail th' adjoining fold
 Of leather. Through them both the Pelian ash
 Flew, irresistible ; the riven boss 380
 Rang, rent asunder. Shrinking from the blow,
 Æneas stoop'd, and o'er his body held
 The buckler lifted high ; behind him fell
 The javelin, thirsting for his blood in vain,
 And in the ground stood fix'd. Above him burst 385
 The front and rearward of the spacious shield
 Defensive of his frame. Confounded he
 Stood, horror-struck, endeavoring to shun
 Th' enormous lance ; while, tremulous, the light,
 In colors infinite, before him danc'd ! 390
 So near him glided that terrific spear.
 Achilles rush'd upon him, with a shout
 Tremendous, arm'd with falchion broad and keen,
 Drawn forth, and ardently intent to slay.
 A stone, of size immense, Æneas seiz'd ; 395

So vast its weight, as two, the strongest men
 That now on earth exist, could not uplift ;
 Yet singly did he toss it easily.
 Now, had he struck Pelides, rushing on,
 Upon the casque, or shield impregnable 400
 Repelling death, and by his fatal sword
 Had perish'd, had not Neptune, quickly seen
 The danger imminent. Among the gods
 Forthwith he spake : Sorrow, indeed, I feel
 For good Æneas,^r prince magnanimous, 405
 Who, vanquish'd soon by Peleus' mighty son,
 To Hades may be sent ! Imprudent chief !
 Seduc'd to thy destruction by the god
 Who darts the radiant shafts ; for he will not
 From cruel death protect thee ! Why should thus 410
 The guiltless for the guilty suffer ills
 Unmerited ? He to the deathless gods,
 Inhabitants of heaven, has always paid
 Abundant offerings, grateful to their minds.
 Come, then, let us deliver him from death, 415
 Lest also Saturn's son offended be,
 If he be slain ; for 'tis the will of fate
 He shall escape, that not of seed bereft
 And utterly extinct, should be the race
 Of Dardanus, whom most, of all his sons 420
 Of mortal females born, Saturnius lov'd.
 For Priam's offspring long have hateful been
 To righteous Jove ; and now it is his will
 That great Æneas shall, with potent sway,
 The Trojan people rule,^s and after him 425
 His children's children, e'en to times remote.
 To whom the bright-eyed empress of the sky :
 Earth-shaking god, consult with thy own mind,
 Whether to save Æneas, or permit

The pious hero, from Achilles' arms 430
 Death to receive. Minerva and myself
 Have often, in the presence of the gods,
 Our oaths repeated, never to assist
 The Trojans, or repel their evil day,
 E'en when Achaia's sons, renown'd in arms, 435
 Shall Troy itself with hostile fires involve,
 And all shall perish in dire flames consum'd.
 Neptune, this heard, flew swiftly through the fight,
 And storm of whistling javelins ; soon he came
 Where fierce Achilles and Æneas strove. 440
 A mist he there diffus'd to blind the sight
 Of Peleus' son, and from Æneas' shield,
 The Pelian ash extracted ; this he laid
 Before Achilles' feet, and lifting high
 Above the ground, with forceful impulse, bore 445
 Æneas thence. O'er many warring ranks
 Of heroes, many heads of bounding steeds,
 The chief was driven, by the god's strong arm,
 And, in the rear of all the raging war,
 Stopp'd where the Caucons clad in armor stood. 450
 Neptune approach'd him there, and thus address'd :
 Æneas ! who, among the gods induc'd
 Thee, reft of reason, to compete in arms
 With great Achilles, thy superior far,
 And favorite of the gods ? Hereafter, when 455
 Ye chance to meet in battle, thou retreat,
 Lest, sooner than thy destin'd term, the gates
 Of Hades thou shouldst enter. When to death
 Achilles shall have yielded, combat thou
 Among the foremost, confident in might ; 460
 For not another Greek shall lay thee low.
 So saying, him, instructed well, he left,
 And from Achilles' eyes the wondrous mist

Dispers'd ; that moment all the scene of war
 Rush'd on his sight ; amaz'd, he look'd around, 465
 And spake, indignant, to his mighty mind :
 Ye gods ! what prodigy is this I see ?
 Here, on the ground my javelin lies, and gone
 Is he, whom to destroy I hurl'd it hence !
 Surely Æneas by th' immortal gods 470
 Is dearly lov'd, a glory which I judg'd
 He vainly boasted ! Let him then begone !
 No more, I trust, he will my prowess tempt ;
 For joyfully e'en now the jaws of death
 He narrowly escap'd. But come, 'tis time, 475
 The warlike Greeks encouraging, to prove
 The strength of other Trojans hand to hand.
 He said, and sprang among the martial files,
 Exhorting all the Greeks : " Stand not aloof,
 Ye godlike Grecians, from your Trojan foes, 480
 But, man to man, upon them fiercely rush.
 'Tis hard for me, however strong and bold,
 Such multitudes to reach and combat all.
 Not even Mars, immortal as he is,
 Or dread Minerva, could so large a host 485
 Encounter, and such toil immense sustain.
 But all that I can do, with hands and feet,
 And dauntless valor, shall this day be done.
 (No rest or respite will I give the foe,
 But soon through all their squadrons hew my way.) 490
 Whatever Trojan shall my spear approach,
 Shall not, I deem, rejoice ! Pelides spoke, .
 Inspiring ardor in Achaia's sons.
 But, opposite, with chidings loud and stern,
 His Trojan bands illustrious Hector rous'd ; 495
 Proclaiming he would meet the fierce Achilles.
 Trojans magnanimous, be not alarm'd

By Peleus' son. Myself could combat e'en
 Immortal gods with words ; but with the spear
 The task were arduous ; for they with men 500
 Are not to be compar'd. But all his vaunts
 I trust Achilles shall not execute.
 He may accomplish part, but shall the rest
 Unfinish'd leave, cut short in his career.
 Against him I would march, e'en though his hands 505
 Resembled burning flame ; though burning flame
 His hands resembled, ^v temper'd steel his heart.
 He, breathing courage, spake ; the Trojans rais'd
 Their javelins ; thronging to the fray they came,
 With valiant hearts united ; loud the shout 510
 Of contest rose tumultuous. Phœbus then,
 Approaching noble Hector, warn'd him thus :
 Hector, attempt not thou to meet Achilles, ^w
 Beyond thy lines embattled ; but, behind
 The Trojan host secluded, him await ; 515
 Lest, by his fatal lance or sword, to-day
 It be thy doom to fall. So spake the god.
 Illustrious Hector, terror-struck, withdrew
 Behind the multitude ; for he had heard
 An awful deity ! Now, arm'd with strength 520
 Invincible, and with a dreadful shout,
 Achilles rush'd upon the Trojan host. ^x
 Iphition first he slew ; of many men
 A valiant chieftain ; great Otryntides,
 Whom to renown'd Otrynteus, conqueror bold 525
 Of cities, erst a beauteous Naiad bore,
 At snow-crown'd Tmolus' foot, in Hyda's realm
 For wealth renown'd. As forward sprang the chief
 Bravely to combat, fierce Achilles smote
 His lofty brow, and clove his skull in twain. 530
 He thund'ring fell, and thus his foe exclaim'd :

Lie there, Otryntides, most terrible
 Of all mankind ! Death here is all thou hast ;
 Though of the lake Gygean thou wast born,⁷
 And thy paternal heritage extends 535
 From Hyllus' banks to Hermus' eddying stream.
 So spake he glorying, while in darkness wrapp'd
 The lifeless hero lay. With bloody wheels
 The coursers of the Greeks his body tore,
 Amidst the raging fight. Demoleon next, 540
 Antenor's son, a warrior stout, he struck
 Upon the temples, through his brass-cheek'd helm.
 The brazen helm resisted not the spear,
 Which broke the skull within it, and his brains
 Together dashing, quench'd his valor's fire. 545
 Then, swift Hippodamas, (who from his car
 Leap'd headlong, striving to escape by flight,)
 He smote between the shoulders. Breathing forth
 His soul, he groan'd, as roars a victim bull,
 When dragg'd by sturdy youths to Neptune's shrine, 550
 The king at sacred Helice ador'd,
 Who pleas'd accepts their grateful sacrifice ;
 So groan'd the warrior, till his spirit left
 Its mortal mansion. With relentless lance,
 Achilles godlike Polydore assail'd,* 555
 Unhappy Priam's offspring. Him his sire
 Prohibited from mingling in the fray ;
 For he was youngest far of all his sons,
 And dearest to his heart. He all the rest
 In speed surpass'd, and then, with youthful pride 560
 And thoughtless vaunting to display it, rush'd
 Beyond the van of battle, till he lost
 His precious life. Pelides' dreadful spear
 His course arrested, as he near him ran.
 Upon his back, where close-set rings of gold 565

His girdle firmly brac'd, and underneath
 The twofold corselet form'd a faithful guard,
 It smote ; through all it pass'd, and issued forth
 E'en at his navel ! shrieking falls the youth
 Upon his knees ; a dark-blue cloud surrounds 570
 His closing eyelids ; helpless, stooping low,
 He holds his gushing entrails in his hands !
 When Hector saw his brother Polydore ^{aa}
 Holding his bowels gushing forth, and low
 Stooping to earth, a sudden night of grief 575
 His eyes envelop'd ; he refrain'd no more,
 But fiercely towards the dread Achilles strode,
 With brandish'd javelin keen like burning fire
 Effulgent. Seeing him, Achilles sprang
 With joy to meet him.^{ab} Lo ! the man, he said, 580
 Approaches, who my soul has tortur'd most,
 With heart-consuming woe ; the man who slew
 My friend belov'd and honor'd ! Surely now,
 No more will he avoid me in the field !
 With furious look he scann'd him then, and cried : 585
 Come nearer, that the sooner thou mayst reach
 The gates of death ! To whom, the godlike chief,
 Intrepid Hector : Think not, Peleus' son,
 Me, like a feeble stripling, to affright
 With boastful menaces. Insulting words, 590
 Severe and bitter, I could vent with ease.
 But well I know thy prowess ; that to thee
 I am inferior far ;^{ac} yet, on the gods
 The great result depends ; by them, I may
 (Though not thy match,) e'en thee of life deprive ; 595
 For sharp my javelin is, as well as thine.
 He said, and whirling, threw his mighty spear ;
 But that, Minerva, (with her potent breath ^{ad}
 Slightly exerted) from the glorious chief

Pelides, turn'd aside ; the spear return'd 600
 To godlike Hector, and before his feet
 Fell innocent. (Achilles on him rush'd,
 Burning with rage, and shouting terribly,
 Impatient to destroy ;) but Phœbus him
 Snatch'd quickly thence, as gods can easily, 605
 And hid from view, in pitchy darkness wrapp'd.
 Yet swift Achilles, terrible and strong,
 Thrice forward sprang, with javelin keen to smite ;
 And thrice upon that cloud of night profound,
 The stroke was spent ; but when again he strove, 610
 Rushing the fourth time, dreadful as a god,
 The chief, with wrathful outcry, thus exclaim'd :
 Dog ! thou hast 'scap'd impending death once more !
 Near thee it was ; but thee Apollo sav'd,
 To whom thy vows and orisons are due, 615
 When marching to the sound of whistling spears.
 Yet I will slay thee, though the time be now
 Delay'd, if any god be my ally.
 Meanwhile, thy Trojan soldiers I pursue,
 Who may be overtaken. Saying this, 620
 Deep in the neck he Dryops stabb'd, and laid
 Him prostrate at his feet. He left him slain,
 And with a ghastly wound upon the knee,
 Demuchus, tall and strong, Philetor's son,
 Arrested. Soon the sword, with rapid sway 625
 Descending, for his soul a passage made.
 Next, two together, hapless Bias' sons,
 Headlong to earth he from their chariot hurl'd ;
 Laogonus and Dardanus ; the spear
 Slew one, the other felt the fatal sword. 630
 Tros, Alastorides, was near ; he clasp'd
 Achilles' knees, imploring that his life
 The chief would spare ; his age so like his own

Regarding, and permit him to escape.

Unhappy youth ! He knew not that his prayer 635

Would nought avail ! ^{so} The man whom he address'd,

(Was not of temper mild or merciful,
But furious, and impatient for revenge)

And (while a suppliant, he embrac'd his knees,) 640

Smote with the sword, and at the liver, gash'd

His tender side ; the liver, gushing forth,

Fell to the ground ; a flood of dark-red gore

His panting bosom fill'd ; his eyes were clos'd

In night eternal, and his spirit fled.

But he who slew him, Mulius also smote, ^{at} 645

Transpiercing, with the javelin's spike, his head

From ear to ear, and with the heavy sword

Huge-hilted, struck Echeclus on the crown,

Agenor's son ; with blood the streaming blade

Was warm'd, from point to hilt ; black death and fate 650

Unpitying, on his eyelids laid their hands.

Deucalion next, where knitting sinews strung

The vigorous elbow ; through his arm the point

Of brass appear'd : he stood with burthen'd arm

Weigh'd down, of help depriv'd, and seeing death 655

Before him ! Instantly the falchion clove

His neck, and from it head and helmet sent.

The spinal marrow spirted from the joint,

And prostrate on the ground his body fell.

At Pirous' son, a prince of fertile Thrace, 660

Illustrious Rhigmus, then the hero flew,

And through his entrails drove the deadly spear.

He tumbled headlong. Areithous too,

His charioteer, turning his steeds to fly,

Between the shoulders, in the back, receiv'd 665

A mortal wound, which hurl'd him from the car.

The fiery coursers, startled at his fall,

Recoil'd, affrighted ! As a fire from heaven,^{as}
 By lightning kindled, spreads with boundless rage,
 Roaring among the hollows, dark and deep, 670
 Of some dry mountain, burning all its woods,
 And rolling sheets of widely-wasting flame,
 By winds impetuous ev'ry way diffus'd ;
 (So, slaught'ring on all sides, his furious spear
 He plied resistless, like a wrathful god, 675
 Pursuing and destroying, while with blood
 Unintermitting, stream'd the sable ground.
 As, when two sturdy oxen, broad of front,
 Yok'd well together, tread the snowy grain
 Of barley, on a farmer's threshing-floor, 680
 The sheaves beneath their trampling feet, with ease
 Are shatter'd ; so the coursers solid-hoof'd
 Of fierce Achilles trampled, unrestrain'd,
 Bucklers, and mangled bodies of the dead.
 The lab'ring axletree was dyed with gore 685
 Throughout ; besprinkled was the chariot's arch,
 Around the lofty seat, with bloody drops,
 Dash'd from the fetlocks of the fiery steeds,
 And from the whirling wheels. (But he, intent
 On glory still,^{ab} his dreadful course pursu'd, 690
 Through heaps of carnage, and with dust and blood
 Polluted his unconquerable hands.)

NOTES.

BOOK XX.

- ^a *Themis the gods to assemble.* l. 6.

The assembly of the gods on this occasion, is more solemn than any other in the whole poem. Themis, the goddess of justice, convenes them, because the Trojans are about to be punished for their perfidy; and all the deities in heaven, earth, and sea, (except Oceanus, whose age prevents his attendance,) are present, in honor of the hero Achilles.

- ^b *Not e'en the great earth-shaking power refus'd
Obedience to the goddess.* l. 20 - 1.

The prompt obedience of Neptune is remarked, because Jupiter had offended him, by the command sent him by Iris, in Book XV., to retire from the battle. He now attends with alacrity, because he expects to be permitted to assist the Greeks.

- ^c ——— *I fear he might o'erturn
The towers of Troy, before the fated time.* l. 44 - 5.

The meaning of Jupiter is, plainly, that if the proper means were not used, to prevent Achilles from taking Troy, the decree of fate, according to which that city was not to be taken by that hero, would not be fulfilled. But it is not easy to understand how the full success of Achilles could be prevented, by permitting all the gods indiscriminately to take sides in the contest, the gods who espoused the cause

of the Greeks being evidently the most powerful. The only satisfactory explanation of this difficulty seems to be, that Jupiter intended that Apollo should, by a stratagem, decoy Achilles from pursuing the Trojans, and thereby save the town. This design he, for the present, conceals, and permits all the gods to participate in the battle, according to their respective inclinations.

^d *Juno and Pallas to Achaia's fleet.* l. 49.

See, in Pope's notes, the reasons assigned by Eustathius, for the manner in which the gods were divided between the two armies.

• ——— *Phæbus, bright,*
With locks unshorn. l. 56 – 7.

He was called ἀσπερχόμενος, because the rays of the sun are inseparable from that luminary. — *Macrobius, Saturnal.* Lib. 1, cap. 17.

^f *But when the gods, among the throng of men*
Embattled, came. l. 69 – 70.

Homer's description of the gods interposing in the battle, has been always a subject of admiration to the learned and unlearned reader. Its beauties have also been sedulously copied by Virgil, Ovid, and Milton. Longinus, the illustrious critic, and Tollius, his annotator, have enthusiastically dwelt upon the sublimity of this passage, which, indeed, like the best wine, stands in need of no recommendation. It may be proper, however, to remark, that an erroneous impression has prevailed, that the gods are here described as actually engaged in personal combat. It is evident, from the description itself, as well as from what follows, that Homer intended, in this place, to represent only the effects of their divine energies, exerted in rousing the Greeks and Trojans to battle, and swelling the horrors of conflict, by supernatural aid to both armies. He, shortly afterwards, tells us plainly that they had not yet commenced the combat with each other; which, indeed, did not take place until the Greeks had routed the Trojans. See the latter part of Book XXI.

^g *Phæbus inspiring valor, urg'd, meanwhile,*
Æneas. l. 118 – 19.

The scene that follows, between Achilles and Æneas, compared with the prodigious effort of genius immediately preceding, appears

tame and insipid, though certainly in itself highly poetical. But such is the natural consequence of very lofty flights of imagination, that frequently it is impossible to descend, so as not to seem to fall precipitately. The author of the travels of the younger Anacharsis says, that Homer soars as high as the eagle of Jupiter, and then, gracefully, (like that king of birds,) alights upon the top of some elevated mountain. But it must be confessed, that such is not always the manner of his descent.

^b ——— *Long ago, to flight*
He drove me. l. 132-3.

The poet skillfully interweaves in his work the preceding incidents of the Trojan war, and particularly finds opportunities to introduce the numerous exploits of Achilles, without throwing the poem into the form of a history. No other writer, perhaps, has equalled him in the judicious arrangement of his narrative.

^c *And by Minerva, who before him march'd.* l. 139.

Whenever a hero ran away, it was found very convenient for him to ascribe the success of his adversary to the assistance of some of the gods, for the purpose of screening himself from the imputation of cowardice.

^d *Not unobserv'd by Juno, queen of heaven,*
Was great Anchises' offspring. l. 165-6.

The anxiety expressed by Juno, on seeing Æneas advancing to fight Achilles, does apparently great honor to the Trojan hero. Notwithstanding the wonderful strength and valor of the Greek, and his being arrayed in celestial armor, the goddess feels alarmed at the prospect of a single combat between him and Æneas, and wishes some of the gods to interpose, either to prevent the conflict, or to help Achilles! But it should be recollected that she was apprehensive Apollo would interfere in favor of Æneas, and thereby give that hero an unfair advantage.

^e *To the huge mound of godlike Hercules!* l. 204.

The story here alluded to is thus related by Eustathius: "Laomedon having defrauded Neptune of the reward he promised him, for building the walls of Troy, Neptune sent a monstrous whale, to

which Laomedon exposed his daughter, Hesione. But Hercules having undertaken to destroy the monster, the Trojans raised an intrenchment, to defend Hercules from his pursuit. This being a remarkable piece of conduct in the Trojans, it gave occasion to the poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction, by ascribing the work to Pallas, the goddess of wisdom."

" *With gesture firm Æneas first approach'd.* l. 227.

The picture drawn of the two heroes is admirably suited to their distinct characters; the manner and attitude of Æneas being expressive of determined valor, attended with calm and dignified magnanimity; but Achilles rushes to the combat with the impetuous fury of a wrathful lion. The simile here presented is one of the finest in the poem. See Pliny's description of the lion, in his natural history, Lib. VIII. cap. 16.

" ——— *the Trojan he accosted thus.* l. 249.

The speeches of Achilles and Æneas are both too long, on this occasion. That of Achilles, though keenly sarcastic, is not suitable to his vehement temper; especially after the description just given of the impetuosity with which he advanced, to fight, (as one would suppose,) and not to talk. The prolix harangue of Æneas is still more objectionable, though certainly abounding with poetical beauties. A violent man, like Achilles, would scarcely have had patience to listen to such a detail of his antagonist's pedigree; and, I believe, every reader (though not as much excited as Achilles) feels disgusted, at finding a plain uninteresting history of the royal family of Troy, when he expected to be entertained with the great achievements of two mighty heroes. However, it is worthy of observation, that although Achilles holds this long conversation with Æneas, against whom he had no particular provocation, the poet, judiciously, makes him act quite otherwise when he afterwards encounters Hector, his detested enemy.

° *The first was Dardanus.* l. 299.

The account given by Homer of the succession of the Trojan kings, probably is true in substance, though adorned with some marvellous fictions. The father of Dardanus being unknown or obscure, he was, poetically, said to be the son of Jupiter.

* *So swift that, when they gamboll'd on the land.* l. 314.

The verses in the original are wonderfully expressive of the swiftness intended to be described. Virgil has translated and applied them beautifully to Camilla, *Æn.* VII. 809 :

" *Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina ; nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas :
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas."*

² ——— *whom gods caught up to heaven,
The cup of Jove to bear.* l. 324 - 5.

Probably Ganymed, a prince of extraordinary beauty, having died young, this fiction was fabricated for the consolation of his parents ; the practice of paying divine honors to deceased kings and princes, being common in ancient times. Eustathius says : " It was the custom in the pagan worship, to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the sacrifice ; in this office Ganymed, probably, attended upon the altar of Jupiter, and thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer." Xenophon supposes he was transferred to heaven, not for the beauty of his person, but for the excellent qualities of his mind. See *Συμπόσιον*, *sub finem*.

³ ——— *Sorrow, indeed, I feel
For good Æneas.* l. 404 - 5.

The poet pays extraordinary honors to piety, in the person of Æneas. Neptune, though an enemy of the Trojans, views with sorrow the perilous situation of so excellent a man, and thinks Jupiter also would be offended, if he should be slain. He therefore interposes to save him.

• *That great Æneas shall, with potent sway,
The Trojan people rule.* l. 424 - 5.

See Mr. Pope's note. My own opinion is, that this passage of Homer (who must have known the facts) clearly proves the story of the settlement of Æneas in Italy, to have been a fable of more modern invention. The meaning of Homer obviously is, that that prince, and his posterity for some ages, reigned in Troas after the death of Priam. The prophecy put in the mouth of Neptune would

have been worded in a different manner, if Æneas had not been king of the Trojans generally, but only of a colony conducted by him into Italy. Probability also is in favor of this conclusion, for the destruction of Ilium, or Troy, did not depopulate Troas; and since the Greeks made no settlement there, and neither enslaved nor subjugated all the inhabitants of the country, it is natural to suppose that the survivors chose for their sovereign a prince of the blood of their former kings, and continued at home. There seems to have been no rational motive for the pretended departure of Æneas and his companions from their own country. Colonies are generally sent out from places overstocked with inhabitants; but it surely was easier for the people of Troas to remain where they were, and cultivate their desolated fields, than encounter the dangers of the ocean, and of a new war, to establish themselves in Italy, no part of which belonged to them. See also Universal History, Vol. V. p. 558-60.

*' Lest, sooner than thy destin'd term, the gates
Of Hades thou shouldst enter. l. 457-8.*

Clarke says, that "all events were considered as happening in opposition to fate that were unexpected, or contrary to reasonable calculation, violent, or unnatural, or occasioned by the folly of man." If such was the case, fate, or the decree of Jupiter, must have been so often counteracted, as to render it nugatory indeed.

*" He said, and sprang among the martial files,
Exhorting all the Greeks. l. 478-9.*

Cowper's translation is, —

*" He said, and sprang to battle, with loud voice
Calling the Grecians after him."*

which clearly is incorrect; for Achilles does not renew the attack (suspended for a time, by his encounter with Æneas,) until afterwards. See l. 520-22, post, and l. 454-5 of Cowper's version.

*' ——— e'en though his hands
Resembled burning flame; though burning flame
His hands resembled, temper'd steel his heart. l. 505-7.*

This repetition is literally translated from the original, and, according to my taste, is a beauty. Cowper has it also, —

" I will assail him, though his hands be fire,
Though fire his hands, and hammer'd steel his heart."

Pope, I think, has not expressed it happily :

" Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel ; his hands were fire ;
That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand."

The last line seems to come in lamely, for the rhyme's sake, the sense being complete without it.

Hector's unfortunate boast in this passage, (and also before, in Book XVIII.) that he would bravely meet Achilles, compared with his subsequent flight, (in Book XXII.) gave rise, perhaps, to the custom of calling a bully, or empty boaster, a Hector.

✓ *Hector, attempt not thou to meet Achilles.* l. 513.

Apollo's warning is only a poetical way of mentioning the suggestions of Hector's own prudence.

✗ *Achilles rush'd upon the Trojan host.* l. 522.

Here, at length, commences the narrative of the terrible exploits of Achilles, in which the fire of the poet's enthusiasm appears equal to the fury of his hero ; yet he makes him perform nothing beyond the limits of possibility, or that might not have been expected from a warrior of uncommon strength and courage, transported with rage for the loss of his friend, whose recent death he was anxious to avenge. It is a mistake to suppose, that Homer describes Achilles as singly defeating the whole Trojan army. On the contrary, he takes care to mention that he urgently exhorted all the Greeks to assist him, and, doubtless, they bravely seconded his efforts ; but the poet having already dedicated so large a portion of his work to the glory of the other chieftains, thinks it proper now to mention the mighty acts of Achilles only.

✓ *Though of the lake Gygean thou wast born.* l. 534.

So called from Gyges, king of Lydia. See Universal History, Vol. V. p. 581.

✗ *Achilles godlike Polydore assail'd.* l. 555.

The description of the death of Polydore, the youngest son of

Priam, is a masterpiece of the pathetic. No reader can fail to feel emotions of pity for the deplorable fate of the inconsiderate youth, or to sympathize with the heart-rending sorrow of his unhappy father.

^{aa} *When Hector saw his brother Polydore.* l. 573.

The dreadful sight, of his brother in the agonies of death, overcomes all the caution of Hector. He forgets his own safety and the command of Apollo, and resolutely marches to meet Achilles. Cowper says this is an amiable trait in his character. But surely, had he acted otherwise, he would have been totally destitute of fraternal affection, and truly a coward.

^{ab} ——— *Seeing him, Achilles sprang
With joy to meet him.* l. 579 – 80.

The conduct of the poet in this place is very judicious. Achilles says no more than a man of his character would naturally say on such an occasion.

^{ac} *But well I know thy prowess ; that to thee
I am inferior far.* l. 592 – 3.

Hector here acknowledges that, in personal strength, he is inferior to Achilles. At the same time he magnanimously determines to oppose him, and leaves the event to heaven. The notorious circumstance that Achilles was much stronger than Hector, certainly furnished a reasonable excuse for the conduct of the latter, in avoiding the encounter at first, and greatly magnifies the valor with which he meets him now.

^{ad} *But that Minerva, with her potent breath.* l. 598.

The deities are not idle on this occasion. Minerva seems to be introduced to turn aside the spear, rather for the sake of poetical ornament than through necessity. But Apollo's interposition to save Hector, appears conformable to the precept of Horace ; the danger of the hero presenting a *nodus*, which could hardly have been cut or untied without a god. However, it is possible that Hector might have escaped in the dust and confusion of the battle, and that, the dust being occasioned by the heat of the sun, his escape is therefore poetically ascribed to Apollo. See ante, Book V. l. 28 – 9, note ^b. See also Mr. Pope's note on this passage.

" *Unhappy youth! He knew not that his prayer
Would nought avail!* l. 635 - 6.

(Cruelty from Achilles, in the midst of his eagerness for revenge, was to be expected; and if the poet had described him as sparing his enemies in this battle, it would have been a deviation from character and from probability. It ought to be recollected, too, that Achilles is not held up as an example for imitation.)

" *But he who slew him, Mulius also smote.* l. 645.

The rapidity with which the fiery genius of Homer keeps pace with his wrathful hero is astonishing. The deaths are described in such a manner, as to allow no time for the reader to stop a moment to consider each, until the whole army of Troy is involved in destruction.

" ——— *As a fire from heaven.* l. 668.

The tremendous progress of Achilles is illustrated by two striking similes. The conflagration represents the wide-wasting fury of the slaughter; the treading out of grain by oxen, the trampling of the hero's horses on the bodies of the dead.

" ——— *But he, intent
On glory still.* l. 689 - 90.

A philanthropist would naturally exclaim, on reading this horrible account of a man ardent for glory, seeking to win it by slaying without pity his fellow-men, "Alas! what glory is this!" The fiends of hell must have invented the idea, for the perdition of the human race! How different is this false glory, with which Achilles, Alexander, Cæsar, and other destroyers of mankind, were deluded, from the true glory of beneficence and virtue! Yet the minds of men, unenlightened by the spirit of Christianity, have generally been misled by the same delusion; especially by a persuasion, that the more enemies are slain in avenging the death of a friend, the greater is the glory.

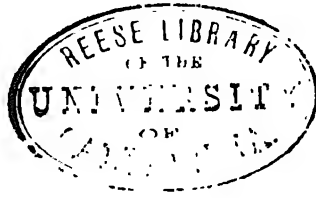
THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

VOL. II.

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**The fourth battle continued — The contest between Achilles and
the river Scamander.**



THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

BUT when, at length, to Xanthus' ford they came,
The beauteous river, with clear-eddy stream,
Offspring of deathless Jove,^a part sever'd there,
He drove along the champaign, towards the town,^b
Where, but the day before, the routed Greeks, 5
Tumultuous, fled from Hector's direful rage ;
There, panting, now, the Trojans pour'd along ;
But, to prevent escape, Juno a cloud
Of darkness dense before them spread,^c and half 10
Their number to the river was misled,
Deep-flowing, whirling swift, a lucid flood.
With loudly-dashing noise, they tumbled in,
And all the deep recesses of the stream
Resounded ; echoing, roar'd the banks around.^d
This way and that, with fearful cries, they swam, 15
In rapid whirlpools toss'd. As, when a swarm
Of locusts, by a conflagration driven,^e
Fly to a river, scorching, in their rear
The fire pursues them, irresistible,
Suddenly rising, they affrighted fall 20
Into the current ; so the channel, then,

Of gulfy Xanthus, by Achilles' might
Was fill'd with men and steeds, plunging, confus'd,
Among the roaring whirlpools. He, his spear
Left on the bank, against a tamarisk's trunk, 25
And leap'd into the river, like a god,
Arm'd only with the sword, but bloody deeds
Intending. Furious, here and there he slash'd,
While horrid shrieks and groans continual, rose,
Of warriors smitten by the sword ; with blood 30
The stream was red ! As, from the dolphin huge,
A shoal of smaller fish fly terrified,
Filling the lurking holes and secret nooks
Of some well-shelter'd harbor, where they skulk
For refuge, since his wide-expanding jaws, 35
Voracious, swallow all that he can catch ;
So, struggling through the river's perilous depths,
The Trojans trembled, under low-brow'd rocks
Striving to lurk. But, when his hands were tir'd
With slaughter, he selected from the rest 40
Twelve hapless youths,^f yet living, victims due
To direful vengeance, for Mencetius' son ;
Them, stupefied with fear, like timorous fawns,
Achilles dragg'd to shore, and bound their arms
Behind them, with their girdles, comely shapen 45
Worn round their woven tunics ; to the ships
His comrades led them captive. Thirsting still
For blood, himself again pursu'd the foe.
Then did he meet Dardanian Priam's son,
Lycaon, flying from the river.^g Him 50
The chief had erst a prisoner made by night,
And forc'd reluctant from his father's fields.
The youthful prince was lopping branches green
With keen-edg'd axe, from a wild fig-tree's trunk,
When, suddenly, Achilles came upon him, 55

Unlook'd for ill, and sold him thence, a slave,
Brought in his ship to Lemnos; Jason's son
Advanc'd the price demanded; but a friend,
Eetion, who had been his father's guest,
Redeem'd him, and to fair Arisba sent. 60
From bondage rescued, thus with joyful heart
He reach'd again his lov'd paternal home.
Eleven happy days, since he return'd,
He with his friends enjoy'd; but on the twelfth,
Once more the gods subject him to the hands 65
Of stern Achilles, who to Pluto's realm
Was now to send him, never to return!
When great Achilles, terrible and swift,
Observ'd him, helpless, without helm, or shield,
Or javelin, (having thrown his arms away, 70
By painful flight constrain'd, through weariness
Excessive, which subdu'd his laboring knees,)
Astonish'd at the sight, he commun'd thus
With his own mighty mind: Ye gods! what wonder
Do I behold? Assuredly, hereafter, 75
The valiant Trojans I have slain, will rise
From Stygian glooms again! For, lo! the man
Is here, escap'd from slavery, whom I sold
To Lemnos isle remote! The wide-spread deep
Of hoary salt, which many from their homes 80
Against their will detains, withheld not him.
Then let him taste my javelin's bitter point,
That I may see and know, whether, e'en hence
He will return, or by the fruitful earth
May be detain'd, which keeps the stoutest down! 85
Such thoughts he ponder'd, checking his career.
Lycaon, overwhelm'd with dread, drew nigh
To clasp his knees; for much he wish'd to shun
The cruel stroke of death and rigid fate.

Achilles rais'd his dreadful spear aloft, 90
 Eager to smite ; but he beneath it ran,
 Sank on the ground, and lowly clasp'd his knees,
 While, disappointed, glanc'd the ruthless lance
 Above him, thirsting still for human blood,
 And stood in earth deep-fix'd. He, with one hand 95
 His knees embracing, as a suppliant, held
 The keen-edg'd javelin firmly with the other,
 Nor let it go a moment ; while, with words
 By terror wing'd, persuasively he spake :
 Achilles ! I entreat thee, pity me, 100
 And spare my life ! O lov'd of Jove ! from thee
 Imploring mercy, sacred is my right !
 For, ah ! remember Ceres' sacred gifts
 First with thyself I tasted, on that day^b
 When, in my father's cultivated field, 105
 Thy captive I was made, and, far remote
 From father and from friends, to Lemnos thou
 Didst sell me as a slave ! I brought thee, then,
 A hundred beeves ; three hundred now are thine
 If thou a ransom wilt accept. This day, 110
 Is the twelfth morning since to Troy I came,
 So many sorrows past ; yet, cruel fate
 Again has given me to thy hands ! Alas !
 Obnoxious I must be to Jove's dread wrath,
 Which dooms me now to death. Ah ! short of life, 115
 My mother bore me ; Altes' daughter, fair
 Laothoe ; Altes, who, on Satnio's stream,
 At lofty Pedasus, Lelegia sway'd.
 His daughter Priam wedded, and with her
 Had many other wives ; she bore him two 120
 Ill-fated sons, myself and Polydore ;
 For both by thee must perish. With the first,
 To-day, my brother godlike Polydore

Was by the javelin slain. Destruction now
 On me impends; for to thy dreadful arm 125
 Deliver'd by the gods, I cannot 'scape
 The fatal blow. Yet, let me speak one word:
 Consider thou, and doom me not to death;
 My mother bore not Hector, by whose hand
 Thy friend was slain, the merciful and brave!¹ 130
 Thus humble, thus imploring, at his feet,
 The noble son of aged Priam spake,
 But heard a stern and merciless reply:
 Ah! simple wretch! expect not me to move
 By promises or prayers. Before the day 135
 When my belov'd Patroclus met his fate,
 It sometimes pleas'd my heart and soul to spare
 The vanquish'd Trojans;^k many then I took,
 And sold; but now not one shall death escape,
 Whom any god shall bring within my reach, 140
 Before proud Ilion's wall; no, not a man
 Of all the Trojan race, especially
 The sons of Priam. Therefore thou, my friend,^l
 Die, also, unrepining! Why bewail
 Thy certain doom? Patroclus, too, is dead, 145
 Far better than thyself! Seest thou not me,
 How great in arms I am, comely and tall,
 Deriving from a glorious father birth,
 And from a goddess mother? yet on me
 Will death inflict th' inevitable stroke, 150
 Whether at morning, noon or eve it come,
 When some brave foe shall pierce me in the fight,
 With javelin thrown or arrow shot afar!^m
 He said: Lycaon's trembling knees and heart
 Were faint with fear; he from the spear withdrew 155
 His arm, and sat, expanding both his hands.
 Achilles, drawing forth his falchion keen,

Smote, near the neck, upon the channel bone,
And deep within his body hid the blade, 159
Two-edg'd. On earth outstretch'd, the youth lay prone ;
While, bubbling quickly, flow'd the dark-red blood
Around him, moistening deep the reeking ground.
Him, by the foot, Achilles seiz'd, and threw
Into the river, on its tide to float,
And thus exulting cried : Now lie thou there 165
For fish to feed on ! Unmolested they
Shall suck thy wound ; nor shall thy mother thee
Place on the funeral couch and fondly mourn,
But swift Scamander's whirling stream shall toss
Thy carcass to the world of waters deep, 170
Where hungry fish will shoot along the waves,
Gladly to feast upon Lycaon's fat.
So may ye perish all, until we win
The citadel of Ilium ; flying ye,
And I pursuing with my slaughtering sword. 175
Nor shall your beauteous river,^a clear and swift,
Rolling in silver eddies, aught avail ;
To whom so many bulls ye sacrifice,
And throw alive into his streams profound
So many noble coursers.^o Ne'ertheless, 180
It is your doom to perish, till ye all
Make full atonement for Patroclus' death,
And for the blood of many valiant Greeks,
Whom, in my absence, at their ships ye slew.
As thus he spake, the river-god conceiv'd 185
Excessive wrath. He meditated straight
How to restrain Achilles from the war,
And ruin from the Trojans to repel.
Meanwhile, Pelides, with long-shadowing lance,
Intent to slay, Asteropæus met, 190
The son of Pelegon, whom Axios' self

(Pæonia's widely-flowing, beauteous stream,)
 Begat ; ^p his mother, Peribœa fair,
 Daughter of Accessamenus the king,
 By that deep river clasp'd in love's embrace. 195
 Against him rush'd Achilles ; opposite,
 The warrior, coming from the water, stood
 Resolv'd and firm, with two stout javelins arm'd ;
 For Xanthus in his bosom valor breath'd,^a
 Demanding vengeance for that multitude 200
 Of youthful warriors whom, with direful rage,
 Achilles in his blood-stain'd channel slew.
 When now, oppos'd in arms, the chiefs advanc'd,
 Divine Pelides first address'd his foe :
 What man art thou ? where born ? and who thy sire ? 205
 Who boldly wouldst encounter me in fight ?
 Unhappy parents have begotten those
 Who prove my fatal prowess ! Undismay'd
 The gallant son of Pelegon replied :
 Pelides, proud in arms, why wouldst thou know 210
 My country ? From Pæonia's fruitful soil,
 Far hence remote, I came, and hither led
 Pæonian warriors arm'd with heavy spears.
 This now I count th' eleventh morning since
 At Ilion I arriv'd. My birth is due 215
 To widely-rolling Axius, fairest stream
 Of all on earth ; ^a he Pelegon begat,
 The spear-renown'd, whom fame proclaims my sire.
 Now, then, O great Achilles, let us fight.
 So spake he threatening : fierce Achilles rais'd 220
 The Pelian ash ; and, with both hands at once,
 Two javelins brave Asteropæus threw,
 For his left arm was equal to his right.
 With one he smote Pelides' ample shield,
 But could not pierce, rebated by the gold, 225

The gift of Vulcan, while the other graz'd
His right arm near its elbow ; from the wound
Issued a stream of dark-red blood ;[†] the spear
Flew on, and glancing near him, in the ground
Stood quivering, longing still for gore in vain. 230
Achilles next, eager to slay the chief,
With forceful effort hurl'd his rapid spear,
But miss'd its aim. Deep in the lofty bank
Of Xanthus, e'en to half its length, was driven
The Pelian ash,[‡] and firmly there stood fix'd. 235
Pelides, drawing forth his falchion keen,
Assail'd Pæonia's hero. He could not,
Though strong his arm, extract the pond'rous lance,
Deep-earth'd, but tugg'd in vain with hand robust.
Thrice with his utmost strength he shook it ; thrice 240
Without effect ; the fourth time, he essay'd
To break, by bending, great Æacides'
Huge ashen spear ; but, ere he could achieve
That enterprise, the fatal sword of life
Bereft him ; for Achilles fiercely gash'd 245
His belly at the navel ;[‡] gushing out,
His rolling entrails pour'd upon the ground ;
Gasping he lay, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Achilles, trampling on the warrior's breast,
His armor seiz'd, and loudly-glorying, cried : 250
Lie there ! 'Tis hard for thee combat to wage[‡]
With mighty Jove's great sons, although thy birth
Be from a river-god, as thou hast said.
My lineage I derive from Jove supreme ;
For Peleus, monarch of the Myrmidons, 255
My father was, whom Æacus begat,
And Æacus was son of Jove supreme.
Thus, then, as Jove omnipotent transcends
The rivers rolling waters to the main,

So Jove's illustrious progeny excels 280
 The stoutest offspring of a river-god.
 A mighty river, too, is present here,
 And gladly would have sav'd thee,^x if his help
 Could aught avail ; but he cannot compete
 With Jove, Saturnian king, against whose might 285
 Not potent Acheloius dares rebel,
 Nor deeply-flowing ocean's boundless flood,
 Of whom are all the rivers, and the main,
 And all the fountains clear, and wells profound.
 Even he with terror sees the lightnings glare 270
 Of Jove, and awe-struck hears his thunders roll,
 Roaring tremendous round heaven's echoing vault.^y
 He said, and from the bank his javelin drew.
 The prostrate hero, pale and dead, he left
 Extended on the sand ; flowing around, 275
 The sable water lav'd that lifeless corse ;
 The fish and eels, about it, greedily
 Devour'd the fat that on the bowels lay.
 But stern Achilles rush'd, his wrath to wreak
 Upon Pæonia's horsemen clad in arms, 280
 Who, panic-smitten, through the river fled,
 Since by the deadly sword of Peleus' son,
 They saw their bravest warrior slain in fight.
 Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew ;
 Astypylus and Mnesus ; Ophelestes, 285
 Thrasius and Ænius ; and yet more had slain,
 Had not the river spoken,^z to his view,
 In human shape confess'd ; but from the gulf
 Profound his voice was heard : O first of men,
 Achilles ! first thou art in cruel deeds, 290
 As matchless in renown ; for partial gods
 Assist thee ever ! If th' Olympian king
 Truly has given thee ev'ry Trojan head,

From me at least thy fatal fury turn,
 And in the field vengeance execute ; 295
 For, chok'd with heaps of dead, my pleasant stream
 No longer to the main can freely glide,
 While unrelenting, thou art slaught'ring still !
 Relieve me now ; for at thy wond'rous deeds,
 I stand amaz'd, O chief of heroes ! Him, 300
 Achilles answer'd : Xanthus, nurs'd of Jove,
 So shall it be, indeed, as thou hast said ;^a
 But the perfidious Trojans to destroy
 I will not cease till closely in their town
 I coop them, and my strength with Hector prove, 305
 Whether he vanquish me, or I slay him.
 So saying, like a god he rush'd again
 Upon the flying foe. The river then
 Complaining, thus to bright Apollo spake :
 Offspring of Jove, god of the silver bow ! 310
 What shame is this to thee ! Thou hast not kept
 The mandate of thy father,^a who enjoin'd
 Thee strictly to assist the Trojan host
 Until the sun in ocean's waves should set,
 And shadowy evening darken all the field ! 315
 He said, but swift Achilles, spear-renown'd,
 Leap'd on the bank and sprang into the plain.
 The wrathful river, rolling billows huge,
 Pursu'd him rapidly, with all his floods
 Foaming and furious. Many of the dead, 320
 Which lay in heaps, by stern Achilles slain,
 He rais'd aloft, and floating, threw them forth,
 (Roaring and bellowing, like a bull enrag'd,)
 Upon the land ; but, in his beauteous stream
 Shelter'd and sav'd the living Trojans,^a hidden 325
 In eddies deep and wide. Around the chief
 A turbid surge, enormous, horrible,

Swell'd high. The weight of waters on his shield
 Falling, press'd hard ; nor could his slid'ring feet
 Support him.^{ad} With his hands a stately elm, 330
 Growing luxuriant on the river's brink,
 He grasp'd ; the tree gave way with all its roots,
 Bore down the bursting bank, and falling sheer
 Within the flood, with branches broad and dense,
 Obstructing, bridg'd it.^{so} To the shore he sprang, 335
 And plied his active feet, with terror wing'd,
 Across the champaign ; for the potent god
 Ceas'd not, but more enrag'd behind him pour'd
 With turbid, black'ning billows, swelling high
 With hope divine Achilles to subdue, 340
 And turn perdition from the sons of Troy.
 Pelides, with prodigious efforts, sprang
 At every leap, as far as flies a spear
 Thrown with strong impulse, darting rapidly
 Like the black eagle, first in strength and speed 345
 Of all the feather'd tribe. Upon his breast
 The brazen armor rang, with clanging loud
 And terrible ; endeavoring to escape
 He fled, obliquely turning : Xanthus still
 Pursu'd him every way with deafening roar. 350
 As when a peasant, watering well his ground,^{af}
 Leads from a hollow fountain's dark recess
 A gurgling rivulet to plants and flowers,
 Describing with his spade the course design'd,
 And, clearing all obstructions, gushing forth 355
 It whirls the rolling pebbles in its path,
 And, pouring down a slope with murm'rings hoarse,
 Beyond him quickly passes ; so the flood
 Of swift Scamander overtook, and ran
 Beyond Achilles, watchless as he was 360
 With mortals, yet unequal to the gods !

Whene'er again the chief, indignant, stopp'd
To try the contest, and to know if all
Th' immortals, dwelling in the wide expanse
Of heaven, had doom'd him to inglorious flight, 365
So often did the river sprung from Jove,
His neck and shoulders bathe, and o'er him swell
With overwhelming waters. High he leap'd,
Afflicted and disdainful ; but his knees
Were wearied with the torrent's rapid flow, 370
Which, turning as he turn'd, surpass'd e'en him,
And from his feet the slipp'ry ground withdrew.
Then (looking up to heaven) he groaning cried :
O father Jove ! will none of all the gods
Me, miserable, help, my life to save 375
From this pernicious flood ? Hereafter all
That fate decrees I will endure ; but, most
Of all the gods, inhabitants of heaven,
My mother I must blame ; for, heretofore
She sooth'd me with the flatt'ring fallacy, 380
That fate decreed my fall by Phœbus' shafts,
Under the ramparts of the Trojans bold.
O that by noble Hector I were slain,^{as}
Bravest of all who in this land are bred ;
Then should I perish as a hero ought, 385
And by a hero's hand ! But now, my death
Is shameful ; meanly to be swept away !
Drown'd in a river ! like a swineherd boy,
Who, crossing heedlessly a brook, by rain
Suddenly swollen, in the stream is lost ! 390
He said, and instantly beside him stood
The god of ocean and the martial maid,
In human forms. They took him by the hand,
(Courage inspiring with consoling speech)
And Neptune thus address'd him : Peleus' son, 395

Be not dismay'd, nor in the least alarm'd ;
 Such powerful aids, Minerva and myself,
 By Jove's command attend thee ; for thy fate
 Is not to perish in a river. Soon
 Scamander shall this inundation cease, 400
 And thou shalt see him fall ; but wisely we
 Advise thee, be attentive and obey ;
 Refrain not from the fight, destroying all,
 Till safe in Troy, behind her famous wall,
 Thy conquering prowess shall have coop'd the few 405
 That may escape ; then (Hector slain) return
 Triumphant to the ships ; for we the prize
 Of fame award thee. Saying this, the gods
 Withdrew among th' immortals. He, with strength
 And speed renew'd, encourag'd thus from heaven, 410
 Rush'd to the plain, which then was cover'd deep
 With outpour'd waters. Many splendid arms
 Were floating, many ghastly carcasses
 Of youths in battle slain. His vig'rous knees
 Sprang upward, right against the rushing stream ; 415
 For not the potent river in its strength
 Restrain'd him now, such energy divine
 Minerva gave him ! Nor Scamander yet
 Relax'd his efforts ; with augmented rage
 Against Pelides, high his boiling surge 420
 He roll'd a torrent-flood, calling for aid
 To Simois also : ^{ah} Brother, let us join
 Our prowess to restrain this hero's might,
 Or Priam's regal city he will soon
 In ashes lay ; for not a Trojan dares 425
 Abide his arm in battle. Quickly then
 Assist me ; fill thy channel with fresh floods
 From all thy springs ; accelerate all thy rills
 And lift huge waves aloft ; with deaf'ning roar

Toss, in thy foaming current, rocks and beams, 430
 That we may check, at least, this furious man,
 Who, wild with wrath, and pride presumptuous, deems
 Himself a match for gods ! But soon, I trust,
 Of no avail shall be his wond'rous strength
 And beauty, with his glorious armor, all 435
 In my profound abyss forever sunk ;
 For I will whelm him under gather'd heaps
 Of mud and sand so huge, that never more
 Achaia's heroes shall collect his bones.
 There shall he lie, and need no other tomb 440
 When Greece shall pay her solemn funeral rites.
 He said, and rising in his anger, rush'd
 Upon Achilles ; foaming, roaring, swollen
 With blood and mangled carcasses of men !^{al}
 Uplifted by the Jove-descended river, 445
 A dark-red threatening billow stood aloft,
 And wrapp'd Pelides round ! Then Juno shriek'd,
 Affrighted for Achilles, lest the flood,
 Resistless of the river deep and strong,
 Should sweep him quite away. To Vulcan straight 450
 She loudly cried : ^{ak} To arms, my son, to arms ;
 For thee we deem the fit antagonist
 To quell the rage of Xanthus. Hasten then,
 And breathe forth fire excessive, while I go
 A rapid tempest from the sea to bring, 455
 Of Zephyrus and Notus strong and swift,
 Thy conflagration spreading far and wide,
 The corpses of the Trojans to consume,
 With all their armor. Thou along the banks
 Of Xanthus, burn the trees, and on himself 460
 Tormenting heat inflict ; nor let him thee
 Turn from thy course by soothing or by threats,
 But thou remit not thy most potent might,

Till shouting, I direct thee to refrain ;
 Then check thy fury, then withdraw thy flame. 465
 She said ; forthwith a scorching blast he breath'd
 Of fire miraculous. Kindling in the field
 It spread around, and all the dead consum'd,
 That lay in heaps by fierce Achilles slain.
 Soon parch'd was all the field, and to his banks 470
 The stream confin'd. As newly-water'd ground
 Is quickly by autumnal Boreas drain'd,
 When pleas'd the gard'ner sees his work succeed ;^a
 So speedily the plain was dried, and all
 The carcasses consum'd. Then to the stream 475
 He turn'd the flame bright-blazing ; there it burn'd
 Willows and elms and myrtles, lotus rich,
 Cypress and seaweed, growing on its brink
 Profusely, near the cool refreshing tide.
 The fish and eels, with fervent heat oppress'd, 480
 Some in the eddies, in the channel some,
 Among the pleasant gurglings, here and there
 Div'd, restless, tortur'd by the scalding breath
 Of powerful Vulcan. To its bottom quite
 The river boil'd, and thus, at length, exclaim'd : 485
 O Vulcan ! none of all the gods can match
 Thy prowess. Suffering by this heat intense,
 I cannot thee oppose. Cease, then, the strife,
 And let divine Achilles from their town
 Expel the Trojans. What had I to do 490
 With contest ? with endeavoring them to save ?
 So spake the god, on fire, his beauteous stream
 Boiling and bubbling. As a caldron seethes,^{am}
 When fervent flames beneath it heat excite,
 Dissolving soon of some rich sacrifice 495
 The fat abundant, and in every part
 The fluid bubbles, while by billets dry

The steam is still augmented ; so the depth
 Of Xanthus heated was by Vulcan's breath,
 And all his waters boil'd. Gasping and faint, 500
 He could no longer flow ! Impatient then,
 For mercy, Juno thus the god implor'd :
 Why, Juno, has thy son, relentless, wreak'd
 His wrath on me, more than on all the rest ?
 My fault is less than that of other gods 505
 Auxiliar to the Trojans. But I yield
 At thy command ; let Vulcan also cease
 His fury, and I pledge an awful oath
 Never to strive again, from Ilion's race
 Their ruin to repel ; e'en when their town 510
 Shall perish, by the warlike sons of Greece,
 In deathful fire involv'd. With that appeas'd,
 The white-arm'd goddess shouted to her son :
 Stay, Vulcan, stay, my glorious son ! 'Tis wrong
 A power immortal, thus for mortal men to vex. 515
 Obedient to her word, the fiery god
 His raging flames 'extinguish'd. Refluent, straight,
 The river flow'd within his pleasant banks.^{an}
 When thus the might of Xanthus was subdued,
 From combat they receded, since the queen 520
 Of heaven, relenting, though offended, stay'd
 Their farther conflict. But, with direful sway,
 Pernicious Discord uncontrollable
 Invaded other gods ; they wrathfully
 Encounter'd, with tumultuous uproar, wild 525
 And horrible. Then earth's immense extent
 Re-bellow'd, and the wide expanse of heaven
 As one great trumpet sounded.^{ao} Jove on high,
 Sitting on steep Olympus, heard that shout,
 And, pleas'd at heart, with smiles survey'd the scene 530
 Of gods assailing gods.^{ap} Apart, no more

They stood ; for Mars commenc'd the dreadful fight,
 Breaker of shields ; he, at Minerva first,
 With brazen javelin rush'd, and thus he spake,
 In terms opprobrious : Wherefore dost thou now, 536
 Audacious insolence ! excite the gods
 To battle ? Pride of heart impels thee still.
 Hast thou forgotten, that, by thee induc'd,
 The son of Tydeus, frantic Diomed,
 Wounded e'en me ? Thyself his shining spear 540
 Caught in thy hand, and guided to the blow
 With impious energy to violate
 A deity ! Now, therefore, shalt thou make
 Atonement for the mischiefs thou hast done.
 So saying, he the shaggy Ægis smote ; 545
 Tremendous shield, which not the thunderbolt
 Of Jove could penetrate ! The javelin there,
 Of blood-stain'd Mars, could no impression make.
 She, stepping back, heav'd in her mighty hand
 A craggy rock, that in the field lay deep, 550
 Black, rugged, huge, which men of elder times
 Had plac'd, a boundary of adjoining lands ;
 With this, impetuous Mars upon the neck
 She smote, and with a fall his strength subdued.
 Prostrate, he cover'd with enormous bulk 555
 Seven ample acres, and defil'd his hair
 With sordid dust, while round him rang his arms.
 Minerva laugh'd triumphantly, and thus,
 With swift-wing'd words, her vanquish'd foe address'd :
 Fool ! hast thou not sufficiently been taught^{as} 560
 How far my powerful might surpasses thine,
 That thou, presumptuous, wouldst with me contend ?
 For this, thy mother's vengeance thou shalt feel,
 Inflicted by the Furies ;^{as} she, incens'd
 Against thee, meditates thy punishment, 565

For quitting now Achaia's righteous cause,
And leagu'ing thus with Troy's perfidious sons.
This said, she turn'd her radiant eyes away.
But him Jove's daughter Venus, by the hand,
Led from the battle, groaning heavily, 570
Oppress'd with pain, and from that dreadful stroke
Slowly recovering. This the queen of gods
Perceiving, to Minerva she exclaim'd :
Offspring of Jove, unconquer'd maid, behold
Yon shameless wanton, leading from the fight, 575
Amidst the tumult, Mars the bane of man !
Pursue them thou, and let them not escape.
She said ; Minerva joyfully complied,
And, overtaking, smote, with hand robust,
The queen of love upon her tender breast. 580
Fainting, she fell : her feeble knees no more
Her frame supported, and entranc'd she lay.
So both were prostrate on the fruitful earth
Extended ! Pallas then, exulting, cried :
Had such been all the deities, who befriend 585
The Trojans in their contest with the Greeks,
Thus valiant and thus firm, as Venus proves,
Opposing me, and aiding blood-stain'd Mars,
Surely we long ago this tedious war
Had finish'd, and laid low proud Ilion's towers. 590
She spake triumphant ; Juno smiling heard.
Neptune, meanwhile, the great earth-shaking god,
Address'd Apollo : Why stand we apart ?
Our valor it beseems not to refrain,
When others have engag'd ; for us more shame, 595
If deedless we return to Jove's high hall,
On great Olympus' summit. Then begin,
For thou art youngest ; me, more old and wise,
It suits not to commence. Ah, foolish god !

How destitute art thou of sense and wit ! 600
 Forgotten now, by thee, that insult base,
 That shameless outrage, we, and we alone,
 Sustain'd at Ilion, when from Jove we came
 And serv'd the proud Laomedon,^{as} twelve moons,
 Compell'd to toil for stipulated hire, 605
 Obedient to his will ! I, laboring, built
 Yon city for the Trojans ; with its wall
 Broad, lofty, beautiful, of strength immense,
 That Ilion might impregnable remain !
 Thou, Phœbus, then his cloven-footed kine 610
 Didst tend, among the numerous dales and slopes
 Of sylvan Ida. When the joyous hours,
 Revolving, brought the time our promis'd hire
 Should have been paid, the stern, injurious king
 Refus'd it, and with threats dismiss'd us both. 615
 He menac'd thee with chains ; thy feet and hands
 To bind, and sell thee into distant lands
 A captive slave ; to mutilate us both
 With falchion keen ! But we return'd to heaven,
 Highly incens'd at his injurious breach 620
 Of solemn compact. Is it now for this,
 That thou his people favorest, and, with us,
 Wilt not endeavor justly to destroy
 That faithless race, men, wives, and infants too ?
 Apollo, bright, far-shooting king, replied : 625
 Earth-shaking god ! thou couldst not truly me
 Designate wise, should I a combat wage
 With thee, for mortal men ; unworthy cause !
 A miserable race,^{as} who, frail as leaves
 Autumnal, flourish for a little time, 630
 Blooming and fresh, supported by the fruits
 Which earth supplies, then wither on the ground,
 Sapless and dead ! From battle, then, let us

Refrain henceforth, and let them slay each other
In their own quarrel. Saying this, the god, 635
Submissive, turn'd away, for he rever'd
His father's brother, nor with him would prove
His valor. But, with sharp, disdainful taunts,
Dian, his sister, huntress in the woods
And deserts wild, rebuk'd him : Fliest thou, 640
Indeed, far-shooting god ? and dost thou yield
The victory to Neptune, cheaply earn'd
With thy disgrace ? Fool ! wherefore bearest thou
That vainly-threatening bow ? Never again
Hope I to hear thee, in our father's dome, 645
Vaunting among the gods, as heretofore,
That singly thou wouldst Neptune meet in fight !
She said ; but her Apollo answer'd not.
With that incens'd, Jove's awful spouse reprov'd,
With language stern, the goddess who delights 650
In death-dispensing arrows : Darest thou,
Audacious impudence, contend with me ?
Hard wilt thou find the task, though arm'd thou art
With bow and shafts, though Jove to woman-kind
A lioness have made thee ; ^{au} giving power 655
To slay them at thy pleasure. Better far
It is, among the mountains, savage beasts
And timorous does to kill, than rashly vie
With thy superiors. But, if such thy wish,
Come on, the strife attempt ; to be well taught, 660
By proof, how far my prowess thine exceeds.
She said ; and, with her left hand, seiz'd and press'd
Her wrists together ; with the right, she snatch'd
The bow and quiver. Smiling scornfully,
With these she lash'd her temples ; ^{av} struggling, she 665
Obliquely stoop'd, to shun the storm of blows.
Her arrows from her shatter'd quiver fell ;

And like a trembling pigeon, from a hawk
 Seeking a refuge in a rocky cave,
 Not fated yet to die, she weeping fled, 670
 Confounded and distress'd, leaving her bow
 Behind her on the field. Hermes meanwhile,
 The potent Argicide, submissive spake
 To fair Latona : ^{aw} Goddess, I with thee
 No combat wage ; for hard it is to strive 675
 Against the consorts of cloud-gathering Jove.
 I freely give thee leave, among the gods
 To claim the glory, that thy matchless might
 Has vanquish'd me in battle ! Thus he spake ;
 But from the ground Latona gather'd up 680
 The wide-arch'd bow, and arrows, here and there
 Dispers'd, amidst the dusty whirlwind ; these
 Collected, she to steep Olympus' height
 Follow'd her daughter, who had quickly reach'd
 The brazen threshold of the dome of Jove. 685
 There, weeping, on her father's knees she sat,
 And shook, with sobbings, her ambrosial robe.
 Saturnius to his bosom fondly drew
 The lovely virgin, and inquiry made,
 Pleasantly smiling : Daughter, tell me who, 690
 Of heaven's inhabitants, thus treated thee,
 As for some foul offence of open shame ?
 The virgin crescent-crown'd, whose hounds and horn
 Rouse the wild woods, replied : O father Jove,
 Thy cruel consort dealt the blows I mourn ; 695
 Juno, from whom this direful contest rose
 Among th' immortals. So did they converse.
 But Phœbus enter'd sacred Ilion now,
 Intent to save her on that dreadful day,
 Lest, sooner than the fates decreed her fall, 700
 The Greeks should lay her prostrate. Other gods,

Living forever, to the skies return'd ;
 Some wrathful from defeat, others elate
 With victory, and took their seats beside
 Their father, ruler of the sable clouds. 705
 Achilles unrelenting, slaughter'd still
 Both men and coursers. As, when gloomy smoke
 Ascends to heaven, from some great town in flames,
 Excited by the fury of the gods,
 To toil and sorrow all are doom'd, to loss 710
 And ruin many ; so did Peleus' son
 Inflict upon the Trojans pain and woe.
 Priam, their aged monarch, watchful stood
 Upon the sacred citadel, and saw
 The dread Achilles, rising to his view, 715
 Of size prodigious.²² From his conquering arm
 All Troy tumultuous fled, bereft of strength
 And destitute of courage. Shrieking, then,
 With terror, from the turret to the ground
 He hasten'd, urging those who kept the gates : 720
 Wide open throw the gates, but hold them fast,
 Until the flying multitudes the town
 Have enter'd ; for he comes, Achilles comes,
 The routed throng pursuing, near at hand,
 And with him brings destruction. But, when all 725
 Within the walls take breath, shut fast the gates,
 And bar them well ; for much I fear, that man
 Tremendous may within our bulwarks leap !
 He said ; they drew the bolts, wide flew the gates.
 To many, these, expanded, refuge gave. 730
 Forth rush'd Apollo, ardent to protect
 His Trojans, in their peril. Wearied they
 With flight laborious, parch'd with painful thirst,
 And with thick dust o'erspread, toilsome and slow
 Towards the town and ramparts struggled on 735

Across the field. Achilles, with his spear,
 Pursu'd them vehemently ; maddening rage
 Possessed his heart, and keen desire of fame
 Impell'd him, without respite. Then, perhaps,
 The Greeks had taken Troy, the city fam'd 740
 For lofty gates, had not her guardian god,
 Apollo, mov'd Agenor, godlike youth,^{av}
 Antenor's offspring, brave and stout in war.
 His heart he fill'd with valor ; and, to save
 From threat'ning death, beside him stood enshrin'd 745
 In darkness dense, against the sacred beech
 Reclining. Brave Agenor, when he saw
 The terrible Achilles near him, stopp'd.
 His anxious bosom stormy passions shook,
 And thus he commun'd with his mighty mind : 750
 Ah me ! from fierce Achilles if I fly,
 Where others now are driven terror-struck,
 He will o'ertake me soon, and lop my head
 As from a coward. If I step aside,
 Leaving the crowd, who, in confusion foul 755
 Are running, and across the champaign take
 A different route, until I reach the slopes
 Of Ida, there, among the brakes and shrubs,
 I may lie hidden, and return at eve
 To Ilion, after bathing in the stream, 760
 Cool and refresh'd. But wherefore thus engage
 My thoughts in vain ? Let not his eagle eye
 Perceive me, as I turn, his matchless speed
 Pursue, and overtake me ! death were then
 Inevitable ; for he far excels 765
 In strength all mortal men ! But what if, yet,
 Encourag'd by my country's cause, I march
 Bravely against him ? Surely, by a spear
 His body may be pierc'd ! One only soul

Within his bosom dwells, and men pronounce 770
 E'en him a mortal, honor'd as he is,
 And crown'd with glory by Saturnian Jove.
 So saying, he awaits Achilles. Firm,
 His manly heart beats high, intent on war
 And combat ! As a panther fiercely springs 775
 From a dark thicket's deep recess, resolv'd
 To meet a warlike huntsman ; sternly she,
 Insensible of fear, the barking dogs
 Defies, and, e'en though wounded sore, by lance
 Or shaft, and writhing on the cruel spike, 780
 She burns with wrath until her foes she reach
 In equal conflict, or be slain herself ;
 So resolute, Antenor's godlike son,
 Agenor, scorn'd to fly, but stood to meet
 Achilles, and make trial of his strength. 785
 His buckler's beauteous orb advanc'd he bore,
 Took aim with pointed lance, and cried aloud :
 Glorious Achilles ! doubtless, in thy heart
 A lively hope is cherish'd, on this day
 To sack the city of the Trojans bold ! 790
 Ah thoughtless hero ! many are the woes
 In battle, yet for Ilion to be borne.
 For many are the warriors she has still
 Within her walls ; and warriors brave we are,
 Who fight before these walls, for parents, wives, 795
 And children, and our much-lov'd native land.
 But thou art destin'd here to meet thy death,
 Fierce as thou art, and terrible in war !
 He said ; and with a strenuous arm despatch'd
 His javelin keen, which erred not from its mark, 800
 But smote Achilles on the radiant greave,
 Beneath his knee ; the greave, of glittering tin
 Elaborate, rang terribly ; the spear

THE ILIAD.



Rebounded, by the god's celestial gift
Repell'd. Pelides on Agenor rush'd,
To slay him, but, to win that prize of fame,
Was not permitted. Phœbus snatch'd away
The godlike youth, and in a cloud conceal'd,
Of pitchy darkness ; from the fight withdrawn,
And sent with safety to his father's house ! 810
But he, deceptive, from the routed throng
Decoy'd Pelides. Seeming, to his sight,
Agenor's self,^{as} the god, who shines afar,
Before him stood ; he hasten'd to pursue.
While, with diverging course, athwart the field, 815
Beside Scamander, he pursu'd the god,
Who ran before him, never far remote ;
(For Phœbus artfully entic'd him still,
Expecting every moment by his speed
To catch Agenor,) all the flying host 820
Of Trojans joyfully the city reach'd,
And fill'd with thronging multitudes ! None stopp'd,
E'en for a moment ; none, without the walls,
Abided for their comrades ; none inquir'd
Who had escap'd, or who in fight had fallen ; 825
But all, whose active limbs had sav'd their lives,
Eager with transport pour'd into the town.

NOTES.

BOOK XXI.

* *Offspring of deathless Jove.* l. 3.

“The river is said to be the son of Jupiter, on account of its being supplied with waters that fall from Jupiter, that is, from heaven.” — *Eustathius.*

† *He drove along the champaign, towards the town.* l. 4.

From this and other passages, it appears there were two ways to Troy from the Grecian fleet; the one, by the ford of the river Scamander or Xanthus, which was the shortest; the other, by heading that river, (its two fountains mentioned in Book XXII. being below the walls of the city,) which was the most circuitous route, but was frequently preferred, to avoid the inconvenience of crossing the river. Achilles, it seems, drove a part of the Trojans from the ford to prevent their escaping to the town by the nearest way; and, in the pursuit, half the number thus driven were misled by Juno, (or rather, in the hurry and confusion of their flight, the air too being darkened with clouds of dust,) fell into the river at a place where it was not fordable. The poet, in the haste and fervor of his narration, does not tell us what became of the rest; but we may understand that they crossed the river at the ford, and were pursued by the other Greeks. In the long battle, which commenced in Book XI. and continued to the end of Book XVII., it does not appear that either of the armies ever crossed the Scamander, though the Greeks advanced several times to the gates of Troy, and the Trojans to the ships; all which clearly proves the existence of two ways to the city.

* *But, to prevent escape, Juno, a cloud
Of darkness dense before them spread.* l. 8-9.

Mr. Pope appears to have mistaken the meaning of this passage. He says :

" These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds."

The word "*πρόσθις*" certainly signifies *before*, and not *behind*. Madame Dacier, too, has strangely misunderstood it. She says, "*Equ-néus ne signifie pas ici, pour les empêcher de fuir, mais au contraire, pour les sauver, pour les dérober à Achille. Junon, pour empêcher Achille de poursuivre cette moitié de l'armée ennemie, qui fuyoit vers la ville, la couvre d'un épais nuage.*" But this, considering Juno's implacable hatred of the Trojans, is a very improbable interpretation. Cowper, following Clarke and Eustathius, has given the true meaning. Clarke correctly observes, that the verb *ἐπόω*, in Homer, always signifies to detain, to hinder or impede.

* *With loudly-dashing noise, they tumbled in,
And all the deep recesses of the stream
Resounded; echoing, roar'd the banks around.* l. 12-14.

The Greek lines are prodigiously expressive :

'Εν δ' ἔπесον μεγάλην πατάγην βράχε δ' αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα,
"Οχθαὶ δ' ἀμφὶ περὶ μεγάλ' ἔχον

The falling of the Trojans into the river, the dreadful outcries and confusion that followed the horrible slaughter of them by Achilles, are all described in the most lively manner in verses, "the sound of which is an echo to the sense."

* ——— *As, when a swarm
Of locusts, by a conflagration driven.* l. 16-17.

See Pope's note. It is remarkable how skilfully Homer contrives to exalt Achilles by his similes. The Trojans, compared to him, are no more than insects driven by a fire, or small fish pursued by a dolphin.

' ——— *he selected from the rest
Twelve hapless youths.* l. 40-1.

It is evident that in doing this, and in binding them afterwards,

Achilles was assisted by his soldiers. The savage barbarity of this determination to sacrifice twelve Trojan youths, not only evinces the ferocity of his disposition, but the cruel superstition of the heathen, which sanctioned such practices. Virgil describes the pious hero, Æneas, acting in the same manner, and expresses no disapprobation; but Homer (afterwards, in Book XXIII.) says that Achilles, in sacrificing the Trojan youths, was guilty of an evil deed: *καὶ δὲ φρεσὶ μὴδστο ἔργα*.

^c *Lycaon, flying from the river.* l. 50.

The scene between Achilles and Lycaon, merits all the praise bestowed upon it by Mr. Pope, who has judiciously pointed out its peculiar beauties. Pity and terror are blended with great skill in every circumstance; nor is the picturesque, by which the reader is made, as it were, a bystander and spectator, less extraordinary in the whole representation. The unrelenting sternness of Achilles strikes us, indeed, with horror; but such conduct is what we expect from him; and even in his cruelty there is something of a gloomy sublimity.

^b *For, ah! remember Ceres' sacred gifts*

First with thyself I tasted, on that day. l. 103-4.

It was considered contrary to the laws of hospitality to put an enemy to death who had eaten bread under one's roof. See Mr. Pope's note on the speeches of Lycaon and Achilles.

^d *Thy friend was slain, the merciful and brave!* l. 130.

By mentioning the clemency of Patroclus, Lycaon indirectly but forcibly endeavors to persuade Achilles to imitate that pleasing trait in the character of his friend.

^e *It sometimes pleas'd my heart and soul to spare*

The vanquish'd Trojans. l. 137-8.

From this passage, it is evident that Achilles was not always or uniformly cruel. See ante, Book I. l. 296-7, note ¹.

^f ——— *Therefore thou, my friend,*

Die also, unrepining! l. 143-4.

"There is much terrible irony in this appellation, by which Achilles ridicules the plea of Lycaon, that he had eaten bread at his table." — *The Scholiast*, quoted by *Cowper*.

^a *With javelin thrown or arrow shot afar !* l. 153.

(“ This is not spoken at random, but with an air of superiority ; when Achilles says he shall fall by an arrow, a dart or a spear, he insinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a close fight, or engage him hand to hand.”) — *Eustathius*, quoted by *Pope*.

^a *Nor shall your beauteous river.* l. 176.

This arrogant boast of Achilles was well calculated to affront Scamander, and stir him up to oppose his progress. The god, therefore, immediately resolves to take an active part in favor of the Trojans.

^c *And throw alive into his streams profound
So many noble coursers.* l. 179–80.

See Mr. Pope's note concerning these cruel sacrifices, which were practised by the Greeks and Romans also.

^d *Pelegon, whom Axios' self,
Pæonia's widely-flowing, beauteous stream,
Begot.* l. 191–3.

As Pelegon was born on the banks of the Axios, he was said, in the oriental style, to be the son of that river.

^e *For Xanthus in his bosom valor breath'd.* l. 199.

A supernatural impulse seemed indispensable to enable any warrior of the routed army to stand against the terrible Achilles. But perhaps the bold resolution of Asteropæus might be accounted for, by a supposition that he was compelled to combat by the energy of despair, to avoid being drowned in the river, which therefore might with propriety be said to urge him to attack Achilles.

^f ———— *and hither led
Pæonian warriors arm'd with heavy spears.* l. 212–13.

The chief leader of the Pæonians had been Pyræchmes ; and while he lived, Asteropæus was only second in command ; but Pyræchmes having been slain by Patroclus, Asteropæus now claims that title. — *The Scholiast*, quoted by *Cowper*.

* ——— *Axius, fairest stream.* l. 216.

Asteropæus speaks with patriotic affection of the beauty of this river of his native country. Mr. Pope has made him say,

“Axius, who swells with all the neighb’ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,”

I think incorrectly.

* ——— *from the wound*

Issued a stream of dark-red blood. l. 227-8.

The fable that Achilles was invulnerable except in his heel, was evidently not invented until after the age of Augustus Cæsar. There is not the slightest allusion to it in Homer, Virgil or Ovid. Such a fiction, instead of exalting the hero, had a direct tendency to diminish his glory; for where would have been his bravery in battle, if he knew that he was liable to scarcely any danger!

* ——— *e’en to half its length, was driven*

The Pelian ash. l. 234-5.

What a prodigious idea does this circumstance give us of the strength of Achilles! See Mr. Pope’s note.

* ——— *for Achilles fiercely gash’d*

His belly at the navel. l. 245-6.

Some squeamish critics may censure as indelicate the introduction of such language in this translation; but the words here used often occur in Homer, who was not so scrupulous, and his meaning cannot be faithfully expressed without them. Ancient authors knew nothing of our modern refinements. In the Sacred Scriptures, the words “belly” and “navel” are frequently found.

* ——— *’Tis hard for thee combat to wage.* l. 251.

This line and some others constructed in the same manner in the course of this translation, may appear limping; but the bringing together two long syllables rather irregularly, was resorted to designedly for the purpose of additional emphasis; and also for the sake of variety, which I considered might be desirable in so long a work.

² *A mighty river, too, is present here,
And gladly would have sav'd thee.* l. 262 - 3.

Achilles again provokes Scamander by disparaging his power.

³ *Roaring tremendous round heaven's echoing vault.* l. 272.

The thunder itself is heard in the line of Homer :

Δεινὴν τε βοῶντήν, δι' ἧν οὐρανὸς ἐν σμαραγγίσῃ.

As Achilles (expressing the opinion of the ancients,) says, that all the rivers, fountains and wells are from the ocean ; so the critics assert that all the fountains of eloquence are to be found in Homer. Quintilian says, (lib. x. cap. 1.) "*Hic enim, (quemadmodum ex oceano dicit ipse amnium vim fontiumque cursus initium capere,) omnibus eloquentie partibus exemplum et ortum dedit.*" Eustathius too, says, "From Homer likewise, proceeds, if not all wisdom, at least an abundant stream of it. For no curious and laborious inquirer into antiquity, or nature, or manners, or even the ordinary concerns of life, ever passed the tent of Homer uninvited, or left it unrefreshed."

⁴ *Had not the river spoken.* l. 287.

Through reverence or fear of the deities who espoused the cause of the Greeks, Scamander has recourse to expostulation, before he uses violent means against Achilles.

⁵ ——— *Xanthus, nurs'd of Jove,
So shall it be indeed as thou hast said.* l. 301 - 2.

Achilles does not refuse to comply with the request of the river god, which was, that he would discontinue slaying the Trojans in his channel ; but he declares that he will not relinquish the pursuit and destruction of them elsewhere, till he shall coop them within their walls and try his strength in combat with Hector. Mr. Pope has not correctly hit the meaning of Homer, in making Achilles say, —

"O sacred stream ! thy word we shall obey,
But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay," &c.

⁶ ——— *Thou hast not kept
The mandate of thy father.* l. 311 - 12.

Scamander, in his vexation, forgets that the promise of Jupiter, to

which he alludes, related altogether to the day before, and was then fulfilled. Jupiter had by no means declared that, when Achilles returned to the combat, the Trojans should be victorious.

“ ——— but, in his beauteous stream,
Shelter'd and sav'd the living Trojans. l. 324 – 5.

The meaning of this seems to be, that many of the Trojans escaped by swimming across the river, or by diving until they got out of the reach of Achilles.

“ ——— nor could his slid'ring feet
Support him. l. 329 – 31.

Mr. Pope elegantly and correctly remarks, that “there is a great beauty in the versification of this whole passage of Homer; some of the verses run hoarse, full and sonorous, like the torrent they describe; others, by their broken cadences and sudden stops, image the difficulty, labor and interruption of the hero's march against it. The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the rushing of the branches in the water, are all put into such words, that almost every letter corresponds in its sound, and echoes to the sense of each particular.

“ ——— bridg'd it. l. 335.

I think Mr. Pope was mistaken in supposing that the fallen elm stretched from bank to bank, and therefore in concluding, from this passage, that the river was narrow. Whatever the fact may have been, it is evident that Homer did not intend to represent the Scamander as a small or narrow river. He repeatedly calls it μέγας ποταμός, great river, and in this place he says that the whole elm fell within its stream; of course it bridged it only in part, and did not reach across. It may be supposed, indeed, that the course of this river was very short, since the two fountains, mentioned in Book XXII., were between the walls of Troy and the sea; but the Scholiast, quoted by Cowper, says, “the Scamander ran down the eastern side of Ida, and at the distance of three stadia from Troy, (making a subterraneous dip,) it passed under the walls, and rose again in the form of the two fountains there described.” Homer too, in Book XII. (l. 21 of the original,) enumerates the Scamander among the rivers which have their source in the Idean mountains. How far from its source Troy was built, does not appear. Probably the foun-

tains in question were only two of its tributary streams, and not the main source of the river.

⁴¹ *As when a peasant, watering well his ground.* l. 351.

"The changing of the character is very beautiful. No poet ever knew, like Homer, to pass from the vehement and the nervous to the gentle and agreeable. Such transitions, when properly made, give a singular pleasure, as when, in music, a master passes from the rough to the tender." *Dacier*, quoted by *Pope*.

⁴² *O that by noble Hector I were slain.* l. 383.

This wish of Achilles is what might be expected from a hero so anxious for glory. *Æneas*, in like manner, in the *Æneid*, says :

" ——— O Danaûm fortissime gentis
Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse ! tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ ! "

⁴³ ——— *Calling for aid,*

To Simois also. l. 421-2.

The meaning of all this marvellous fiction may be, that when Achilles returned to the battle there was a thunder-storm and earthquake, attended with a great rain, by which the rivers Scamander and Simois were both exceedingly swelled, and the former overflowed its banks. The battle of the gods may represent the war of the elements ; and the contest between Scamander and Achilles may allude to the endeavors of that hero, to relieve the Grecian army from the effects of the inundation.

⁴⁴ ——— *foaming, roaring, swollen*

With blood and mangled carcases of men ! l. 443-4.

The Greek verses are such as can hardly be imitated in English :

————— κυκλώμενος, ὑψόσε θύων,
Μοιμήθων ἀφρῶ τε καὶ αἵματι καὶ νεφέεσσιν.

⁴⁵ ——— *To Vulcan straight,*

She loudly cried. l. 450-1.

Vulcan's interposition, to check the inundation and relieve Achilles is most admirably introduced and described. No other power could

have been with propriety opposed to the river god ; and his being excited and assisted by Juno, queen of the air, is a fiction allegorically beautiful.

^{a1} *When pleas'd the gard'ner sees his work succeed.* l. 473.

The Scholiast (quoted by Cowper,) gives a reason for the gardener's rejoicing when his newly watered ground is quickly dried by the north wind, viz., "that the surface being hardened by the wind, the moisture remains unexhaled from beneath, and has time to saturate the roots."

^{am} ——— *As a caldron seethes.* l. 493.

The difficulty of rendering in English, without offensive vulgarity, such a plain and homely simile as this, certainly is great. Pope has acknowledged and I have felt it. But in the Greek, the verses are by no means defective in dignity. It must be admitted too, that no comparison could more accurately illustrate the subject.

^{a2} *The river flow'd within his pleasant banks.* l. 518.

See Mr. Pope's note.

^{a3} ——— *Then earth's immense extent
Rebellow'd, and the wide expanse of heaven
As one great trumpet sounded.* l. 526-8.

Milton was certainly indebted to this description for some of the sublime ideas in his unparalleled battle of the Angels, which, taken all together, is vastly superior to Homer's battle of the gods. In those admirable lines :

"So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage ; all heaven
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook."

We may easily perceive a resemblance to this passage of the Grecian bard.

^{a4} *And, pleas'd at heart, with smiles survey'd the scene
Of gods assailing gods.* l. 530-1.

Eustathius explains this allegorically, saying, that "Jupiter, who

is the lord of nature, is well pleased with the war of the gods, that is, of earth, sea, and air, &c., because the harmony of all beings arises from that discord. Thus earth is opposite to water, air to earth, and water to them all; and yet, from this opposition, arises that discordant concord, by which all nature subsists. Thus heat and cold, moist and dry, are in a continual war; yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth and the beauty of the creation. So that Jupiter, who, according to the Greeks, is the soul of all, may well be said to smile at this contention."

*" Fool ! hast thou not sufficiently been taught
How far my powerful might surpasses thine. l. 560 - 1.*

Cowper's note on this passage is curious, and well worthy of transcription. "Both the allegory and the interpretation of it are here so plain, that they obtrude themselves on the mind of the most inattentive reader. Minerva conquers Mars on purpose to teach us, that it is our wisdom to abstain from war. We boast ourselves the people of an enlightened age, and it is a notable proof of it, that all Europe is this day in flames. With all our pretensions to superior illumination, we furnish by our conduct cause enough to question, whether Homer had not, in his distant day, far juster notions of the true interests of mankind than we."

" Inflicted by the Furies. l. 564.

The Furies (in the Grecian mythology) were the avengers of wickedness, committed either by gods or men. So, in Book XV. Iris threatened Neptune with the vengeance of the Furies, if he should persist in disobedience to Jupiter. See also, in Book IX. the account of Althæa's invoking the Furies to punish her son Meleager.

*" ——— when from Jove we came,
And serv'd the proud Laomedon. l. 603 - 4.*

The meaning of this fiction, that Neptune built the city and wall of Troy, and Apollo tended the cattle of Laomedon, may be, that to the riches acquired by maritime commerce, Troy was indebted for all her greatness, and that the pastures in which her monarch's numerous cattle grazed, were rendered abundant by the productive power of the sun or climate. The treachery of Laomedon, in defrauding the gods of the hire he promised them, may signify his impiety and want of

gratitude to heaven for the blessings he enjoyed. The threats he is said to have uttered, were probably outrages committed upon the priests of Neptune and Apollo, or blasphemies against those gods.

“ *A miserable race.* l. 639.

The beautiful but mournful picture here given of the frailty and misery of man, strikingly resembles several passages in the Holy Scriptures. Homer makes Apollo moralize much in the same manner as the “preacher, the son of David, king of Jerusalem,” when he says that “all is vanity, and who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow!” So the prophet Isaiah, mournfully and solemnly cries, “all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever.” See also the affecting representation of the brevity of man’s life, in the 90th Psalm.

“ ——— *though Jove to woman-kind,
A lioness have made thee.* l. 654–5.

See ante, Book VI. l. 573, note “.

“ ——— *smiling scornfully,
With these she lash’d her temples.* l. 664–5.

I concur in opinion with Pope, that several of the fictions of Homer in this battle of the gods, appear ludicrous and mean. He really seems to have been disposed to ridicule the personal interference of beings of a superior nature, in the degrading quarrels of men. Diana, who scurrilously reproached Apollo for philosophically declining the combat with Neptune, is here justly (but it must be confessed, in vulgar style,) punished by Juno.

“ *The potent Argicide submissive spake
To fair Latona.* l. 673–4.

Eustathius remarks, that “it is impossible that Mercury should encounter Latona; such a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and she representing the night; for the planets owe all their lustre to the shades of the night, and then only become visible to the world.”

But it does not appear that *Hermes* (for he was not called *Mercury* by *Homer*.) was the name of a planet, or that *Latona* represented night. The meaning of the poet appears simply to be, that *Hermes*, being the messenger of *Jupiter*, respectfully declined the combat with *Latona*, whom he regarded as one of the wives of that god. See also *Cowper's* note.

²² *The dread Achilles, rising to his view,
Of size prodigious ! l. 715 - 16.*

The fear of *Priam* is very naturally described. Terrified as he is, the stature of *Achilles* appears in his sight more gigantic than the reality. See *Mr. Pope's* excellent note on this passage.

²³ *Apollo mov'd Agenor, godlike youth. l. 742.*

Agenor's own courage, excited by desperation, probably induced him to make a brave stand against *Achilles*. When death appeared inevitable, he resolved to die gloriously rather than be slain like a coward in the act of flight. But the poet, for the purpose of adorning his poem with the marvellous, attributes this to the influence and persuasion of *Apollo*. Or perhaps the unadorned meaning of the story may be, that the heat of the sun having overcome *Agenor*, he stopped to take breath, and so was overtaken by *Achilles*; after which, having recovered a little, he renewed his flight; and *Achilles*, by turning aside indiscreetly to follow him, let the other *Trojans* escape into the town.

²⁴ ——— *Seeming to his sight,
Agenor's self. l. 812 - 13.*

"*Eustathius* fancies that the occasion of the fiction might be this: *Agenor* fled from *Achilles* to the banks of *Xanthus*, and might there conceal himself from the pursuer behind some covert that grew on the shore; this perhaps, might be the whole of the story. So plain a narration would have passed in the mouth of a historian; but the poet dresses it in fiction, and tells us that *Apollo* concealed him in a cloud from the sight of his enemy." — *Pope*.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

The death of Hector.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

So, to the city they, like hunted fawns,
Escaping, wip'd their toilsome sweat away,
And slak'd, with cooling draughts, their painful thirst,
Reposing on the bulwarks ; while the Greeks
Came on, advancing to the wall with shields 5
Leaning obliquely. There pernicious fate
Detain'd great Hector,^a in her rigid chain ;
Staying in front of Ilion ; entering not
The Scæan gates. Meanwhile Apollo thus
Address'd Pelides : Son of Peleus, why 10
Dost thou, a mortal man, pursue in vain
A deathless god ? Truly a god I am,
Which thou not knowing, obstinately still
Endeavorest to wreak on me thy wrath,
Forgetful of thy task, yet incomplete, 15
To slay the Trojans, who, by this, are lodg'd
Within their town in safety : erring, thou
Hast turn'd aside ; for me thou canst not slay,
By fate's eternal doom from death exempt.
To this, with indignation high inflam'd, 20
The fierce Achilles : Thou hast baffled me,

Far-shooting god !^b of all the deities
 Most mischievous ! misleading from the wall
 My prowess hither ! Surely, otherwise,
 Had multitudes, before they reach'd their town, 25
 Bitten the bloody field in dying pangs.
 But now, great glory hast thou snatch'd from me,
 And them hast sav'd with ease ; knowing thyself
 Had nought to fear ; yet, if the power were mine,
 I would this injury, even on thee, avenge. 30
 So saying, towards the city he proceeds
 With proud and lofty thoughts of victory ;
 Rushing impetuous, as, the goal in view,
 A courser, often victor in the race,
 Exerts his nimble knees with utmost speed ; 35
 So speedily Achilles in pursuit,
 His agile members ply'd.^c Him Priam first
 Observ'd,^d as blazing o'er the field he rush'd ;
 That brilliant star resembling,^e rising bright
 Before the nights of autumn, which on high 40
 Conspicuous shines, amidst unnumber'd beams,
 At midnight's solemn hour ; Orion's dog,
 The name he bears ; o'er all the starry host
 Refulgent ; but tremendous sign of woes
 To wretched men ; portending scorching heat, 45
 Fevers and plagues ! So shone the burnish'd brass
 Around Achilles' bosom from afar.
 Then Priam loudly shriek'd ; with lifted hands
 He smote his head ; with lamentable cries
 Entreating Hector, his beloved son. 50
 But Hector firmly stood before the gates,
 To fight Achilles vehemently bent ;
 While on the wall his hapless father cried,
 With arms expanded : Hector, stay not there !
 For my sake, O my son, do not alone, 55

Unaided by thy friends, that man await, f
 Lest speedy death befall thee slain in fight
 By Peleus' son ; for he is strongest far.
 Ah wretch relentless ! would that he as little
 Was favor'd by th' immortals, as by me ! 60
 Then soon would dogs and vultures feast upon him,
 Easing my heart of agony severe.
 Through him I weep ; by him, bereft of sons
 Many and valiant, whom his blood-stain'd hands
 Have slain, or sold to islands far remote. 65
 And now, two other sons I cannot find
 Among the Trojan host in Ilion coop'd ;
 Lycaon and my Polydore, who sprang
 From bright Laothoe, loveliest of the fair !
 O ! if they live within the Grecian camp, 70
 What treasures will I give, of brass and gold,
 My sons to ransom ; heaps of wealth immense,
 By noble Altes with his daughter given !
 But, if indeed, they're dead, pale, lifeless ghosts
 In Pluto's hall, grief, never to abate, 75
 Must agonize their mother's heart and mine.
 Yet other Trojans may less anguish feel
 If thou escape, thou-also, be not slain
 By stern Achilles. Enter then the gates,
 My son, to save the sons and daughters all 80
 Of wretched Troy, whose lives are wrapp'd in thine.
 Ah ! let not proud Pelides gain the prize
 Of glory that he covets ! Save for them
 Thy precious life ! Besides, O pity me,
 A poor old man, not yet by grief deprived 85
 Of sense and reason, h me, whom, on the brink
 Of hopeless age, now trembling, soon will Jove,
 The father of the gods, to ruin doom
 Complete ; in depth of misery, many sights

Of horror seen ; my sons around me slain, 90
 My daughters ravish'd, burnt their palaces,
 My little children dash'd against the ground,
 In the dire massacre, by ruthless Greeks ;
 And my sons' wives, by their accursed hands,
 To slavery dragg'd ! Myself, the last perhaps, 95
 A ghastly carcass, stiff and pale, by sword
 Or javelin butcher'd, may be thrown without
 My palace-gates, to feed devouring dogs,
 Which, in my halls and at my board, I bred,
 The guardians of my threshold ! Sate them, 100
 With swallowing greedily their master's blood,
 May lay them down, contented, at his door !
 Truly, 'tis seemly, for the young and bold,
 In fight to fall, with honorable wounds.
 They lie, though dead, with deathless glory crown'd, 105
 In fields of fame ; but when foul dogs pollute
 The hoary locks, and reverend, hoary beard,
 And wither'd members of decrepid age,
 This is the worst, the most deplorable,
 Of all the woes of miserable men ! 110
 He said, and tore his hair, in frantic grief,
 Plucking the tresses from his rev'rend head ;
 Yet Hector's steadfast mind he could not move !
 The mournful mother, too, bemoan'd her son ;
 With robes unbound, her bosom to his view 115
 Displaying,* she, with piteous sighs and tears,
 Implor'd him : This, my son, O this regard,
 And pity me ! If ever, when a child,
 This bosom gave thee suck, to satisfy
 Thy little wants, and hush thy plaintive cries, 120
 Remember it, O my beloved son,
 And come within the wall, and do not meet,
 With desperate valor, that relentless man.

For, should he slay thee, never shall I drop
 A tender tear upon thy funeral bed, 125
 For thee my offspring; never shall thy wife
 Embrace thee,¹ and adorn thee, cold in death;
 But, far from us, in yonder hostile fleet,
 Thy naked body ravenous dogs will rend.
 So, weeping, they their dearest son adjur'd, 130
 With urgent supplications, but in vain;
 For obstinate he stood; abiding still
 The mighty hero's terrible approach.
 As a fell serpent, fed with noxious weeds,^m
 And swell'n with baleful spite,ⁿ expects a man 135
 Within his den, coiling his monstrous length,
 And glaring terror from his blood-shot eyes;
 So, fraught with inextinguishable rage,
 Stern Hector stood, determin'd not to yield!
 Against a jutting turret he reclin'd 140
 His radiant shield, and sorrowfully thus
 Debated with his own heroic mind:"
 Unhappy that I am! should I, indeed,
 Enter the gates and skulk behind the wall,
 Shame would attend me! Chiefly just reproach 145
 Polydamas would vent, who counsel'd me
 To draw the troops within the sheltering town,
 That fatal night when great Achilles rose.
 But then, I yielded not! Ah! surely, then,
 Yielding had been the wiser course! But now, 150
 Since my temerity has slaughter caus'd,
 And ruin of my people, much I dread
 The scornful taunts of Trojan men, and dames
 With sweeping trains adorn'd. Some envious wretch,
 Inferior far to me, may now exult, 155
 And say: Proud Hector, rashly confident
 Of his own strength, destroy'd the host of Troy.

Such clamors will they raise ; and better far
 It would be to return, Achilles slain,
 Triumphant, or a glorious death endure 160
 In battle for my country. But, suppose,
 I lay aside my bossy shield and helm,
 And, leaving here my spear against the wall,
 Go now myself, to meet the brave Achilles !
 What if I offer Helen to restore 165
 To Atreus' sons, with all the treasures brought
 By Paris, in his fleet, from Greece to Troy ;
 Helen, the cause of war ; and yield, besides,
 (To be divided by Achaia's host,)
 Whatever hidden treasures in our town 170
 May yet remain ; compelling strictly, too,
 The Trojan chiefs to pledge a solemn oath,
 That nothing is conceal'd, but all produc'd
 For distribution, all the wealth within
 Our much-lov'd city's walls ? But why these thoughts, 175
 Fondly and vainly, do I thus indulge ?
 Such meeting cannot be. He would not pity,
 Nor in the least respect, but slay me straight,
 Unarm'd and unresisting, woman-like !
 For now I cannot from an oak's high bough, 180
 Or rock's tall summit, conference hold with him
 In safety,° as a maid and youth converse,
 A lovely maid, and tender wooing youth !
 Better it is to try the glorious fight,
 And quickly ascertain whether to him 185
 Or me, Olympian Jove will glory give.
 So mus'd he, standing resolute ; but soon
 His foe drew near, furious and terrible
 As Mars himself, the dreadful god of war ;
 Nodding his crested helmet, brandishing 190
 His Pelian javelin, threat'ning instant death.

Around him shone celestial panoply,
 Like flaming fire, or like the rising sun !
 Struck with that sight, a tremor Hector seiz'd ;
 He staid not, but forsook the gates and fled, 195
 Affrighted ! Peleus' son pursued his flight,
 On matchless speed relying. As a hawk,
 Fleetest of birds, darts swiftly on the wing,
 To catch a timorous dove, and wheeling, she
 Oft shuns him, he behind her screaming shoots 200
 As often, but in vain desiring still
 To strike, and missing still his trembling prey ;
 So eagerly, Achilles made pursuit ;
 So Hector fled, below the Trojan wall,
 And strain'd with utmost strength his active limbs. 205
 They, by the mount from which the main was seen,
 And by the fig-tree on its airy brow,
 Along the broad highway their rapid course
 Continued, keeping always near the wall.
 To two pellucid fountains, now they came ;
 Clear, beautiful and bright ; two plenteous springs 210
 Of deep Scamander ; tepid waters one
 Profusely pours, emitting clouds of smoke,
 As from a burning fire ; the other, cold
 As hail, or flaky snow, or crystal ice, 215
 Even in summer, flows. Two cisterns wide,
 Of polish'd stone, receive the gushing rills,
 In which, of old, in happy times of peace
 Before the Grecians came, the Trojan wives
 And lovely daughters wash'd their beauteous robes. 220
 But thither, then, their great defender flew ;
 Their fatal foe was near him ! Death to 'scape,
 The mighty fled, a mightier far pursued !
 Swiftly they ran ; for not a common prize
 Was then at stake : ' a victim ox, or shield, 225

Or other recompense by champions won, *
 Victorious in a foot-race ; but the life
 Of Hector, great in arms ! As strong-hoof'd steeds,
 To victory accustom'd, ply their feet
 With added speed, when round the goal they turn, 230
 A costly prize to win, or tripod bright,
 Or female slave, at solemn funeral games,
 For some dead hero given ; so the chiefs
 Around the town of Priam three times ran,
 With wond'rous swiftness ! All the powers on high, 235
 Upon them gaz'd ! To whom, with pity mov'd,
 The sire supreme of men and gods began !
 Ah ! sight unworthy ! see, the man I love,
 Pursued inglorious round the wall of Troy !
 Sorrow disturbs my heart, for Hector's sake," 240
 Who many thighs of oxen sacrific'd,
 With pious zeal, to me, upon the cliffs
 Of cloud-capp'd Ida ; many, too, within
 The citadel of Ilion. View him now,
 A wretched fugitive, by swift Achilles 245
 Driven around his father's city ! Come,
 Ye deities, deliberate and consult,
 Whether from death we shall deliver him,
 Or yield him, to be slain, by Peleus' son,
 Good as he is, and grateful to the gods ? 250
 To him the blue-eyed maid, Minerva, thus :
 O father Jove, from whom red lightnings fly,
 Ruler on high, in sable clouds enthron'd,
 What hast thou spoken ? Wouldst thou save from death
 A man, by nature mortal, and foredoom'd, 255
 Of old, by fate unbending ? If thou wilt,
 So let it be ; but, be assur'd not all
 The powers of heaven will such decree approve.
 To her the cloud-assembler, Jove supreme :

Be of good cheer, my daughter, best belov'd 260
Of all my progeny ! My fix'd resolve
Is not as I have said ; but to thy wish
Benignant. Therefore now, without delay,
The work accomplish in thy mind conceiv'd.
So saying, he accelerates her flight, 265
Self-urg'd before. She to the field descends,
Precipitate, from high Olympus' cliffs.
Meanwhile, Achilles press'd his flying foe,
With restless speed and unabated rage.
As, when a hound pursues a timorous fawn, 270
Starting before him from its sylvan bed,
Through mountain nooks and thickets, oft it hides,
Trembling and panting, in the shadowy gloom ;
But, though it lurk beneath the spreading leaves
Of tangled shrubs, the dog sagacious, still, 275
With scent unerring traces all its steps ;
So, could not Hector's strength or art elude
The keen Pelides. Oft he strove in vain
To reach the Dardan gates, or bent his flight
Towards the strong-built turrets on the wall, 280
That friends might thence protective weapons throw ;
But stern Achilles, intercepting, turn'd
And forc'd him to the field, for near the town
He flew incessantly.¹ As, in a dream,
A fancied form evades the dreamer's grasp, 285
Flitting before him, but remaining still
Not far remote, though never overtaken ;
So neither could Achilles Hector reach,
Nor Hector from Achilles quite escape.
But how, O Muse, did Hector shun so long 290
Impending death ? His strength had not avail'd,
Without Apollo's help ; that powerful god,
From first to last, was near him, and supplied

His active knees with energy and speed.
 But great Achilles beckon'd to the troops,^u 295
 No dart to hurl at Hector, that the prize
 Of fame some other Greek might not obtain,
 And his be only secondary praise.
 When they, the fourth time, reach'd Scamander's springs,
 Then Jove, the sire of all, his golden scales 300
 Suspended high in air, and on them laid
 Two fates, of long-continuing death the signs ;
 One for Achilles, and for Hector one ;
 Then poised them, holding in the midst the beam
 Uplifted ! Hector's fatal day depress'd 305
 His scale, and down to Pluto's realm it sunk !
 Apollo then forsook him ; Pallas flew
 To Peleus' son,^v and with swift accents spake :
 Now, lov'd of Jove, Achilles, we, I trust,
 Will gain, at length, great glory for the Greeks, 310
 By slaying Hector, terrible in war.
 He cannot now escape us, though for him
 Apollo, prostrate, grovelling at the feet
 Of Jove, with fervent supplication strive.
 But thou, stop here and rest thee ; I, meanwhile, 315
 Approaching, will decoy him to the fight.
 So spake Minerva ; joyful, he complied,
 And rested, leaning on his ashen spear,
 Pointed with brass. She left him, and repair'd
 To noble Hector, seeming to his view 320
 Deiphobus, and imitating well
 That hero's manly voice ; approaching, she
 Address'd the Trojan chief : My brother, long
 And sorely swift Achilles has enforc'd
 Thy toilsome flight, around our city's walls. 325
 Now let us stand to arms, and gallantly
 Repulse him, confident of mutual aid.

Great Hector answer'd : Thou, Deiphobus,
 Ever hast been my brother most lov'd
 Of all the sons whom Hecuba has borne ; 330
 But much more, now, my honor and esteem
 Thou meritest, who nobly, for my sake,
 Seeing my peril, from the wall hast dar'd
 To issue forth, while others stay within.
 To him the blue-eyed goddess thus replied : 335
 Respected brother ! surely many prayers
 Our sire and venerable mother urg'd,
 Clasp'ing my knees ; my comrades, thronging round,
 Implor'd me much to stay, for, terror-struck,
 They tremble all ; but sorrow in my heart 340
 I felt for thee. Now let us bravely fight,
 Advancing to the foe intrepidly,
 And let our spears no longer idle be ;
 To ascertain at once whether Achilles
 Shall slay us both, and win our bloody spoils, 345
 Or by thy spear be doom'd himself to fall.
 So spake she, fraudulent, and led the way.
 When now, at last, in glorious arms oppos'd,
 The mighty chieftains met, great Hector first,
 Ruler of armies, thus address'd his foe : 350
 No longer will I fly thee, Peleus' son !
 Round the great city of the Trojan king,
 Thrice have I fled, and could not thy approach
 Abide ; but now my ardent soul persuades
 Firmly to stand, to slay thee, or be slain. 355
 Come, therefore, let us both invoke the gods,
 For they will see and hear attentively,
 And solemn compacts faithfully attest :
 Thy corse I will not treat with foul disgrace,
 If Jove shall grant me victory, and I take 360
 Thy life, Achilles ; but, of arms despoil'd,

I will restore thee to the sons of Greece.
 Now, promise thou to do the like for me.
 The fierce Achilles, with disdainful look,
 Infuriate, answer'd : Hector, hateful wretch, 365
 Abhorrent to my soul, talk not to me
 Of compacts. As by lions with mankind
 No treaties can be made ; as wolves and lambs
 No concord hold, but everlasting hate ;
 So friendship cannot be between us two, 370
 Nor oath, nor covenant, till one shall fall,
 And satiate Mars relentless, with his blood.
 Call then thy skill and valor to thine aid ;
 For much it thee behooves, to acquit thyself
 A spearman stout, a warrior bold in arms. 375
 No shelter now is left, no subterfuge,
 For by my spear Minerva lays thee low ;
 And full atonement shalt thou make for all
 The pains and sorrows of my countrymen,
 Whom, raging with thy javelin, thou hast slain. 380
 He said ; and, whirling his enormous spear,
 Despatch'd it ; but, perceiving as it came,
 Hector with caution shunn'd it, stooping low,
 While hurtless, o'er him, flew the brazen lance,
 And smote the ground. Minerva snatch'd it thence, 385
 And gave it to Achilles,* unobserv'd
 By noble Hector, who, rejoicing, cried :
 The mark is miss'd ! Great as thou art, and like
 The gods, Achilles, Jove has not to-day
 Reveal'd my fate to thee, as thou hast said, 390
 Mighty in words and crafty in design ;
 That, panic-struck, I might my manly strength
 And fortitude forget. Not in my back,
 Turn'd for inglorious flight, thy spear shall strike,
 But full in front transfix my valiant breast, 395

If such be heaven's high will. Now thou, in turn,
Evade my brazen lance ! O that thou couldst
Receive it buried in thy body ! Then,
Lighter would be the burden of the war
To all the Trojans, by' one stroke reliev'd 400
From thee, their direst curse and deadliest bane.
He said, and forceful hurl'd his mighty lance,
Of length immense, which err'd not from the mark,
But smote the centre of Pelides' shield.
Rebounding thence, far distant fell the spear, 405
And Hector burn'd with wrath, that fruitless thus
His weapon flew. Dejected stood the chief,
Without another javelin. Loudly, then,
He called upon Deiphobus, the youth
Distinguish'd by his buckler's argent field, 410
A spear to bring ; but he was far away.
Then Hector knew his fate, and sorrowing said :
Ah me ! the gods have called me to my death !
I thought that brave Deiphobus was here,
But him the walls encompass. In his shape, 415
Minerva has deceiv'd me ! Surely, now,
Inevitable death must be my doom.
Ah, certainly, such always was the will
Of Jove supreme, and his far-shooting son,
Who yet, with liberal favor, hitherto 420
Have guarded me ; but fate o'ertakes me now.
Yet will I not, without an effort, fall
Inglorious, but attempt a mighty feat,
To be remember'd e'en in distant times.
As thus he spake, he drew the falchion, keen, 425
Heavy and huge, that from his shoulders hung,
And like an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,
Stooping, precipitate, through sable clouds,
To pounce a tender lamb or timid hare,

He rush'd impetuous, with uplifted sword, 430
Against his mighty foe. Achilles, too,
Sprang opposite,* his bosom fill'd with wrath,
Furious and fell. In front the wondrous shield,
Resplendent, labor'd with Vulcanian art,
He held, advancing ; on his head sublime 435
The gorgeous helmet, crown'd with four bright crests,
Nodded terrific ; while the golden hairs,
Luxuriant, wav'd above it, by the god
Profusely spread around its lofty cone !
As, in a night serene, the radiant star 440
Hesper, most beautiful of all on high,
Conspicuous shines among the host of heaven,
So keenly shone the javelin's polish'd point
By great Achilles brandish'd, threatening death
To godlike Hector ! With impatient gaze, 445
His comely form he scrutiniz'd, to find
Some entrance for the spear ; but all his frame
Encompass'd was with brazen panoply,
Refulgent, (which he won when, by his arm,
Patroclus' prowess fell,) save where the neck 450
And shoulders broad the collar-bone connects,^{aa}
His throat expos'd appear'd, a part where death
Is speediest from a wound. The fatal spear
Thither Achilles drove, with all his strength.
Through the smooth neck it pass'd, transfixing quite, 455
But took not instantly his life away ; ^{ab}
Nor, forceful as it was, heavy with brass,
Sever'd the windpipe, or depriv'd of speech.
The dying hero. Low in dust he fell,
And stern Achilles gloried over him : 460
When thou, O Hector, didst the corse despoil
Of slain Patroclus, doubtless all thy thoughts
Were confident of safety for thyself,

Regardless then of me, so far remote !
 Ah foolish prince ! a great avenger, far 465
 To thee superior, at the ships I staid.
 Behold I come, and thou art low in death !
 Now dogs and fowls unclean shall lacerate
 Thy naked carcass, while Achaia's sons
 Will honor him with sumptuous funeral rites. 470
 With feeble voice and tremulous the chief,
 So great in battles once, now faintly spake :
 By thy own life, and by thy knees, I pray,
 And by thy parents, O ! permit me not,
 When dead, to be the prey of Grecian dogs. 475
 Accept th' abundant heaps of brass and gold,
 My sire and honor'd mother will present,
 And to their house my lifeless corse restore,
 From Trojan men and matrons to receive
 The mournful tribute of a funeral flame. 480
 With unrelenting eye, the furious chief
 Revengeful, answer'd : " Dog, implore not me
 For mercy, for my own or parents' sake !
 I wish that hatred could induce me, e'en
 To feast on bloody morsels of thy flesh, 485
 So dire the griefs to me that thou hast caus'd !
 No mortal from the dogs shall save thy head,
 Though bringing hither for thy ransom, ten
 Or twenty times thy worth, and promising
 Yet more to bring ! Should Priam offer me 490
 Thy weight in gold, he should not thee redeem.
 Thy mother shall not lay thee on a bier,
 Bewailing thee, her offspring ; but by dogs
 And birds thou shalt be utterly devour'd.
 Him Hector, gasping, dying, answer'd thus : 495
 Alas ! I knew thee, and expected not
 To move thy heart to pity ! Hard it is

As iron ; but consider, for thyself,
 Lest I may bring upon thee from the gods
 Some just chastisement, on that signal day 500
 When, at the Scæan gates, great as thou art,
 Thee Paris and Apollo shall destroy.^{ad}
 As this he said, the fated moment came,
 And death in darkness wrapp'd him. From his limbs
 The disembodied spirit took its flight 505
 To Hades, moaning its too early loss
 Of manly energy and youthful bloom.
 Him then, though dead, Achilles thus address'd :
 Die thou, and fate I will myself accept,
 Whenever such may be the will of Jove, 510
 And other deathless gods ! He said, and tore
 The reeking javelin from the prostrate corse.
 Laying the spear aside, he stripp'd the dead
 Of blood-stain'd armor ; while Achaia's host
 Around him throng'd, and with admiring eyes 515
 View'd Hector's noble form, and face endued
 With more than mortal beauty ! Nor did some
 Refrain * from stabbing, with ungenerous spears,
 That godlike corse ; they to their comrades cried :
 Truly, this Hector new is dragg'd about 520
 With ease, and may more safely be approach'd
 Than when he fiercely set our ships on fire !
 So saying, some with shameful wounds defac'd
 The lifeless hero ! Having stripp'd the slain,
 The swift Achilles, by the sons of Greece 525
 Encircled, thus the listening throng harangued :
 O friends, Achaia's leaders, chiefs and kings,
 Since the great gods have given me to destroy
 This man, who many dreadful feats achiev'd,
 And harm'd us more than all the rest combin'd, 530
 Come let us, in array of battle, prove

Around their ramparts now, what last resource
 The Trojans may contemplate ; to forsake
 Their city in despair, since he is dead,
 Or boldly stay, though Hector be no more. 535
 But why, alas ! does my neglectful mind
 These thoughts contemplate ? ^{af} My Patroclus lies
 Unwept, unburied at the navy. Him
 I never will forget, while life exists
 And active limbs support this vital frame. 540
 For though the dead in Hades be forgotten,
 Yet even there will I both know and love
 My faithful friend.^{as} Come then, ye sons of Greece,
 Let us return triumphant to the ships,
 And bring this carcass, while our pæans sound : ^{ah} 545
 Great is our glory ! we have Hector slain,
 The mighty chieftain, the support of Troy,
 Whom Trojans as their guardian god ador'd !
 He said ; and foul indignity contriv'd
 To noble Hector.^{ai} In his ankles, both 550
 The tendons perforating, leathern thongs
 He through them thrust, and to his chariot tied
 The hero's feet, dragging his head below.
 Achilles mounts, and in the car suspends
 The glorious spoils. He lash'd the fiery steeds, 555
 Who not unwilling flew. A dusty cloud
 Ascended, rising from the trailing corse.
 The tresses dark and flowing swept the ground ;
 The visage, grac'd before with manly charms
 And comely majesty, lay overspread 560
 With dust impure, by Jove to cruel foes
 Consign'd, and outrag'd in his native land ! ^{aj}
 Thus was his head envelop'd quite in dust.
 His tender mother, at that dreadful sight,
 A shriek of horror rais'd, and tore her hair 565

And threw her veil away. With piteous cries
 His father mourn'd. The people flock'd around,
 Lamenting, with loud outcries, through the town !
 No other seem'd the universal cry,^{ak}
 Than if great Ilion from her towery height 570
 Were sinking, wrapp'd in flames consuming all.
 Scarce could the multitude retain the king
 Within the gates ; for, frantic with despair,
 He struggled to rush forth. Rolling in dust,
 He pray'd them, calling every man by name ! 575
 O let me go, my friends, me only, hence !
 Let not your care prevent me. I will go,
 E'en to the fleet of Greece, and supplicate
 That dreadful man of fierce and deadly deeds.
 E'en he, perhaps, my sorrows may reverse, 580
 And pity feeble age. A wretched man,
 Like me, his father Peleus lives, who bred
 That pest and bane to Troy, but most to me
 Of all the Trojans ; his relentless hand
 Has slain so many of my wretched sons 585
 In bloom of youth ; yet not so much I mourn,
 Afflicted as I am, for all the rest,
 As for this one, (whose death will bring my soul
 With sorrow down to Pluto's dark abode,)^{al}
 For Hector ! O that he had died within 590
 My fond embraces ! Then our aching hearts
 Had comfort found in sighs, and flowing tears,
 Bathing our Hector's ever dear remains,
 Shed by his hapless mother and myself.
 So spake he weeping ; and the citizens 595
 With groans responded. Wild with grief extreme,
 Among the Trojan matrons, Hecuba
 Her plaint renew'd. Why, O my son, should I
 Survive thee ? I, a miserable wretch,

Since thou art slain, my ever-new delight 600
 And constant glory; hope and joy of all
 The sons and daughters of the Trojan race,
 Who, as their guardian god, saluted thee;
 For thou hast ever been their highest praise }
 When living; but, unpitying death and fate 605
 Have taken thee away! So moan'd the dame
 With many a tear. But Hector's wife had yet
 Heard nothing of his death; ^{as} no messenger
 Had brought her certain tidings that he staid
 Without the gates. For she at home within 610
 Her lofty dome's recess, a beauteous web
 Was weaving double-textur'd, rich and gay
 With flowers of various hue. Her fair-hair'd maids
 She order'd, on the fire a tripod large
 To place, that when her Hector should return 615
 From combat, he the bath should ready find.
 Ah! blind to fate! she knew not that he lay,
 Far, very far from bathing, by the hands
 Of stern Achilles and Minerva slain!
 She heard the shrieks and wailings from the tower; 620
 A trembling seiz'd her; from her hand to earth
 The shuttle dropp'd; she call'd in haste her maids:
 Come hither two of you, and follow me,
 To see what dire calamity is this?
 I hear my venerable mother's cries, 625
 And feel my heart, with palpitation strange,
 Leap to my mouth; my knees are chill'd with dread.
 Ah! certainly some dreadful ill is near
 To Priam's children! O that now my thought
 Could not be whisper'd into mortal ear! 630
 But horribly I fear, that Hector brave,
 Alone excluded from the town, is driven
 By fierce Achilles to the plain. Perhaps

That fatal valor which possess'd him still,
 May now be quell'd forever ; for, among 635
 The vulgar throng he never would abide,
 But always, far before the rest advanc'd ;
 Yielding to none in ardor ! Saying this,
 She hurried through the dome, with frenzied look
 And beating heart, attended by her maids. 640
 But, when she reach'd the turret and the crowd,
 She stood upon the wall, and gaz'd around.
 She knew him ! dragg'd along before the town,
 By the fierce coursers drawn without remorse
 Or pity, towards the hollow ships of Greece ! 645
 A sudden night of darkness round her came ;
 Her eye-lids clos'd ; she backward fell, and sigh'd
 Her soul away !^{an} From her dishevell'd hair
 The brilliant, graceful ornaments fell down ;
 The veil, the netted caul, the golden wreath, 650
 And fillet, gifts of Venus, queen of love,
 Upon that day,^{so} when Hector, prince of men,
 From great Eetion's palace brought her home,
 With nuptial presents grac'd, of boundless price.
 His weeping sisters and sad brothers' wives 655
 Around her stood, and held her, through despair
 Struggling for death.^{ap} But, when she freely breath'd,
 Reason with life resuming, she, with groans
 And lamentations loud, among them spake :^{aa}
 O Hector ! O me miserable ! We 660
 To one sad fate were born, though far apart ;
 Thy birthplace here in Priam's royal house,
 And mine in Hypoplacus' sylvan land,
 At Thebes, Eetion's city ; doom'd himself
 To doleful fortune, but his child to worse. 665
 O had I ne'er been born ! for thou a ghost
 Art gone alone to Pluto's dreary halls,

Deep in the dismal caverns under ground,
And me hast left a widow in thy house,
To woe extreme abandon'd, desolate ! 670
Our little son in helpless infancy,^u
Child of unhappy parents, ne'er will know
Thy care, my Hector, nor thy love repay
With filial piety. Should he outlive
This mournful war, of endless woes the cause, 675
Labors and sorrows he must undergo
Perpetual, of his father's rights depriv'd
By fraud or violence. The day that makes
A child an orphan, leaves him destitute
Of every friend ; a melancholy youth, 680
He pines, and sighs, and bathes his cheeks with tears.
Oppress'd and poor, he seeks his father's friends ;
One by the robe, another by the coat
He pulls, and begs them. Some, who pity feel,
Offer a pittance in a scanty cup, 685
To wet his lips, not satisfy his thirst !
While others, flourishing in joyous ease,
With both their parents living, rudely smite
The wretched boy, and drive him from their board
With scorn unfeeling, and reproachful speech : 690
Begone ! thy father banquets not with us !
The child in tears retiring to complain,
To me, his widow'd mother, comes ! Alas !
My dear Astyanax ! so tenderly
With dainties fed, upon his father's knee ; 695
That lovely infant, who, fatigued with play,
And satiate with delights, so sweetly slept,
On beds of down, within his nurse's arms,
Must many wrongs and insults now endure,
Depriv'd forever of his father's love ; 700
For whose sake, by the Trojans, he is call'd

Astyanax, a surname aptly given,
Because, O Hector, thou alone didst guard
Their gates and lofty bulwarks from the foe.
But now, at yonder navy, writhing worms 705
Will feed on thee, when dogs have had their fill,
Expos'd and naked, from thy parents far ;
While, in thy splendid house, neglected lies
Thy new-made raiment, beautiful and fine,
The work of female skill ; but, in the flames 710
I will consume it all ; a sacrifice
Of no avail, indeed, for in those robes,
Upon the blazing pile, thou wilt not be ;
Yet shall it prove some honor to the dead,
Among the sons and daughters too, of Troy ! 715
So spake the weeping fair one ; groans and sighs,
To her's responsive, from the females came.

NOTES.

BOOK XXII.

^a ——— *There pernicious fate
Detain'd great Hector.* l. 6-7.

Hector's reasons for not retiring into Troy with his routed army, are afterwards fully detailed in his soliloquy, while he awaits Achilles.

^b ——— *Thou hast baffled me,
Far-shooting god.* l. 21-2.

Achilles takes great liberties in reproaching Apollo, regarding not his anger, since he knew that his own death was soon to take place, and had deliberately chosen a short life with glory, in preference to a long one without it. But it was customary with the pagans to treat their false deities with very little reverence, when they failed to gratify them in their wishes. The Tyrians, (when Alexander was besieging their city,) upon a dream of some of them that Apollo designed to forsake them, and go over to Alexander, fastened his statue with golden chains to the altar of Hercules! See ante, Book III. l. 474-5, the insulting language of Menelaus to Jupiter.

^c *So speedily Achilles, in pursuit,
His agile members plied.* l. 36-7.

What a prodigious idea of the strength and swiftness of Achilles, is given by this comparison; especially when it is considered, what fatigues he had undergone in battle, in a laborious contest with the river Scamander, and in pursuing the Trojans!

^d ——— *Him Priam first*
Observ'd. l. 37 - 8.

The circumstance, that Priam (notwithstanding his age and the dimness of his eyes) was the first, of those within the walls, who saw Achilles coming, is natural and affecting ; his anxiety, and consequent watchfulness, being greater than that of any other Trojan.

^e *That brilliant star resembling. l. 39.*

"With how much dreadful pomp," says Mr. Pope, "is Achilles here introduced ! How nobly, and in what bold colors, hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terror of his appearance, the desolation around him, but, above all, the certain death attending all his motions, and his very looks ; what a crowd of terrible ideas in this one simile ! But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their son ; that is succeeded again, by the dreadful gloomy picture of Hector, all on fire, obstinately bent on death, and expecting Achilles, admirably painted in the simile of the snake rolled up in his den, and collecting his poisons. And, indeed, through the whole book this wonderful contrast and opposition of the moving and of the terrible, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other. I can't find words to express how so great beauties affect me."

^f *For my sake, O my son, do not, alone,*
Unaided by thy friends, that man await. l. 55 - 6.

The words of the Greek are, —

^g *Ἔστορ, μή μοι μύνη, φίλον τέκος, ἀνέρα τοῦτον*
Ὀϊός, ἀνευθ' ἄλλων

It would seem impossible to bring together more persuasive arguments for Hector's retiring within the gates, than are expressed in this pathetic speech of his miserable father ; yet Hecuba, afterwards, urges him to yield, by some other tender and impressive motives. The firmness of Hector, in resisting all these appeals to his filial affection, his patriotism, his love of life and of glory, is truly astonishing. But it appears that his resolution, though not destroyed, was shaken ; his lofty spirit was depressed, by conviction of the great superiority of Achilles, and his courage failed in the trying

moment, when that terrible hero approached him, flushed with victory and blazing in celestial armor !

*‘ Ah ! let not proud Pelides gain the prize
Of glory that he covets. l. 82 - 3.*

This was a powerful argument. Hector would naturally be unwilling to gratify his mortal enemy, Achilles, by enabling him to accomplish the favorite object of his wishes, the glory of slaying the great defender of Troy. Pope has not distinctly given us this idea in his translation.

*‘ A poor old man, not yet by grief depriv’d
Of sense and reason. l. 85 - 6.*

The probability, that the wretched father might be deprived of his intellects by sorrow, seems to be pathetically insinuated in the words, *ἔτι φρονέοντι*. But perhaps the meaning of Priam may be, that his misery is the greater because he is still in his senses, and capable of feeling keenly all his calamities, which would not be the case if he were a dotard or maniac.

*‘ ——— Sate thyself,
With swallowing greedily their master’s blood,
May lay them down contented at his door. l. 100 - 2.*

Priam’s pathetic anticipation of the deplorable scene which actually occurred at the destruction of Troy, cannot be too much admired. But in the whole dreadful description, no circumstance is calculated to excite more pity and horror than this, of the dogs devouring the naked and ghastly carcass of their kind old master, who fed them at his table, and for whom, when living, they felt so much regard.

*‘ With robes unbound, her bosom to his view
Displaying. l. 115 - 16.*

“ The speech of Hecuba opens with as much tenderness as that of Priam. The circumstance, in particular, of her showing to her son that breast which had sustained his infancy, is highly moving ; it is a silent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to listen, by prepossessing the eye in favor of the speaker.” — *Pope*. The epithet, *λαθιμηδία*, “ that which causes oblivion of sorrow,” is admirably

well applied to the maternal bosom, because it makes the infant forget all its troubles. This is a remarkable example of the emphatic significancy of the Greek language.

¹ ——— *never shall thy wife*

Embrace thee. l. 126 – 7.

Hecuba adds several interesting considerations to those mentioned by Priam. She tenderly puts him in mind of her own maternal fondness, the sorrow of his beloved wife, Andromache, and the probability of his being denied the rites of sepulture, which (according to the superstition of the ancients) was a matter of vast importance.

² *As a fell serpent, fed with noxious weeds.* l. 134.

Ælian (*De Animal.* Lib. VI. cap. 4,) says, “That serpents, when they intend to lie in ambush for any man or beast, eat deadly roots, and herbs of the same nature. Homer, therefore, was not unacquainted with their food, for he describes one as coiled up in his den, with his stomach filled with poisonous and evil aliments.” I doubt the correctness of Ælian’s account, though it may be true; but evidently in Homer’s time such was supposed to be the fact.

³ *Debated with his own heroic mind.* l. 142.

Hector’s soliloquy expresses the very ideas of a noble-minded hero, in his perplexing and unfortunate situation. His own rashness having occasioned the defeat of the Trojans, he cannot reconcile to his mind the reproaches he justly has incurred; but is resolved to make all the amends in his power, by slaying Achilles, or gloriously sacrificing his own life in his country’s cause. Yet his mind is embarrassed by consciousness of the injustice of that cause, in the actual state of things; he recollects the perfidious breach of the treaty, and thinks it would be better to resort to peaceable overtures, to propose, though late, a surrender of Helen and her treasures. But again he considers the deadly enmity of Achilles, exasperated by the loss of his friend, Patroclus, and is convinced that no terms of accommodation would be listened to by him. He concludes, therefore, with a determination to fight, as the only alternative in his power.

⁴ *For now I cannot, from an oak’s high bough,*

Or rock’s tall summit, conference hold with him

In safety. l. 179 – 181.

The meaning of the passage appears to me, plainly and simply,

that being not in a place of safety, out of the reach of his enemy, he cannot hold a peaceable conference with him, as youths and virgins do with each other. See Mr. Pope's note, in which a far-fetched and (I think) ridiculous exposition by Eustathius, is introduced. There seems to be considerable pathos in the contrast, between his own perilous situation and the calm and happy scene of a youth wooing a maiden, presented to his melancholy imagination.

» *Struck with that sight, a tremor Hector seiz'd.* l. 194.

I believe that almost every reader of the *Iliad* regrets, that Homer made Hector fly from Achilles. Although the conduct of the poet, in this particular, is ably supported in an excellent note by Mr. Pope, yet it must be admitted that the character of Hector is degraded, by describing him as running away, through fear of Achilles, after obstinately refusing to yield to all the pathetic supplications of Priam and Hecuba. I think, however terrible his antagonist was, the motives which had determined him to stay without the wall, ought to have enabled him to stand his approach with firmness, and die gloriously, fighting for his country. However, perhaps the fact was historically true, and for that reason was inserted by Homer in his poem. It should be recollected, also, that Hector was alone, while Achilles had the whole Grecian army at his heels; and however shameful, when compared with his brave resolutions, this flight of Hector was, it was not altogether inconsistent with the infirmity of human nature under such circumstances.

» *To two pellucid fountains now they came.* l. 210.

The Scholiast, quoted by Cowper, appears to be mistaken, in supposing that these fountains were within the walls of Troy. The plain meaning of Homer is otherwise. He says, "they came to two beautifully flowing rivulets, where two springs of the Scamander gushed forth." Of course they came to the springs themselves, not merely to rivulets flowing from them. Besides, if the fountains were within the walls, why did the Trojan women have cisterns for washing, in the rivulets on the outside, and this, as the poet takes care to tell us, in the time of peace, before the country was invaded by the Greeks?

* *Swiftly they ran ; for not a common prize
Was then at stake.* l. 224-5.

"The speed with which they ran, is compared not simply to the speed of horses, but to the speed of horses in a race ; those too, not of an ordinary breed, but such as have been often winners, nor even to the speed of such at their usual rate of running, but in the very crisis of their chief exertion, when they trim the goal ; and, lastly, they run for no trivial, but for an illustrious prize. Every circumstance that can convey an idea of the utmost possible celerity, is assembled in this short comparison. But why does not Achilles, who excels all in swiftness, overtake Hector ? Hector has the aid of Apollo. Hector, too, had a resting-time, while he stood deliberating under the walls. But Achilles has struggled with Scamander, from whom he has escaped with difficulty, and has chased Apollo, under the semblance of Agenor, since." — *Cowper*.

* *Sorrow disturbs my heart, for Hector's sake.* l. 240.

Plato justly finds fault with Homer, for representing, in this passage, the father of gods and men as subject to the infirmities of a mortal man. Yet the poet inculcates here a useful lesson, by showing what high regard the piety of Hector demanded from the gods.

* ——— *for near the town
He flew incessantly.* l. 283-4.

These words are evidently applicable not to Hector, but Achilles, the last person mentioned, as the word *αὐτός* plainly proves. Cowper appears not to have perceived this, translating the passage thus :

"So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence
Enforc'd him to the field, who, as he might,
Still ever stretch'd toward the walls again."

* *But great Achilles beckon'd to the troops.* l. 295.

Plutarch condemns this conduct of Achilles, as resembling that of a youth inordinately greedy of glory, rather than of a man, thoughtful and discreet. See the remarks of Eustathius, quoted by Pope.

* ——— *Pallas flew
To Peleus' son.* l. 307-8.

"The whole passage, where Pallas deceives Hector, is evidently

an allegory. Achilles, perceiving that he cannot overtake Hector, pretends to be quite spent and wearied in the pursuit ; the stratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy. This the poet expresses, by saying that Pallas, or Wisdom, came to assist Achilles. Hector observing his enemy stay to rest, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage and advances upon him ; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at last finds himself deceived ; thus, making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death, so that his own false judgment is the treacherous Pallas that deceives him." — *Eustathius*, quoted by Pope. But how can this allegorical interpretation explain the apparition of Minerva, in the shape of Deiphobus ? The groundwork of that part of the story may be, that Deiphobus called to Hector from the wall, and promised to come to his assistance, but did not arrive in time ; or, not being able to persuade other Trojans to accompany him, failed to perform his promise.

" *No longer will I fly thee, Pelcus' son !* l. 351.

It is pleasing to find Hector himself again. Before the fatal catastrophe he resumes his valor, and addresses Achilles with a magnanimity suitable to his character. The stern and fierce reply of Achilles, precisely corresponds with what might be expected from him, to the man who slew his friend, Patroclus, and (as he was informed) had intended to dishonor the dead.

" ——— *Minerva snatch'd it thence,
And gave it to Achilles.* l. 385–6.

The meaning of this fiction evidently is, that Achilles had the wisdom to furnish himself with a second spear, which he might easily get from some one of the Greeks, their army being near at hand.

" *And like an eagle.* l. 427.

Hector is here described with becoming dignity and true sublimity. His heroism shines forth, like the sun from under a cloud a few moments before it disappears in the west. For my part, I wish the poet could have made him more nearly a match for Achilles, and given the latter a victory less easily obtained. But this could not be done, consistently with his scheme of representing Achilles transcendently superior in prowess to all the Greeks and Trojans. How-

ever, I may here remark that, in my opinion, Homer does not shine so much in his single combats as in his general battles. Ariosto and Tasso have both excelled him in descriptions of the former ; while, perhaps, no poet whatever has (upon the whole) equalled him in the latter.

* ——— *Achilles, too,*
Sprang opposite. l. 431-2.

It seems astonishing that, on so many different occasions, the poet could describe the terrible appearance of his hero with so much variety of imagery and splendor of language. Every picture he gives us of Achilles, presents him in different attitudes and colors, though it is still the same hero, and consistency of character is always observed.

“ ——— *save where the neck*
And shoulders broad the collar-bone connects. l. 450-1.

“ It was necessary that the poet should be very particular in this point, because the arms that Hector wore were the arms of Achilles, taken from Patroclus ; and consequently as they were the work of Vulcan, they would preserve Hector from the possibility of a wound. The poet, therefore, to give an air of probability to his story, tells us that they were Patroclus his arms, and as they were not made for Hector, they might not exactly fit his body ; so that it is not improbable but there might be some place about the neck of Hector so open, as to admit the spear of Achilles.” — *Eustathius*, quoted by Pope.

“ *But took not instantly his life away.* l. 456.

It may be asked, if the wound was inflicted in a part where a stroke produces death most speedily, “ *ἵνα τε ψυχῆς ὀκιστοῦς ὀλεσθῆτος*,” why did not Hector die immediately ! The answer is, that the most mortal part was not penetrated, though stricken by the spear, for it failed to pierce the windpipe. Cowper remarks, that the windpipe is somewhat flexible, and may be supposed, therefore, to have yielded to the pressure of the spear, and by so doing to have escaped unwounded.

“ *With unrelenting eye, the furious chief*
Revengeful answer'd. l. 481-2.

The vindictive temper of Achilles, manifested in this speech, is

horrible and shocking, but not unnatural. In the height of his rancorous hatred, he wishes he could be induced even to feast on the flesh of his enemy; and solemnly declares that he will not for any ransom forego the barbarous pleasure, of having the body of Hector devoured by dogs and birds of prey. Yet the same Achilles, afterwards, when his rage had had time to cool, was moved with compassion by Priam's entreaty, and permitted the wretched father to carry that body home.

*ad When at the Scæan gates, great as thou art,
Thou Paris and Apollo shall destroy. l. 501-2.*

It appears from this, that in Homer's time an opinion prevailed, that sometimes dying men uttered prophecies. See ante, Book XVI. l. 1103-4, note ^{ak}. Hector, without supernatural inspiration, could not have foreseen the very improbable event, of the death of Achilles by the hand of Paris.

*aa ——— Nor did some
Refrain from stabbing, with ungenerous spears,
That godlike corse. l. 517-19.*

The outrages perpetrated by the Greeks on the dead body of Hector, are exceedingly disgraceful to their national character. I heartily concur in the observations of Mr. Pope, and cannot justify the poet for giving us such an idea of his countrymen.

*ad But why, alas! does my neglectful mind
These thoughts contemplate? l. 536-7.*

The remarks of Eustathius on this passage are worthy of attention. See Mr. Pope's note. It appears that Achilles failed to do the duty of a general, in not persisting in the plan which was first presented to his mind, of marching immediately to, and endeavoring to take Troy. The reason assigned by him for changing his intention, was his impatience to celebrate the funeral rites of his friend; but perhaps the truth was, that the Greeks were not prepared with scaling ladders for ascending, or machines for battering the walls, within which they knew the Trojans would carefully remain, after the death of Hector. The day, too, was probably far spent, and Achilles, having satisfied his revenge, was willing to give himself and the army rest.

*" Yet even there, will I both know and love
My faithful friend. l. 549 - 3.*

This promise of Achilles Homer represents as fulfilled, in the 11th book of the *Odyssey*, where the ghosts of Achilles and Patroclus are said to be inseparable companions in Hades.

— while our peans sound. l. 545.

The Scholiast, quoted by Cowper, says that the pean was a hymn sung to Apollo; but I think it probable that the word pean was a name usually given to any joyful hymn in praise of the gods. It is by no means probable that Achilles, recently deceived by, and angry with Apollo, would return thanks to that god especially, for his victory. The following lines are evidently either the *'Εννίκιον*, or song of victory, sung by the whole army, or the burden of the song.

*" He said; and foul indignity contriv'd
To noble Hector. l. 549 - 50.*

Homer here plainly condemns the barbarous outrage committed by his hero. Yet Plato unjustly censures him for that outrage. Mr. Pope's note on this subject is judicious, and shows that Plato's reproaches against the poet, on the ground of morality, are generally unfounded. Callimachus, quoted by Cowper, attempts to excuse Achilles, by saying "it was a custom in Thessaly to drag the slayer round the tomb of the slain; which custom was first begun by Simon, whose brother being killed by Eurydamas, he thus treated the body of the murderer. Achilles, therefore, he observes, being a Thessalian, when he thus dishonors Hector, does it merely in compliance with the common practice of his country." But surely Achilles had no right to consider Hector as a murderer, for killing Patroclus fairly in battle. Hector, fighting for his country, slew Patroclus, who in like manner had slain many Trojans. A generous enemy would have treated the remains of so great a hero with all possible respect. The true inducement of Achilles to dishonor those remains, was inordinate desire of vengeance for the death of his friend; not any Thessalian custom, which, if it ever existed at all, probably originated afterwards, from injudicious imitation of his conduct on this occasion.

^a ——— *by Jove to cruel foes*

Consign'd, and outrag'd in his native land ! l. 561 – 2.

It would not be easy to imagine a more deplorable scene than that here presented, nor one more pathetically described. The contrast between the former greatness and merits of Hector, and his present wretched condition, the grief of his father and mother, and other Trojans, spectators of his death, and the barbarous treatment of his dead body, all form a combination of mournful circumstances, almost unparalleled. Yet Homer contrives to heighten the distress afterwards, by introducing Andromache, the wife of Hector, and skilfully making her the chief mourner.

^{ab} *No other serm'd the universal cry.* l. 569.

The character of Hector appears more glorious in death, even than in life ; this universal and unbounded lamentation of the Trojans being a more unquestionable evidence of the high esteem in which they held him, than all the praises they had bestowed upon him when living.

^a ——— *whose death will bring my soul*

With sorrow down to Pluto's dark abode. l. 568 – 9.

“ It is needless to observe to the reader with what a beautiful pathos the wretched father laments his son, Hector. It is impossible not to join with Priam in his sorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my reader is, the beauty of this line, which is particularly tender, and almost word for word the same with that of the patriarch Jacob, who, upon a like occasion, breaks out into the same complaint, and tells his children that if they deprive him of his son Benjamin, they will bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.” — *Pope*.

^{am} ——— *but Hector's wife had yet*

Heard nothing of his death. l. 607 – 8.

How admirably does the poet prelude the lamentation of Andromache for Hector ! Her retirement within her chamber, her employment in preparing the bath for him against his return, her surprise and agitation at hearing the outcries from the citadel, her hurrying, with frenzied look and beating heart, to the wall, her recog-

nizing Hector, dragged as he was along the ground and covered with dust, her fainting at the sight, are all circumstances described with the precision of truth, and dictated by perfect knowledge of nature. They all contribute to increase the pathos, and make us forcibly feel the misery of the disconsolate fair one.

²² ——— *she backward fell, and sigh'd*
Her soul away. l. 647 – 8.

“Andromache faints and falls. Hecuba does not. The reason assigned by the Scholiast for the difference is, that the affliction of the latter has been gradual ; she has seen the combat from the walls, and has been led, step by step, to the catastrophe ; but the former learns it in a moment, and the surprise, accordingly, overpowers her.” — *Cowper*.

²³ ——— *gifts of Venus, queen of love,*
Upon that day. l. 651 – 2.

Ornaments presented by Hector to his beloved bride on the wedding day, are poetically and beautifully said to be gifts of Venus, the goddess of love. But how pathetic is the effect, of bringing to the reader's mind the happiness of Andromache and Hector on that delightful day, by way of contrast, to the present dreadful catastrophe !

²⁴ ——— *and held her, through despair*
Struggling for death. l. 656 – 7.

“It is an observation of the Scholiast, that two more affecting spectacles cannot be imagined, than Priam struggling to escape into the field, and Andromache to cast herself from the wall ; for so he understands ἀνζωμένην ἀπολίσθαι.” — *Cowper*.

²⁵ ——— *she, with groans*
And lamentations loud, among them spake. l. 658 – 9.

Mr. Pope very well remarks, that “Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that distinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem ; what Andromache here says, cannot be spoken properly by any but Andromache ; there is nothing general in her sorrow, nothing that can be transferred to another character ;

the mother laments the son, and the wife weeps over the husband."

" *Our little son, in helpless infancy.* l. 671.

I cannot concur in opinion with Cowper, that there is any reason for suspecting the original lines not to be genuine, in which the mournful mother describes the treatment she fears her son may undergo, his father being dead. To me it seems astonishing, that a person of Cowper's amiable character did not feel the beauty of these lines. He strangely asserts, that "in all this passage there is an evident strain, an effort, a labor to get at the passions; a style of writing that always disappoints itself, and is peculiar to poets, who feeling nothing themselves, have yet an ambition to work on the sensibility of others!"

Mr. Pope, on the contrary, (and I think very justly,) remarks, that "the rejection, by some ancient critics, of the following verses, which so finely describe the condition of an orphan, is a proof there were always critics of no manner of taste; it being impossible anywhere to meet with a more exquisite passage. I will venture to say, there are not in all Homer any lines more worthy of him. The beauty of this tender and compassionate image is such, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones with which the *Iliad* is too much stained. These censurers imagined this description to be of too abject and mean a nature for one of the quality of Astyanax; but had they considered (says Eustathius,) that these are the words of a fond mother, who feared everything for her son, that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, because there is a possibility that they may, that Andromache is in the very height of her sorrows in the instant she is speaking, I fancy they would have altered their opinion."

"It is undoubtedly," says Mr. Pope, "an aggravation to our misfortunes, when they sink us in a moment from the highest flow of prosperity to the lowest adversity. The poet judiciously makes use of this circumstance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother, with the utmost tenderness, lamenting this reverse of fortune in her son, changed all at once into a slave, a beggar, an orphan! Have we not examples in our own times of unhappy princes, whose condition renders this of Astyanax but too probable?"

If Mr. Pope had lived in these days, and seen the calamities of princes produced by the French Revolution, he would have felt still more forcibly the probability, that the worst of Andromache's fears might have been realized.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

The funeral of Patroclus.

THE ILIAD.

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So they, throughout the city, mourn'd. The Greeks,
Arriving at the fleet and Hellespont,
Dispers'd, and each man to his ship withdrew ;
But the brave Myrmidons, their chief Achilles
Permitted not to separate ; he thus 5
Harangued his martial band : Ye Myrmidons
For coursers swift renown'd, my comrades brave,
Dear to my heart, not yet let us release
Our steeds, but thus array'd, with steeds and cars,
Approaching good Patroclus, let us weep 10
The warrior's fall. (The tribute of our tears
The dead may justly claim.) And when, at last,
Our hearts are sooth'd by sorrow unrestrain'd,
We will release our coursers, and enjoy
A mournful banquet here. The hero said, 15
And universal was their doleful cry.
Achilles led the way ; around the corse,
They loudly wailing, thrice their chariots drove.
Thetis herself among them, swell'd their grief.^a
The tear-drops trickling down, their armor bath'd 20
And all the sands bedew'd ;^b so great in arms

Was he whom they deplor'd. The loud complaint
 Of woe unlimited, their godlike chief
 Commenc'd ; upon the bosom of his friend,
 Laying his direful hands imbru'd in blood : ° 25
 All hail Patroclus ! even in Pluto's hall,
 Rejoice, my friend ; for all I promis'd thee
 Is now accomplish'd. Hector's naked corse
 Dragg'd hither, shall be soon a prey for dogs ;
 And, victims to my vengeance for thy death, 30
 Twelve gallant Trojan youths, of noble blood,
 Shall lose their heads around thy funeral pile.
 He said, and foul indignity design'd
 To glorious Hector ; prostrate in the dust,
 Beside the bier of Menœtiades, 35
 He threw the lifeless hero. Then the troops
 Their brazen arms resplendent laid aside,
 Releas'd their neighing coursers, and took seats
 Near the tall ships of swift Æacides,
 By thousands. He for them a funeral feast 40
 Abundantly provided. Many beeves
 Lay slaughter'd there, extended on the ground ;
 Full many sheep and goats, and many swine
 White-tusk'd, and glossy smooth with plenteous fat,
 Were laid to roast, by Vulcan's fiery breath. 45
 In all directions, round Patroclus flow'd
 The streaming blood. Meanwhile, the kings of Greece
 Their champion, Peleus' mighty son, attend
 To royal Agamemnon. Much, indeed,
 Against his wish ; but, by persuasion mov'd, 50
 He yielded ; for his heart still swell'd with wrath
 And sorrow for his friend. When they arriv'd
 At Agamemnon's tent, he order'd straight
 His shrill-tongued heralds on the fire to put
 A large capacious tripod ; ° to induce, 55

If possible, Achilles from his limbs
 To wash the gore and filth ; but rigidly
 The chief refus'd,* and solemnly he swore :
 By Jove himself, I will not ; Jove, the first
 And best of all the gods ! It is not fit 60
 That water should approach me, till I lay
 Patroclus on the pyre, and raise his tomb,
 And clip my locks devoted to the dead.
 For never shall I feel a stroke of fate,
 Wounding my heart with anguish so severe, 65
 While with the living I remain. But now,
 Let us partake the loath'd and joyless feast.
 Do thou, O king, at morning's early dawn,
 Hasten thy people, wood to bring and heap,
 That soon the pile may rise, and to the shades 70
 Of endless night the spirit of the slain
 Be speeded on its journey, as it ought ;
 While the forsaken body, by the flame
 Is borne away forever from our sight :
 This done, the troops may other toils resume. 75
 He said ; the chieftains listen'd and complied.
 The banquet they participate, prepar'd
 Without delay ; nor, at that equal board,
 Was aught deficient ; all were serv'd alike,
 And all were well supplied. The banquet done, 80
 They to their tents retiring, rest enjoy'd.
 But sad Pelides, on the sounding shore
 Of hollow-roaring ocean, groaning lay,
 With all his Myrmidons around him, where
 The sand was clean, and on the neighb'ring beach 85
 The foaming billows dash'd. There, soothing sleep,
 Sweet banisher of cares from human minds,
 Descended on his eyelids, circumfus'd ;
 For much his graceful members were fatigued

With toilsome chase of Hector, thrice around 90
 The wind-swept walls of Ilium. As he lay,
 The mournful ghost of his departed friend
 Before him rose ;^f in all things like the man ;
 In stature, pleasing countenance and voice,
 And garments such as living he had worn. 95
 It stood above his head, and thus address'd
 The slumb'ring hero : Sleepest thou, of me
 Forgetful, my Achilles ? When alive,
 Neglect from thee I knew not ; but, when dead,
 Forgotten is thy friend ! My fun'ral rites 100
 Perform, that speedily I may the gates
 Of Hades enter.^g Now, un pitying ghosts,
 Pale shadows of departed men, repulse
 And drive me far away, allowing not
 To find repose upon the farther shore 105
 Of that infernal river. Vainly now,
 Round the wide-portall'd court of Pluto's hall,
 I restless wander. Give me but thy hand,
 I beg thee, sorrowing ; for never more
 Shall I return from Hades to the light, 110
 When fun'ral flames my body have consum'd.
 Ah ! then, no longer shall we sit together,
 (As erst when living,) from all other friends
 Retir'd, with pleasant intercourse of souls
 Conferring and advising.^h Cruel fate 115
 Has swallow'd me within her dark abyss ;
 The fate assign'd me on my day of birth !
 And thee, Achilles, glorious as the gods,
 The same dire fate attends ; to perish here,
 Under the ramparts of the Trojans bold. 120
 Another thing I charge thee, and implore,
 (Neglect not thou Patroclus' last request,)
 Let not my bones remain apart from thine,

But intermingled ; for together we
Were in your mansion bred, when me, a boy, 125
My father brought from home, for homicide
Deplorable, effect of evil chance,
That fatal day, when in my wrath, at quoits,
I slew without design, the luckless son
Of old Amphidamas : ^l thy father then 130
Receiv'd me in his house, and cherish'd me
With kind regard, and honor'd with the name
Of thy companion ; so, together now,
Envelop'd in one urn, our bones may rest,^l
That golden urn thy mother gave to thee. 135
Achilles, in his sleep, responding, thus
The shade address'd : O honor'd and belov'd !
Why comest thou to me with these requests ?
Thy wishes all I carefully fulfil.
But now come near me ; for a moment yet 140
Embracing, let us soothe our troubled hearts,
With gushing tears and sorrow unrestrain'd.
So saying, for his friend he stretch'd his arms,
But felt him not. The spirit disappear'd
Like fading smoke, and with a feeble shriek 145
Was gone beneath the ground ! The chief, amaz'd,
Started from slumber ; rising hastily,
He clapp'd his hands and mournfully exclaim'd :
O marvellous ! 'tis certain, then, the soul
In Hades dwells ! a shadow frail and thin, 150
Mere unsubstantial image of the dead ! ^k
For all this night above me stood the ghost
Of poor Patroclus, my unburied friend,
Moaning and wailing. Many things it gave
In charge to me, and wonderfully like 155
Himself it seem'd ! So saying, strong desire
Of lamentation he reviv'd in all,

And rosy-finger'd morning on them shone,
 Weeping around Patroclus' dreary corse.
 But Agamemnon, king of men; the mules 160
 And woodmen order'd forth from all the tents,
 Led by brave Merion, chosen minister
 Of Idomen, the valor-loving king.
 With axes in their hands to cleave the wood,
 And cords to bind it, they pursued their way, 165
 Driving the mules before them. On they went;
 Up many a slope and down; o'er many a crag
 And cliff abrupt; around, athwart, aslant,
 The rugged mountain's sides.¹ But when they reach'd
 The groves of Ida, source of many streams, 170
 They hew'd in haste, with axes broad and sharp,
 The tall, high-branching oaks, which, crackling loud,
 With thunder-sounding crash fell to the ground.^m
 These, into billets cut, they bound and laid
 Upon the mules that plied their nimble feet, 175
 The path devouring eagerly, intent
 To reach the lowlands,ⁿ through the tangled woods.
 The woodmen also heavy burthens bore;
 So Merion had commanded, minister
 Of Idomen, the valor-loving king. 180
 Upon the shore they threw them, at the place
 Appointed by Achilles, for the tomb
 Of his belov'd Patroclus and himself.
 When all the burthens huge together heap'd,
 Were there deposited, they resting sat, 185
 Awaiting his approach. Achilles straight
 Commands his martial Myrmidons to put
 Their armor on,^o and to their chariots join
 Their coursers. Quickly they in arms were clad;
 And quickly combatants and charioteers 190
 Were mounted all. A cloud of foot behind,

Unnumber'd, march'd. His mournful comrades bore
 Patroclus in the midst. They cover'd all
 His corse with locks of hair shorn from their heads,
 A fun'ral sacrifice.^p Achilles held 195
 The lifeless warrior's head ; dejected, sad,
 Conducting now his good, his glorious friend,
 To Pluto's dark abode. When they arriv'd
 At the appointed place, they laid him down,
 And diligently rais'd the grateful pile. 200
 But other duties occupied the mind
 Of Peleus' son ; he, from the pile apart
 His golden tresses clipp'd, till then retain'd,
 Luxuriant, consecrated by a vow
 To Sperchius' honor'd river.^q With a sigh, 205
 Mournfully gazing on the dark-blue deep,
 He vents his grief : O Sperchius ! different far
 The vow of Peleus was ; that, home return'd,
 In my dear native country, I should lose
 My flowing locks, for thee reserv'd unshorn, 210
 And pay thee there a splendid hecatomb,
 With fifty rams selected from my flock,
 At thy thrice-hallow'd fountains, where to thee,
 A sep'rate lot of sacred ground is given,
 And with sweet incense crown'd thine altar stands. 215
 Such was my father's vow ; but thou his wish
 Hast not accomplish'd. Never to return
 To my belov'd natal shore, I give
 These locks to brave Patroclus, hence with him
 To be convey'd. So saying, in the hands 220
 Of his dear friend he laid the sever'd hair,
 And rais'd excessive sorrow in them all.
 Now had they wept until the setting sun
 In western billows sunk, had not Achilles,
 Quickly approaching Agamemnon, thus 225

Address'd the king : Atrides, since to thee
Achaia's people prompt obedience yield,
There is a season to be satisfied
Even with mourning : ' now, dismiss the troops,
And bid them take repast, while we who most 230
Are for the dead solicitous, complete
What yet is to be done ; but let the chiefs
Remain with us. The monarch, at his word,
Dispers'd the multitude among their ships ;
But some, attentive to the funeral rites, 235
Staid there, and heap'd the wood. They form'd the pile,
A structure huge, in length, a hundred feet,
In breadth, as many. On its top they laid,
With aching hearts, Patroclus. Many sheep,
And many horned, cloven-footed kine, 240
They near it slew and skinn'd. Achilles laid
The plenteous fat of all the victims slain,
Upon his friend's pale corse, and cover'd it
From head to foot ; around it, on the pile,
He heap'd the slaughter'd carcasses, and plac'd 245
Vessels of oil and honey ; stooping towards
The doleful bier ; then, deeply-groaning, slew
Four beauteous coursers with high arching necks,
And threw them on the pile. Nine dogs there were,
Domestic, at his table ; two of these, 250
Beheaded, on the bloody heap he cast.
Twelve gallant sons of Trojan heroes, next
He butcher'd with the sword ; for evil deeds
His mind vindictive urg'd him to perform.
Beneath them all, devouring fire he laid, 255
And with a dreadful cry, his friend invok'd :
Hail, my Patroclus ! Even in Pluto's halls,
Rejoice ! for all I promis'd is fulfill'd.
Twelve gallant Trojans, sons of noble sires,

The funeral flame now feeds on, with thyself. 260
 But Hector, Priam's son, I will not give
 A prey to fire consuming, but to dogs.
 So spake he menacing ; but Hector's corse
 Remain'd unblemish'd, and by dogs untouch'd.
 Jove's lovely daughter Venus,^a day and night 265
 Drove them away ; with rosy unguents, sweet,
 Ambrosial, she anointed him, that when
 Ruthless Achilles at his chariot wheels
 Dragg'd him, he should not lacerate his flesh.
 Phœbus around him drew a cool dark cloud, 270
 Pendent from heaven to earth, and from all heat
 Shelter'd the sacred spot where Hector lay,
 That fresh and undécaying he might be
 In every part. Meanwhile, the fire not yet
 Was kindled, to consume Patroclus' pyre. 275
 Divine Achilles then, retiring, stood
 Apart from all, invoking Zephyrus
 And Boreas, two most potent of the winds,^t
 With fervent prayer, and precious victims vow'd
 The dormant flame t' awaken ; pouring, too, 280
 Profuse libation from the golden bowl,
 He begg'd them soon to come, and with their breath,
 Rousing the rapid blaze, consume the dead.
 Swift Iris heard him, messenger of heaven,
 And hasten'd to the winds, to tell his prayer. 285
 They, in hard-blowing Zephyrus's hall
 Assembled, feasting sat. The various maid
 Resplendent, on the rocky threshold shone.
 All, instantly arising, to a seat
 Invite her ; she refus'd, and thus she spake : 290
 No time is now for sitting ; I must go
 Again, o'er ocean's billows, to the land
 Of Æthiopia, where hecatombs

Are sacrific'd to the immortal gods,
 That of the feast I may participate. 295
 But great Achilles solemnly invokes,
 With fervent prayer and precious victims vow'd,
 Boreas, and blust'ring Zephyrus, to come
 And kindle, with their powerful breath the pyre
 Of dead Patroclus, mourn'd by all the Greeks. 300
 So saying, she departed. Rushing forth
 With boisterous uproar, they before them drove
 The racking clouds, and instantly came down,
 Upon the deep to blow. High roll'd the waves
 Beneath the whistling blast. Arriving soon 305
 At fruitful Troas, on the pile they fell,
 And loud the fire, excited by the gods,
 Sounded. Shrill-blowing they, throughout the night,
 On all sides o'er that structure spread the flame.
 All night Achilles, from the golden bowl 310
 Filling a double goblet, pour'd the wine,
 And moisten'd deep the ground ; with mournful cries
 Calling the lonely, melancholy ghost
 Of poor Patroclus.^u As a father weeps,
 Burning the body of his only son,^v 315
 Who, late a bridegroom, now a lifeless corse,
 Leaves his unhappy parents, losing him,
 To wailing and unutterable woe ;
 So wept Achilles for his friend beloved,
 Dejected, creeping round the blazing pile, 320
 And often sighing deeply. When the star
 Of morning rose, bright harbinger of day
 To all the earth, succeeding whom appears
 Lovely Aurora, clad in saffron robe,
 Her beams diffusing o'er the boundless main, 325
 Then languid sunk the fire, and ceas'd to blaze,
 The winds departed to their home, beyond

The sea of Thrace, which felt them as they pass'd,
 And roar'd with foaming billows; then the chief,
 Retiring from the pyre, reclin'd, at length, 330
 Fatigued with watching, and his drooping eyes
 To sleep's kind sway submitted. But the Greeks,
 Thronging, assembled round the king of men;
 Their noise, tumultuous, soon the slumber broke
 Of Peleus' son; he sat erect, and said: 335
 Atrides, and ye other noble chiefs
 Of all Achaia, now with sable wine,
 The burning remnants of the smoking pyre
 Extinguish first, that we collect with ease,
 Discriminating well, Patroclus' bones, 340
 Not hard to find, for separate from the rest,
 And in the centre of the pile, he lay;
 While, at each corner, the promiscuous heap
 Was burnt, of steeds and captives. These, with care
 Selected, lay we in the golden urn, 345
 With rolls of fat envelop'd, there to rest
 Until myself to Hades shall descend.
 Next, I request a temporary tomb
 To be erected, not of largest bulk,^r
 But suitable and decent, such as ye, 350
 Sons of Achaia, may hereafter make
 Lofty and wide; ye, who, surviving me,
 Shall with your navy on these shores be left.
 He spake, and they obey'd. With sable wine
 The burning remnants of the smoking pyre 355
 They first extinguish'd, while the loose light heaps
 Of ashes fell together; then with tears
 Their good and courteous comrade's whiten'd bones
 Selecting, and with double rolls of fat
 Enclosing, laid them in the golden urn; ^w 360
 That urn within Achilles' tent they plac'd,

With finest linen shrouded. After this,
They trac'd the broad dimensions for the tomb
Around the pyre, and firm foundations laid.
They rais'd aloft the mound of earth, and then, 365
Their labor finish'd, to the camp return'd.
But Peleus' son detain'd the multitude,
And seated to behold the funeral games.
The prizes he produces from his ships;
Caldrons and tripods, horses, mules and beeves, 370
And sturdy oxen ; iron, polish'd bright,
And female slaves, with graceful girdles deck'd.
First, for the chariot-race, each precious prize
The chief exhibits ; to the man whose steeds
Shall leave the rest behind, a captive dame, 375
Lovely in person, skill'd in useful works,
With her, a tripod, double-ear'd and large,
Containing twenty measures ; to the next,
A sprightly mare, unbroken to the yoke,
Six years of age, and pregnant with a mule. 380
A caldron, new and beautiful, unstain'd
With smoke or heat, he for the third reserv'd ;
Four measures it contain'd. The fourth should have
Two talents of pure gold ; the fifth, a vase
Of double form, capacious, e'en till then 385
By fire untouch'd ; and, rising, thus he spake :
Atrides, and ye other warlike Greeks,
These prizes, in our circus laid, await
The charioteers. If now these solemn games
Were to the memory of some other given, 390
The foremost prize would surely be my own,
For well ye know, my coursers all excel,
Immortal and unequall'd. They, indeed,
Were Neptune's gift to Peleus, who on me
Conferr'd them ; but inactive I remain, 395

And they are unemploy'd ; for they have lost
 Their glorious driver's manly strength and skill,^a
 Who fondly lav'd their manes with water pure,
 And sleek'd them glossy smooth with fragrant oil.
 Him they regret ; their beauteous manes to earth 400
 Declining, sad and motionless they stand
 With heartfelt sorrow. Others then prepare
 For this illustrious contest. Every Greek
 May hope the victory, whose nimble steeds
 And well-fram'd car such confidence inspire. 405
 He ceas'd : the charioteers alertly rose ;
 But far the foremost great Admetus' son,
 Eumelus king of men, who all excell'd
 In skill equestrian.^{aa} Hardy Diomed,
 Tydides, was the next, and to his car 410
 Coupled the steeds of Tros, so lately won
 In battle of Æneas, when their lord
 Was scarce, by Phœbus, from his valor sav'd.
 With that, the noble Menelaus rose,
 A Jove-descended hero. Swift his steeds ; 415
 Æthe was one, which Agamemnon own'd,
 Presented by Echepolus, to buy
 Exemption from the war ;^{ab} that, safe at home,
 He might his wealth enjoy, since Jove to him
 Had large possessions given ; that sprightly mare, 420
 Pawing and ardent for the dusty course,
 The Spartan led beneath the yoke, and join'd
 His own Podargus with her. Fourth appear'd,
 Arraying for the field his smooth-man'd steeds,
 Antilochus, the youthful son renown'd 425
 Of noble Nestor,^{ac} Pylos' hoary chief,
 Whose mighty spirit triumph'd over time.
 Swift-footed Pylian coursers drew his car ;
 But, anxious, near him stood his aged sire,

And wisely warn'd the youth, already wise. 430
Antilochus ! though thou indeed art young,
Neptune and Jove have grac'd thee with their love,
And taught thee all the turns of horsemanship.
Thy need of counsel, therefore, is but small,
For well thou knowest how to shape thy course 435
Around the perilous goal ; but, since thy steeds
Are slowest of the field, I mischief dread.
Truly, thy rivals boast superior speed ;
But even they surpass thee not in skill,
And promptitude of never-failing wit. 440
Come, then, my son, exert thy fertile mind,
With all its energy, that, ne'ertheless,
The prize may not escape thee. More by art
Than strength, the woodman cleaves the knotty oak ;
By art the pilot, o'er the dark-blue main, 445
Guides well his vessel, toss'd by stormy winds ;
And 'tis by art the chariot race is won.
A driver, rashly confident, who trusts
Too much in swifter steeds and lighter car,
Diverges from the track unskilfully, 450
Hither and thither, wandering o'er the field,
And guiding not his coursers ; but who knows
Discretion's rule, though tardier be his team,
Views steadily the goal, and near it turns,
Nor fails to check them with the timely curb. 455
Undeviating still the shortest path
He keeps, and strives incessantly to leave
The foremost car behind him. I will now
Point out the goal. Conspicuous as it is,
Thou canst not fail to mark it. 'Tis a column 460
About an ell in height, of sturdy oak,
Or lasting fir, by showers decaying not.
Against it, two white rocks, on either side,

Are posted, limits of the narrow way ;
But, to and fro, the road is wide and smooth. 465
Some monument of elder time it seems,
A warrior's grave denoting, or, perchance
Goal of a race, for men of former days,
As now for great Achilles. To that point,
I charge thee, urge thy coursers and thy car, 470
As near as well thou canst, so that thy wheel,
Adventurous, miss it, though but narrowly.
Incline thy body from the car's high seat,
A little to the left, with scourge and voice,
The right hand courser stimulate, and give 475
The rein to him ; but leaning towards the goal,
Pull hard the left, until the wheel's round nave
Shall seem to touch the stone ; but carefully
Avoid collision ; for that fatal shock
Would wound thy steeds, and into splinters break 480
Thy shatter'd car. Such terrible mishap
Would be thy rival's joy, and thy disgrace.
But thou, my son, be prudent and be safe ;
For, by the goal if thou canst urge thy steeds
Before the rest, the victory is thine ; 485
Not one of thy competitors can pass
Or overtake thee then ; e'en though he drove
That matchless horse Arion, whom, of old,
Adrastus own'd, of progeny divine,
Or those more famous coursers, best of all 490
Here bred, once own'd by great Laomedon.
This said, Neleian Nestor, slowly thence
Retiring, sat him down, having in full
His sage instructions to his son express'd.
The fifth, in order of the charioteers, 495
Was Merion brave, whose steeds, of comely form,
Wav'd lofty flowing manes. Now mount the chiefs

Their chariots, and cast lots to ascertain
 Their stations at the barrier. Peleus' son
 Then shook them ; youthful Nestor's lot leap'd forth 500
 First from the helmet. Second, thine appear'd,
 Eumelus, king of men ; and thine was next,
 O warlike Menelaus. Fourth, was seen
 Thy name, Meriones ; and last by lot,
 Though first in martial fame, was Tydeus' son. 505
 Ready they stood arrang'd. Achilles points
 Upon the level field, the distant goal,
 And stations there (to view and note the race
 With strict attention, and report the truth,)
 Phoenix, the godlike sage,^{ad} who was of yore 510
 His father Peleus' faithful minister.
 They all at once their scourges lift on high,^{aa}
 And toss their flowing reins, and cheer, with shouts,
 Their animated coursers. Fleetly they
 Flew o'er the field, and soon behind them left 515
 The ships far distant. By their hoofs, the dust
 Excited, seem'd a cloud or gathering storm !
 Blown by the winds aloft, their waving manes
 Dishevell'd, stream'd ; by turns the whirling cars
 Stoop'd to the ground, or bounded high in air. 520
 Yet the bold drivers kept their seats ; and all
 Ardent and eager for the prize, each heart
 Beat high with hope, each, clamoring, urg'd amain
 His fiery steeds, that by their rapid flight
 Were in a dusty whirlwind all involv'd. 525
 But when the nimble coursers, turning back,
 (The goal now pass'd) were thund'ring towards the main,
 Then most the speed of each was manifest
 In competition ; strain'd was every nerve
 For victory ! Then foremost flew the mares 530
 Of Phœræ's famous chieftain ; next to these,

The steeds of Tros, with Diomed the brave,
 Came pressing on them, wonderfully near,
 And seeming, constantly, about to climb
 Eumelus' car ! His shoulders and his back 535
 Felt the warm breath their puffing nostrils blew,
 As they above him stretch'd their long, tall necks,
 In swift pursuit.^a And now, had Tydeus' son
 Beyond him flown, or, matching equally,
 Render'd the conquest doubtful ; but, in wrath, 540
 Apollo, from Tydides' hand the whip
 Struck suddenly.^a Big tears of grief and rage
 Gush'd from the hero's eyelids,^a when he saw
 His rival's rapid coursers far before ;
 While his, not stimulated, lagg'd behind. 545
 But sage Minerva fail'd not to perceive
 Apollo's malice. She (a present aid)
 Restores the whip to noble Diomed,
 And with new spirit animates his steeds.
 Nor this alone ; Admetus' hapless son 550
 Her fury felt : ^a she snapp'd the yoke which held
 His steeds together ; dragging diff'rent ways,
 They parted, and to earth the beam was thrown.
 He, by the shock hurl'd headlong from his car,
 Fell near the wheel ! His elbows, mouth and nose, 555
 Were bruise'd and torn by that tremendous fall,
 And batter'd both his brows ; tears fill'd each eye,
 And anguish chok'd his utterance. Leaving all
 Behind him far flew joyful Diomed ;
 For Pallas with fresh speed his active steeds 560
 Inspir'd, and all the glory gave to him.
 Next in the course was seen the Spartan king,
 Atrides golden-hair'd ; but urgently
 Antilochus exhorts his father's steeds : ^a
 Ah ! strive, my horses ! all your speed exert. 565

Truly I charge you not to emulate
 Heroic Diomed's unequal'd team,
 To whom Minerva now has fleetness given,
 And glory to their lord ; but overtake
 Atrides' steeds ; be not by them surpass'd. 570
 Be quick, be nimble ; dread the foul disgrace
 Of losing, to a mare, to Æthe thus,
 The glorious prize. My best of horses, why
 Are you the hindmost ? Listen to a threat,
 Of certain, direful import ! Ye shall be 575
 No longer royal Nestor's pamper'd care ;
 But he will slay you both, if by your fault,
 This day a mean, ignoble prize be ours.
 Then follow swiftly, strain with utmost speed ;
 Myself will strive, in yonder narrow way, 580
 By sleight to pass ; nor will my scheme be vain.
 He said ; and, by the menace of their lord
 Affrighted, they more rapidly awhile
 Pursued their course. And now the valiant youth
 Saw suddenly that hollow, narrow way. 585
 It was a place where in the road appear'd
 A deep descent, by wintry torrents caus'd,
 Forming a chasm perilous and wide.
 Thither Atrides drove, to shun the risk
 Of cars conflicting. But Antilochus, 590
 Turning his coursers from the path, o'ertook,
 And, leaning from the precipice but little,
 Compell'd him towards the brink ! ^{ak} Alarm'd, the chief
 Exclaim'd : Antilochus ! too bold thou art,
 Restrain thy steeds, for here the way is strait, 595
 And soon thou mayst in wider compass run ;
 Lest, rashly, both of us be sorely bruis'd
 By car encount'ring car. He call'd in vain.
 Antilochus, as if he heard him not,

Plied still the scourge, and with more fury drove, 600
Till, far as flies a discus from the arm
Of some stout youth essaying manly strength,
His chariot flew before. The Spartan king
Was left behind ; for purposely he drew
His coursers back, lest, by pernicious chance, 605
Collision should o'erturn the beauteous cars,
And in the dust the charioteers should fall,
Contending each in vain for victory !
But to the youth, reproachfully he cried :
Antilochus ! most mischievous of men ! 610
Go to perdition ! Grossly have we err'd,
Extolling thee for wisdom ! Yet the prize
Thou shalt not win without a perjury.
He said, and urg'd his coursers to pursue :
Now, stay not, loiter not, with fruitless grief. 615
Sooner than yours, their feet and wearied knees
Will fail ; for ye are young, they stiff with age.
He spoke ; and heark'ning to his voice with fear,
The sprightly coursers quickly skimm'd the ground,
Recovering soon the distance they had lost. 620
Meanwhile th' assembly of the Greeks observ'd
The flying racers, through the cloud of dust.
Idomeneus, the Cretan monarch, first
Discern'd them coming ;^a for aloft he sat,
Without the circus, on a rising ground, 625
Whence all the field was open to his view.
He from afar Tydides recogniz'd,
Chiding his Trojan steeds ; and well he knew
One noted horse, a bright and glossy bay,
In whose broad forehead, like the full-orb'd moon 630
A round white spot appear'd. He rose and spake :
O friends, O chiefs, and councillors of Greece !
Do I alone, or you with me discern

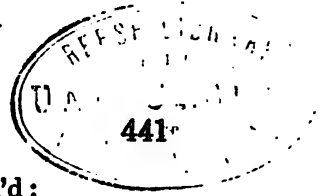
Th' approaching heroes ? Now, in front, I see
 A different team and driver ! They, who late 335
 Were foremost, have sustain'd some evil chance,
 And fallen on the way. I plainly view'd
 Their rapid progress, when they clear'd the goal,
 But now perceive them not, though unconfi'd
 My sight extends, throughout this wide-spread plain. 640
 Surely the charioteer has lost his reins ;
 And fortune, to accomplish happily
 The perilous turn, has fail'd him ! Yonder, lo !
 The chief has fallen ! Broken is his car,
 And driven astray by fury uncontroll'd, 645
 His fiery steeds are roaming o'er the field.
 But rise, and look yourselves ; for I, perchance,
 Obscurely mark him ; but the victor seems
 Ætolia's hero, Argos' mighty chief,
 Illustrious son of Tydeus, steed-renown'd. 650
 To him, Oilean Ajax, swift of foot,
 Rudely and harshly cried : Why dost thou prate,
 Idomeneus, so idly ? Still the mares
 Retain th' advantage ; still their nimble feet
 Swiftly they ply. Thou art not, of the Greeks 655
 The youngest, nor in sight the most acute ;
 Yet ever simply runs thy thoughtless tongue,
 And out of season too, when other chiefs,
 Thy betters, here are present. I aver,
 Eumelus' mares are foremost of the field, 660
 And on his car, unhurt, he holds the reins.
 The Cretan monarch wrathfully replied :
 Ajax ! for wrangling and abusive speech
 Most noted, but, for other qualities,
 Least of the Greeks, degraded as thou art 665
 By futile self-conceit ! now let us stake
 A tripod or a caldron, and appoint

Atrides, king of men, our arbiter.
 Let him decide whose are the foremost steeds ?
 E'en thou, by losing, mayst thy folly learn. 670
 He said ; Oilean Ajax, in high wrath,
 Rose hastily, with stern reply prepar'd ;
 And now to greater lengths between the chiefs
 Strife had proceeded, had not Peleus' son,
 Achilles, interpos'd : ^{am} No farther, now, 675
 Ajax and Idomen, the stern retorts
 Of angry minds indulge. Such strife in you
 Is most unseemly, for yourselves would blame
 In others like demeanor. Take your seats
 And view the coursers, who will soon arrive, 680
 Eager to win the prize. Ye then will know
 Whose steeds are foremost, whose have lagg'd behind.
 As thus he spake, Tydides swift approach'd,
 Lashing his steeds continually, his whip
 Whirling above his shoulders.^{am} High they sprang 685
 Aloft in air, with long prodigious leaps,
 In clouds of dust enveloping their lord.
 Behind them flew the car, with gold and tin
 Resplendent. Scarcely in the sand was seen
 The faintest print of either whirling wheel, 690
 So rapidly they ran. He stopp'd at length
 In the mid circus. Copious sweat roll'd down
 The coursers' sides, their high-arch'd necks, and breasts.
 Joyful, to earth, from the bright beaming car
 He leap'd, and lean'd his whip against the yoke. 695
 Not tardy, then, was gallant Sthenelus,
 But soon the prize receiv'd ; the female slave
 And tripod, to his comrades he consign'd,
 But from the car himself releas'd the steeds.
 Next came Antilochus, of Neleus' race, 700
 Who, not by speed but craft, had pass'd beyond

The Spartan monarch ; but Atrides' steeds
 Were at his heels ! As near him were they now,
 As to the foremost wheel the draft-horse runs,
 Who brushes with his tail the rolling rim, 705
 While turning swift it follows in his rear.
 So narrow was the space by which the chief
 Was left by Nestor's coursers, though at first
 A discus' throw he lost ; so soon the speed
 Of beauteous Æthe, Agamemnon's mare, 710
 That interval had pass'd ; and if the race
 A moment had continued, surely she
 Had sprung before, and for Atrides gain'd
 A victory free from doubt ! Behind the chief,
 A javelin's cast, Meriones came on, 715
 For tardiest were his horses, and himself
 In charioteering little skill could boast.
 Last of them all, Admetus' son was seen,
 Dragging his batter'd chariot, driving loose
 His steeds before him. Great Achilles saw 720
 His rueful plight with pity, and he said :
 Behold ! the man for horsemanship renown'd
 Is hindmost now of all ! But let us give
 The second prize to him, for just it seems,
 Since Tydeus' son has fairly won the first. 725
 He spake, and his proposal all approv'd ;
 Now then to Pheræ's chieftain, with assent
 Unanimous, he would the mare have given,
 But Nestor's son, Antilochus, refused
 E'en by Achilles' sentence to abide. 730
 He, rising, thus demands her as his right :
 Achilles ! warmly would my wrath be rous'd
 Against thee, should thy sentence be fulfill'd ;
 For, in effect, my prize would be denied,
 Because, by some disaster, though in skill 735

He be preëminent, his car and steeds
 Have injury sustain'd ! But to the gods
 He should have prayed,²⁹ and, with their help, would not
 Have lagg'd behind. If thou commiserate
 The luckless chief, and such thy pleasure be, 740
 Thy tent contains rich stores of gold and brass ;
 Cattle, and female slaves, and steeds are thine ;
 Of these, hereafter, for Eumelus choose
 A better prize, or give it even now,
 That Greece thy liberal kindness may applaud. 745
 But I this mare will not relinquish.³⁰ Who
 Will take her, let him come and prove with me
 His strength in fight ! With that Achilles smil'd
 Benignly on Antilochus,³¹ the youth
 He dearly lov'd, and thus, well-pleas'd, replied : 750
 Since 'tis thy wish, Antilochus, I yield
 With pleasure, and the cuirass give to him
 Of slain Asteropæus ; bright it is,
 Of brass well burnish'd, and around it shines
 Of tin a glittering rim ; no common gift, 755
 But rare and precious. Saying this, he bids
 Automedon to bring it from his tent ;
 He brought and plac'd it in Eumelus' hands,
 Who, full of joy, Achilles' gift receiv'd !
 But Menelaus rose. Disdain and grief, 760
 And wrath against Antilochus, inflam'd
 His manly breast. The sceptre to his hand
 A herald gave,³² and all the Greeks enjoin'd
 To silence ; then the godlike Spartan spake :
 Antilochus, so prudent heretofore, 765
 What hast thou done ? My skill thou hast disgrac'd
 Unfairly, and my noble coursers wrong'd,
 By craft o'erreach'd, who far indeed excel
 Thy slothful team. Now come, ye chiefs and kings,

Decide between us, but impartial be 770
 Your sentence ; let no Greek hereafter say
 That Sparta's king against Antilochus,
 By falsehood or by influence prevail'd ;
 That though inferior were his steeds, he made
 The mare his prize, for this, that rank and power 775
 Gave him advantage. But I will the cause
 Myself determine ; none I trust, of all
 Achaia's sons, my sentence will condemn,
 For just and right it shall be. Hither come,
 Antilochus, thou prince of race divine, 780
 As is our custom ; here, beside thy steeds
 And chariot stand, holding thy keen-lash'd whip,
 And touching both thy coursers ; swear by him
 Who earth encircles and her centre shakes,
 That not by fraud thou didst my car impede.^{aa} 785
 To whom Antilochus, repentant, spake : ^{av}
 Bear with me now, for younger far I am,
 O royal Menelaus ! thou in age,
 And merit too, superior art to me.
 Thou knowest youth is still to error prone, 790
 And indiscretion, for a young man's thoughts
 Are form'd in haste, his judgment light and weak.
 Then be pleas'd ; I willingly resign
 The mare to thee ; or, shouldst thou claim besides
 A recompense, one greater far than this 795
 Promptly and cheerfully I would bestow,
 Rather than lose, O chief of race divine,
 Thy friendship, and be hateful to the gods.
 So spake the son of Nestor, great of soul ;
 And, bringing instantly, resign'd the mare 800
 To Menelaus' hands. The noble chief
 Was then delighted, as with early dew
 The thriving harvest smiles, when fertile fields



Of waving corn are moisten'd and refresh'd ;
 So, Menelaus, was thy bosom cheer'd, 805
 And thus thy joy a speedy utterance found :
 Antilochus ! 'tis now my turn to yield,
 Though angry ; for thou hast not hitherto
 Unruly been, or hasty, but to-day
 The momentary warmth of youth misled 810
 Thy better judgment. Now, well taught, take heed
 Thy seniors not to circumvent again,
 For not another of the Greeks so soon
 Could have appeas'd my wrath ; but thou for me
 Hast suffer'd much, and many labors borne, 815
 With thy good father and brave brother too.
 I therefore yield, and, though the mare be mine,
 To thee I give her, that all present here
 May know me, neither haughty nor morose.
 He said ; and to a comrade of the youth 820
 The mare restor'd, himself content to take
 The meaner prize, the caldron. Merion next,
 For he had next arriv'd, the fourth rich prize,
 The golden talents, took. Unclaim'd remain'd
 The double vase ; to rev'rend Nestor this, 825
 Achilles through the circus bore, and thus,
 Offering the present, to the senior spake :
 Accept thou this, old man,^{aw} and be it kept
 In fond remembrance of the sepulture
 Of my Patroclus ; him among the Greeks 830
 No more wilt thou behold. This prize to thee
 Freely I give ; for thou canst not contend
 In boxing or in wrestling, hurl with force
 The javelin, or with speed the foot-race run.
 For age oppressive now subdues thy strength. 835
 So saying, in his hands he put the vase,
 Which he with joy receiving, thus replied :

Truly, my son, with judgment thou hast said ;
 For ah ! my friend ! no longer are these limbs
 Active and strong ; these withered arms no more, 840
 With sinewy vigor, from my shoulders spring.
 O were I young again,^{as} with manly strength
 Unbroken, as I was that signal day
 When, at Buprasium, solemn funeral games
 Epeians held, for Amarynceus dead ; 845
 Whose sons, in honor of their royal sire,
 The splendid prizes offer'd. Then, for me
 No match was found, among th' Epeians bold,
 Or e'en the Pylians, or Ætolia's chiefs
 Magnanimous. In boxing I subdued 850
 The mighty Clytomedes, Enops' son ;
 In wrestling stout Ancæus, Pleuron's chief,
 Who tried in vain his skill and strength with mine.
 My feet the swift Iphiclus left behind ;
 And, with a truer aim, the spear I threw, 855
 Than Polydore or Phyleus. Actor's sons
 Alone surpass'd me, in the chariot race.
 But they by numbers conquer'd, grudging me
 The conquest then, because the noblest prize
 Was for the victor in that game reserv'd. 860
 For they were twins ; one held the guiding reins
 With steady hand, yea, steadily he held
 The guiding reins ; the other plied the lash
 With unremitting vigor ! Such was I,
 When young, but now I leave to younger men 865
 Athletic toils ; for, in my turn, I yield
 To cheerless age, now feeble, though of yore
 A chief of heroes ! But continue thou
 Thy friend's sepulchral honors ; I accept
 With joy thy generous present, pleas'd to see 870
 The kind attention thou hast always paid

To me, who love thee, and how well thou knowest
 What reverence is my due among the Greeks ;
 And may, for this, my son, the bounteous gods
 Reward thee, with their blessings largely given ! 875
 He ceas'd ; and to the concourse of the Greeks
 Pelides went his way, when he had heard,
 With pleasure, all his praise from Neleus' son.
 Now, for the boxers' game austere, he brings
 The prizes forward. To the circus, first, 880
 A mule of the sixth year was led and tied,
 Hardy and active, but unbroke, to tame
 Whose restive spirit were an irksome task.
 This for the victor ; for the vanquish'd, too,
 A double cup is brought. Achilles rose, 885
 And thus propos'd the contest : Now, ye sons
 Of Atreus, and ye other warlike Greeks,
 We bid two champions, stouter than the rest,
 This manly conflict of the cestus prove.
 The combatant, to whom Apollo gives 890
 Success by valor resolute, proclaim'd
 Victorious by th' Achaïans, to his tent
 Shall take yon hardy mule. The conquer'd, too,
 Shall bear that cup away. He said ; and straight
 A champion stout and strong, for boxing fam'd, 895
 Arose ; Epeius, son of Panopeus.
 His hand he laid upon the mule, and cried :
 Let him approach who will, and take the cup,
 For mine I deem the mule, since not a Greek
 From me shall win it. Justly may I claim 900
 Preëminence in the cestus.^{av} Is it not
 Enough that others in the field of fight
 Excel me ? Skill in all things none possess.
 But this I now proclaim, which shall be done :
 His body I will bruise, and pound his bones 905

To smallest fragments. Let his friends be near,
 To bear him hence when by my arm o'erthrown.
 He said ; in silent consternation all
 Sat mute ; the great Euryalus alone —
 Rose to contend. Mecisteus was his sire, 910
 A sceptred king, who came in former days
 To Thebes,^{as} when funeral games were solemnized
 For Ædipus, deceas'd, and, conqueror there,
 The prizes won from all of Cadmus' race.
 Him, for the strife, Tydides, spear-renown'd, 915
 Accoutred, and with animating words
 Encourag'd, anxious he should win the day.
 He girds him first, and next around his wrists,
 With thongs of leather, binds his iron gloves.
 They, cinctur'd both, into the circus came, 920
 And, raising high their huge and pond'rous hands,
 Began the dreadful conflict ; closing swift,
 With rude and rapid strokes. Their batter'd jaws
 Resounded horribly, and toilsome sweat
 From all their members pour'd. But with a spring 925
 The fierce Epeius, rising to the blow,
 Smote his antagonist upon the cheek,
 As inadvertently he gaz'd around.
 He stagger'd with that blow, his graceful limbs
 Sunk under him, and bore his weight no more. 930
 As when a freshening breeze of Boreas blows,
 A large fish, suddenly, upsprings in air
 Near ocean's weedy shore, then falls beneath
 The darkly curling billows ; smitten so,
 He bounded and he fell. Epeius him, 935
 With kind concern, uplifted in his arms ;
 His friends around him thronging, bore him thence,
 Dragging his helpless feet from side to side,
 Hanging his head, and spitting clotted blood.

Swooning he lay among them ; they receiv'd 940
 His meed, so hardly earn'd, the double cup.^{ba}
 For the third game, the wrestler's strife severe,
 Achilles offers next the prizes due.
 The victor wins a tripod for his fire,
 Twelve oxen were its estimated price ; 945
 The vanquish'd shall receive a female slave,
 Accomplish'd well in many works of skill,
 Her rated value four. Now, rise, ye brave,
 And try this arduous contest, said the chief.
 Ajax, great son of Telamon, arose, 950
 And sage Ulysses, vers'd in countless wiles.
 They, girded soon, amid the circus strode,
 And with strong sinewy arms each other grasp'd ;
 Resembling, as they stood, two rafters join'd
 At top, constructed by an architect, 955
 To frame a roof impervious to the winds
 For some high-towering dome. Their creaking backs
 Sounded, embrac'd by rigid clasping hands,^{bb}
 And sweat profusely stream'd from every pore.
 Full many tumors, bloody-red, appear'd 960
 Upon their sides and shoulders. Long they strove,
 Unintermittently, for victory.
 Nor could Ulysses, by a trip, supplant
 And hurl to earth great Ajax' steadfast bulk ;
 Nor yet could Ajax' giant strength prevail, 965
 By sturdy strength resisted. When at last
 The tedious conflict wearied all the Greeks,
 Great Ajax said : ^{bc} Laertes' noble son,
 Ulysses, skill'd in wiles and stratagems,
 Now lift me, or let me lift thee. On Jove 970
 Alone depends th' event. He spake, and high
 Lifted Ulysses, but the chief his craft
 Forgot not then ; for, striking with his leg

The knee of Ajax, he relax'd the joint,
 Throwing him backward, so that on his breast 975
 Ulysses fell. With wonder and delight
 The multitude beheld them. In his turn,
 The patient hero, wise Ulysses, strove
 Ajax to lift. A little from the ground
 He stirr'd th' enormous weight, but could not raise. 980
 Yet in his knee he lock'd his own, and both
 Fell side by side, polluted both with dust.
 Rising again, they had renew'd the strife
 A third time, had not Peleus' mighty son
 Restrain'd them, interposing : Cease, my friends, 985
 And weary not your strength with efforts vain.
 Ye both are victors ; ^{ba} each contented, now
 Accept an equal prize, that other Greeks
 In other games their prowess may display.
 He said, and they assented readily ; 990
 Soon, cleans'd of dust, their raiment they resum'd.
 Pelides then forthwith the prizes brought
 For victors in the foot-race ; first a bowl
 Of silver, carv'd, six measures it contain'd,
 In beauty far excelling all on earth ; 995
 For, by Sidonian artists made, it shone
 Elaborate with all their wond'rous art.
 Phœnician traders ^{ba} bore it o'er the deep,
 And long retain'd it in their public marts,
 Then gave to Thoas ; as a ransom, next, 1000
 For Priam's son, Lycaon, it was paid
 To brave Patroclus, by Eunæus, son
 Of Jason ; at Patroclus' funeral now,
 'Tis offer'd by Achilles, for the meed
 Of him whose active feet most swiftly run. 1005
 To gratify the next, he leads along
 A large well-fatten'd ox ; and, for the last,

Deposits half a talent of pure gold.
 Then rising, he invites them to the game :
 Now try this manly exercise who will. 1010
 Oileus' son, nimble of foot, arose,
 With great Ulysses,^{bc} and Antilochus,
 Who all the youths of Greece surpass'd in speed.
 They stand in order due. Achilles points
 The limits for the race. Away they spring, 1015
 Beyond the barrier. Soon Oileus' son
 Was foremost, but Ulysses near him ran ;
 As near, as to some beauteous maiden's breast,
 The turning reel, when, winding for the loom
 The quickly-gliding thread, she whirls it round, 1020
 And draws it towards her bosom ! Closely so
 Ulysses press'd upon him ; in his track
 Putting his foot, before the dust could rise.
 Upon his head he blew his short, quick breath,
 Without cessation, in that rapid race ; 1025
 While all the Greeks, loudly applauding, him
 Encourage, him to victory exhort.
 When, turning towards the starting-post they came,
 Then wise Ulysses, in his heart devout,
 To blue-eyed Pallas pray'd : O goddess, hear, 1030
 And by thy help invigorate my speed.
 Athenian Pallas heard the prayer he breath'd,
 And vigor added to his agile limbs.
 Swift flew his feet, more lightly swung his arms.
 And when a few more steps would speedily 1035
 The prize have gain'd, ill-fated Ajax fell,
 By Pallas smitten,^{bc} where the filth was thrown
 Of slaughter'd cattle, near the funeral pile
 Of dead Patroclus. Sprawling there he lay,
 His mouth and nostrils fill'd with mire obscene,^{bc} 1040
 While great Ulysses forward sprang and won

The sumptuous bowl. But Ajax took the ox,
 And, sputtering foul pollution, grasp'd his horn,
 Haranguing thus the crowd: O evil chance!
 A goddess tripp'd my heels! the same who, now 1045
 As heretofore, assists Laertes' son,
 Assiduous, like a mother at his side!
 He said, and all who heard him, gaily laugh'd.
 Antilochus accepts the meanest prize,
 And, smiling, thus he speaks: To you, my friends, 1050
 Who know the same full well, I here pronounce,
 The gods still honor men advanc'd in years.
 Ajax is not much older than myself,
 But wise Ulysses, born in better days,
 With men of other times, may well be call'd 1055
 A green old man! Hard, therefore, 'tis with him
 For any but Achilles to contend.
 He said, extolling Peleus' matchless son,
 Who thus, well-pleas'd, replied: Antilochus,
 Thy well-tim'd praise shall not be thrown away, 1060
 For I will double now thy golden meed.
 This said, a talent in his hands he plac'd,
 And joyfully the present he receiv'd.
 Now in the circus Peleus' son display'd
 A javelin long and huge, a buckler broad, 1065
 And crested helmet, once Sarpedon's arms;
 Resplendent spoils, by brave Patroclus won.
 Then thus: We now invite the stoutest two
 Of all Achaia, clad in mail complete,
 And arm'd with deadly weapons,^b here to strive, 1070
 As single combatants, in public view.
 Whoever first shall reach his rival's flesh,
 And through his armor draw a sanguine stream,
 Shall from my hand receive this costly sword,
 Studded with silver bright, a Thracian blade, 1075

Which I from slain Asteropæus took.
 His brave antagonist shall share with him
 This splendid suit of arms, and at my tent
 A sumptuous banquet I will spread for both.
 He said ; the Telamonian hero rose, 1080
 With Tydeus' offspring, dauntless Diomed.
 They, from the crowd retiring, soon assum'd
 Their arms, and fiercely to the combat strode,
 With aspect stern ! Amazement riveted
 The gazing multitude ! And when, oppos'd, 1085
 Nearer they drew, three fierce assaults they made,
 Endeavoring thrice to wound. Great Ajax first
 Smote, in its centre, Diomed's broad shield
 Orbicular, but did not reach his flesh,
 Prevented by the cuirass. Tydeus' son, 1090
 Above great Ajax' sevenfold buckler, still
 Aim'd at his throat the javelin's piercing point
 Of beamy brass. For Ajax' life alarm'd,
 Achaia's chieftains bade the contest cease,
 And each brave champion take an equal prize. 1095
 Yet Diomed receiv'd the mighty sword,^u
 The scabbard, and the belt with art adorn'd.
 Achilles next produc'd an iron ball,^{bk}
 A mass unpolish'd, of enormous bulk,
 Which erst was thrown by the gigantic strength 1100
 Of great Eetion, but, when he was slain,
 Was brought to Ilion with his other spoils
 By swift Achilles. Rising, thus the chief
 Another game propos'd : Let him who will,
 Exert his prowess now. If blest with fields 1105
 Wide-spread and fertile, he will find in this,
 Of iron a supply, for rural use,^u
 Enough to last him five revolving years,
 Nor need his shepherds or his ploughmen go

For iron to the city ! At his word, 1110
 Rose Polypœtes, firm in standing fight,
 Leonteus, powerful as mighty Mars,
 With Ajax godlike son of Telamon,
 And stout Epeius. They their places took ;
 Epeius seiz'd the ball ; he toss'd it, whirl'd 1115
 Vertiginous ; and general laughter caus'd.
 Leonteus, arm of Mars, threw next ; but, far
 Transcending both, the pond'rous mass was hurl'd
 By Telamonian Ajax' arm robust.
 But when the warlike Polypœtes took 1120
 That orb in hand, beyond them all it flew ;
 As far as o'er his field a herdsman throws
 A hooked staff, which, whirling round and round,
 Among his cattle falls ; so far that ball
 From Polypœtes' hand was thrown afar, 1125
 Surpassing all. With loud acclaim, the Greeks
 Pronounc'd him victor : joyfully his friends
 Their chieftain's meed of glory bore away.
 For skill in archery, Pelides now
 The prizes sets ; iron, for arrows' heads, 1130
 Ten battle-axes broad, ten hatchets keen.
 At distance, on the sandy shore, he fix'd
 Erect a mast belonging to a ship
 Of azure prow ; and to its summit tied
 A fluttering dove, their timorous, trembling mark, 1135
 Suspended by the foot. Whoe'er shall hit
 Yon fearful dove, shall for his skill receive
 These ten broad axes. He whose arrow cuts
 The cord that binds her,^{ba} though he miss the bird,
 Shall bear these hatchets to his tent. The chief 1140
 So spake ; forthwith the skill of Teucer rose,^{ba}
 And Merion, Idomen's attendant bold.
 The lots were shaken in the brass-cheek'd helm,

And Teucer drew the foremost. Instantly
 He loos'd his arrow smartly from the bow,^{bo} 1145
 But made no vow of grateful sacrifice,
 Of firstlings from his sheepfold, to the king
 Of archery, Apollo. He, displeas'd,
 Diverted from the mark the well-aim'd shaft.
 Yet, near the leg by which the bird was tied, 1150
 It struck the twisted cord and cut in twain.
 She, freed from bondage, towards high heaven flew,
 While loosely down the mast, the slacken'd cord
 Wav'd unconfin'd, and acclamations rose
 From all the Greeks. Meriones in haste 1155
 The bow from Teucer snatch'd ; but notch'd the shaft,
 With aim deliberate, and to Phœbus vow'd^{bp}
 A noble hecatomb of firstling lambs ;
 Then, high in air, and just below the clouds,
 He mark'd the dove, and, as she soaring wheel'd, 1160
 He smote her in the side beneath her wing !
 Quite through the arrow pass'd, and downward thence
 Returning, struck the ground at Merion's feet ;
 The dying bird fell, fluttering, to the mast,
 And, clinging there, hung low her lithesome neck 1165
 And feebly-flapping wings ;^{bq} but, quickly life
 Her limbs forsook, and to the ground she dropp'd.
 With wonder and delight the gazing throng
 Beheld her fall. Thus martial Merion gain'd
 The battle-axes, broad and double-edg'd, 1170
 And Teucer, to the hollow ships, convey'd
 The hatchets only. Last, a mighty lance,
 Long-shadowing, great Achilles for a prize
 Deposits, with a caldron smooth and bright,
 By fire unstain'd, with flowers high-wrought adorn'd, 1175
 And valued at an ox. To throw for these
 The javelin at the mark, two heroes rose ;

Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,^{tr}
And Merion, Idomen's attendant bold.
But here, Achilles interposing, said : 1180
Atrides ! for we know how far, in might
And skill, thou art preëminent of all,
Accept at once the caldron, justly thine,
And we will give Meriones the lance,
If such thy pleasure be ! So spake the chief ; 1185
Nor did the king of men withhold assent ;
He gave the lance to Merion, but consign'd
The beauteous caldron to Talthybius' hands.

NOTES.

BOOK XXIII.

^a *Thetis herself, among them swell'd their grief.* l. 19.

In order to do honor to the memory of the friend of her son, Thetis either appeared in person among the Myrmidons, bewailing his death, and by her example exciting them to weep the more; or by supernatural power, she supplied the fountains of their tears that they might abundantly flow. She knew that Achilles would be pleased at the most violent demonstrations of sorrow by his troops, and therefore exerted herself to augment them. It may be understood, too, that she had a personal esteem for Patroclus, and therefore sincerely mourned for him herself. Her appearance would not astonish the Myrmidons, since they knew her to be the mother of their prince, and doubtless had seen her before.

^b *The tear-drops trickling down, their armor bath'd,
And all the sands bedew'd.* l. 20-1.

The lines in the original are very expressive :

Δεύοντο ψάμαθαι, δάοντο δὲ τέχνα φωτῶν
Δάκρυσι· τοῖον γὰρ πόθεν μῆστιν αὖ φόβου.

Mr. Pope justly remarks, that every word has a melancholy cadence, and the poet has not only made the sands and the arms, but even his very verse, to lament with Achilles.

* ——— upon the bosom of his friend,

Laying his direful hands imbru'd in blood. l. 24-5.

The words in the Greek are *χρῖσας ἀνδροφόνους*, literally his homicidal hands; alluding to the dreadful slaughter of the Trojans, from which Achilles had just returned. His hands, too, were still defiled with blood, as is afterwards (l. 55-7) particularly mentioned.

⁴ *His shrill-tongued heralds on the fire to put*

A large capacious tripod. l. 54-5.

The epithet here applied to the heralds has nothing to do with the service they are performing of putting a tripod on the fire; but Homer's epithets are introduced in a similar manner in many other places. So afterwards, Achilles is called *πῶδας ὤκως*, when he is speaking in his sleep. See note ⁴ to Book I. l. 79.

* ——— but rigidly

The chief refus'd. l. 57-8.

"This is conformable to the custom of the Orientals. Achilles will not be induced to wash, and afterwards retires to the sea-shore and sleeps on the ground. It is just thus that David mourns in the Scriptures; he refuses to wash, or to take any repast, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth." — *Pope*.

¹ *The mournful ghost of his departed friend,*

Before him rose. l. 92-3.

This apparition of the ghost of Patroclus, is happily introduced in the present circumstances of Achilles. The melancholy state of his mind, his waking thoughts, relating exclusively to his unburied friend, his anxiety to have the funeral rites performed, his desire that his own bones should rest in the same urn with those of Patroclus, all these circumstances would probably combine to bring to his fancy precisely such a vision as this. Every word uttered by the ghost, would naturally be suggested to the mind of Achilles, by his own feelings and previous acquaintance with the events of the life of Patroclus. The manner, too, in which the unsubstantial image, or phantom, fades away, corresponds exactly with the disappearing of a dream, in the moment when the sleeping person awakes. But the poet, for the purpose of adorning his poem with the

marvellous, represents the ghost as really appearing, speaking, and vanishing.

s ——— My funeral rites

Perform, that speedily I may the gates

Of Hades enter. l. 100 – 2.

According to the superstition of the ancients, (and indeed of many of the moderns,) the ghosts of the dead could have no rest, until their funeral rites were performed. See Virgil's *Æneid*, VI, l. 327. It seems to have been Homer's opinion, that the only time allowed for separate spirits to appear, of their own accord, to men, was during the interval between death and the funeral; though by incantations, or by the power of the gods, they might be called up from Hades at any time, as is evident from the 11th book of the *Odyssey*. But Virgil describes the ghost of Hector voluntarily appearing to *Æneas*, on the night when Troy was sacked, long after the funeral of the former.

h ——— from all other friends

Retir'd, with pleasant intercourse of souls

Conferring and advising. l. 113 – 15.

These words present a beautiful picture of the extraordinary friendship of Achilles and Patroclus, resembling that of David and Jonathan. But the language of the sacred bard is still more tender than this. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. As a mother loveth her only son, so did I love thee." This last admirable expression of David, is not in our English translation of the Bible, but I found it in that by Sebastian Castelleo, in Latin. Why it was omitted in the former I know not, being unacquainted with the Hebrew. It seems to be worthy of the subject, and bears a characteristic mark of being genuine.

i That fatal day when, in my wrath, at quoits,

I slew without design the luckless son

Of old Amphidamas. l. 128 – 30.

Pope has entirely omitted, in his translation, four lines of the original Greek; relating to this event of the life of Patroclus. Cowper has failed to translate the important words, *Νήπιος οὐκ ἐθίλει*,

by which it is expressly said, that the unfortunate homicide was accidental, and without design. Perhaps the subsequent mildness and sweetness of the manners of Patroclus, proceeded in part from regret for this unintentional act of his early life.

¹ *Envelop'd in one urn, our bones may rest.* l. 134.

“ So Joseph would not suffer his bones to rest in Egypt, but commanded his brethren to carry them into Canaan, to the burying-place of his father, Jacob. There is something very pathetic in this whole speech of Patroclus. He begins it with kind reproaches, and blames Achilles with a friendly tenderness ; he recounts to him the inseparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his last request, that they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may rest in the same urn.” — *Pope*.

² ——— *a shadow, frail and thin,*
Mere unsubstantial image of the dead. l. 150 – 1.

The words of Homer are, —

τίς ἐστι καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο ὁμοῖον
Ψυχὴ καὶ εἰδωλον, ἀτὰρ φρένες οὐκ ἐνὶ πάντων.

Mr. Pope says, “ there seems here to be a great difficulty ; it being not easy to explain how Achilles can say, that the ghost of his friend had no understanding, when it had but just made such a rational and moving speech.” But Mr. Pope certainly mistook the meaning of the passage. It appears from the *Lexicon*, that although *φρήν*, in the singular number, denotes the understanding, yet the plural *φρένες*, signifies the *præcordia*, the *midriff*, or parts about the heart. The meaning, therefore, simply is, (a part of the body being put for the whole,) that in Hades “ the soul and image of man ” (by which, evidently, one and the same thing is meant,) is not a tangible or corporeal substance, but a mere shadow. It is true, that from what is said of the ghost of Hercules, in the 11th book of the *Odyssey*, (if that passage be genuine, which Eustathius says some have doubted,) Homer seems to have supposed that the divine part of a deified hero was in heaven, while his ghost, or shadow, was in Hades ; but it does not appear that he entertained the opinion ascribed to him by Mr. Pope, concerning the partition of human being in *all* cases into three component existences. Certainly there is

nothing in this speech of Achilles, suggesting or insinuating any such opinion.

¹ *Up many a slope and down, o'er many a crag
And cliff abrupt, around, athwart, aslant
The rugged mountain's sides.* l. 167 - 9.

It is impossible in English to equal the wonderful energy of the Greek line : —

Πολλὰ δ' ἄνακτα, κἀναντα, πάραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἤλθον.

² *The tall high-branching oaks, which, crackling loud,
With thunder-sounding crash fell to the ground.* l. 172 - 3.

Here is another instance of a Greek line, the sound of which is an echo to the sense : —

*Τάμνον ἐπαιγόμενον ταί δὲ μεγάλα πτυπέουσας
Πίπτον*

³ *The path devouring eagerly, intent
To reach the lowlands.* l. 176 - 7.

The mules would naturally be more expeditious in their motions, on their return to the camp, where they usually staid and were fed. How minute was the attention of Homer to every particular in the nature of animals as well as men ! It is this, especially, that makes his poetry so entertaining and interesting in every part.

⁴ *Comenands his martial Myrmidons to put
Their armor on.* l. 187 - 8.

“ 'Tis not to be supposed that this was a general custom at all funerals ; but Patroclus being a warrior, he is buried like a soldier, with military honors.” — *Eustathius*.

⁵ ——— *They cover'd all
His corse with locks of hair, shorn from their heads,
A funeral sacrifice.* l. 193 - 5.

See Mr. Pope's learned note on the subject of this part of the funeral ceremony.

* ——— consecrated by a vow

To Sperchius' honor'd river. l. 204 – 5.

"It was the custom of the ancients, not only to offer their own hair, but likewise to consecrate that of their children, to the river-gods of their country." — Pope. A practice somewhat similar to this, was that of the Nazarites, mentioned in Scripture, whose hair was devoted to God, as was the case with Samson and Samuel.

* There is a season to be satisfied

Even with mourning. l. 238 – 9.

The words used in the original have a proverbial brevity, γένο μιν ἔστι καὶ ἄρα. The passage resembles the saying of Solomon : — "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven ; a time to be born, and a time to die," &c.

* Jove's lovely daughter, Venus. l. 265.

"Homer has here introduced a series of allegories, in the compass of a few lines. The body of Hector may be supposed to continue beautiful, even after he was slain ; and Venus being the president of beauty, the poet, by a natural fiction, tells us it was preserved by that goddess. Apollo's covering the body with a cloud, is a very natural allegory ; for the sun (says Eustathius) has a double quality, which produces contrary effects ; the heat of it causes dryness, but at the same time it exhales the vapors of the earth, from whence the clouds of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon truth ; there might happen to be a cool season while Hector lay unburied, and Apollo, (or the sun,) raising clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very easy fiction in poetry may be introduced in person, to preserve the body of Hector." — Pope.

* ——— invoking Zephyrus

And Boreas, two most potent of the winds. l. 277 – 8.

See Mr. Pope's note on this beautiful allegory.

* Calling the lonely melancholy ghost

Of poor Patroclus. l. 313 – 14.

The mournful spondee verse of Homer is astonishingly expressive :

Ψυχὴν κελήσκων Πατροκλῆος δαίμοιο.

✓ ——— *As a father weeps,
Burning the body of his only son.* l. 314 – 15.

No simile could, more forcibly than this, express the excessive grief of Achilles. It is compared not only to the sorrow of a father for the death of his son, but of his only son, and that son lately become a married man, after safely passing through the perilous periods of childhood and puberty, and all the troubles attendant on nursing and tuition. See Plutarch's observations on this subject, quoted by Cowper.

✓ ——— *and, with double rolls of fat
Enclosing, laid them in the golden urn.* l. 359 – 60.

“The fat of the victims was put with the bones of the deceased person, that the bones might be prevented from being pulverized by excessive dryness.” — *Eustathius*, quoted by Clarke.

✱ *Next, I request a temporary tomb
To be erected, not of largest bulk.* l. 348 – 9.

Eustathius says, “We see how Achilles consults his own glory; the desire of it prevails over his tenderness for Patroclus, and he will not permit any man, not even his beloved Patroclus, to share an equality of honor with himself, even in the grave.” But I think this remark unfounded. It was but reasonable that Achilles should expect a larger tomb to be erected for Patroclus and himself together, than for Patroclus alone. He wished their honors to be joint and equal, as he desired their ashes to be buried in the same tomb.

✓ *And seated to behold the funeral games.* l. 368.

The description of the games, at the funeral of Patroclus, has always been admired and applauded by the critics. Virgil, the great imitator of Homer, has drawn largely from this copious fountain, for the purpose of watering and enlivening the flowers of his poetry. Statius also (in his *Thebais*,) has made considerable use of these games. The custom of the Greeks and Romans to celebrate the funerals of warriors by such exercises, was adapted to the character of a martial people, and well calculated to render those who engaged in them hardy and vigorous. It was therefore politically useful, at a time when strength of body was especially requisite, to perform the duties of a soldier.

* ——— for they have lost

Their glorious driver's manly strength and skill. l. 396 – 7.

This burst of tenderness in Achilles, speaking of Patroclus, has a powerful effect. Sorrow for the death of his friend, prevented him and his immortal horses from engaging in the chariot race ; in which, of course, they would have been victorious. All the games, indeed, being instituted, and the prizes given by him, it would have been unbecoming his character as chief mourner, to participate in any of them himself. Neither was it necessary to his glory that he should, since in strength, speed, and athletic exercises generally, he was indisputably superior to all.

^{aa} *Eumachus, king of men, who all excell'd*

In skill equestrian. l. 408 – 9.

For a beautiful description of his mares, see ante, Book II. l. 1007 – 13.

^{ab} *Presented by Echeopolus, to buy*

Exemption from the war. l. 417 – 18.

It appears from this, that the practice of granting exemptions from military service, to those who paid a reasonable equivalent, existed in the time of the Trojan war. Aristotle approved of the conduct of Agamemnon, in preferring a good horse to a bad soldier. Thus, long afterwards Scipio, going to Africa, ordered the Sicilians either to attend him or to give him horses or men ; and Agesilaus, being at Ephesus and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation, that the rich men who would not serve in the war should be dispensed with, provided they furnished a man and a horse in their stead ; in which (says Plutarch) he wisely followed the example of king Agamemnon. — *Eustathius* ; *Dacier*. Plutarch indeed declares, with an oath, “by Jupiter, that a weak and cowardly man, addicted to the enjoyment of wealth and effeminate ease, is not worth as much as a dog, or even an ass.” *De audiendis poetis*, quoted by Clarke.

^{ac} *Antilochus, the youthful son renown'd*

Of noble Nestor. l. 425 – 6.

The poet has, with great skill and admirable judgment, introduced old Nestor on the present occasion. His anxiety for his son's success is beautifully and naturally described. The speech he makes is

interesting and truly characteristic. How affectionately does he begin, with praising his son's talents, and thereby bespeaking his grateful attention; how instructively does he expatiate on the advantages of wisdom; how judicious are the directions he gives for turning the goal! Homer himself must have understood the whole subject of charioteering perfectly

^{ad} *Phoenix, the godlike sage.* l. 510.

"Phoenix was placed as an inspector of the race; that is, (says Eustathius) he was to make report whether they had observed the laws of the race in their several turnings." — *Pope*.

^{ad} *They all at once their scourges lift on high.* l. 512.

Virgil, in his third *Georgic*, has beautifully copied this animated description: —

Nonne vides, cum præcipiti certamine campum
Corripere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus;
Cum spes arrectæ juvenum, exsultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulsans! illi instant verbere torto,
Et proni dant lora; volat vi fervidus axis;
Jamque humiles, jamque elati sublime videntur
Aera per vacuum ferri; atque assurgere in auras.
Nec mora, nec requies. At fulvæ nimbus aræne
Tollitur: —
Tantus amor laudum, tantæ est victoria curæ!

Georg. III. 103.

^{ad} *As they above him stretch'd their long tall necks,
In swift pursuit.* l. 537 – 8.

Surely the maxim, *ut pictura poesis*, was never more strikingly applicable. The reader is made a spectator of the race! Virgil says:

Humescunt spumis flatuque sequentum.

But he has not equalled the picturesque view presented by Homer.

^{ad} *Apollo, from Tydides' hand, the whip
Struck suddenly.* l. 541 – 2.

"Resentful of the attack made on him by Diomed, in Book V." says Cowper.

"The fiction of Minerva's assisting Diomed, is grounded upon his being so wise as to take a couple of whips, to prevent any mischange; so that Wisdom, or Pallas, may be said to lend him one," says Eustathius. But if so, why was Diomed so much distressed at losing one of his whips, as even to shed tears? The meaning of the poet seems rather to have been, that some one of the Greeks (a friend of his) adroitly caught the whip as it fell, and handed it to him. This act of wisdom is ascribed to Minerva, its goddess. Apollo's striking the whip from Diomed's hand, is only poetically saying that he dropped it accidentally, or by the will of destiny.

^{ah} ——— *Big tears of grief and rage,
Gush'd from the hero's eyelids.* l. 542 - 3.

"We have seen Diomed, surrounded with innumerable dangers, acting in the most perilous scenes of blood and death, yet never shedding one tear; and now he weeps on a small occasion, for a mere trifle! This must be ascribed to the nature of mankind, who are often transported with trifles, and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life; so that he who could meet the greatest dangers with intrepidity, may through anger be betrayed into an indecency." — *Eustathius*.

^{ai} ——— *Admetus' hapless son
Her fury felt.* l. 550 - 1.

As the favor of Minerva bestowed wisdom, so her anger was considered the cause of folly, and of its bad effects. See note ^b to Book II. l. 238. It seems that the carelessness of Eumelus, arising from exultation at leaving Diomed behind, or folly in neglecting to provide a sound yoke for his horses, occasioned the accident by which he was thrown from his chariot. That misfortune is therefore ascribed to Minerva.

^{aj} *Antilochus exhorts his father's steeds.* l. 564.

The speech of Antilochus to his horses, though very animated, is certainly too long for the occasion, being uttered in the heat of the race. That of Menelaus being shorter, is more judicious.

at ——— *But Antilochus,*
Turning his coursers from the path, o'ertook,
And, leaning from the precipice but little,
Compell'd him towards the brink! l. 590-3.

Cowper, perhaps, has failed to catch the sense of the original in this place. He renders it,

————— "and thither drove
 Also, but somewhat devious from his track,
 Antilochus."

The Greek lines, it must be confessed, are not without difficulty. They are,

Ἀντίλοχος δὲ παρατρέψας ἔχε μώνυχας ἑπνοὺς
Ἐκτὸς ὁδοῦ, ὀλίγον δὲ παρακλίνας ἐδίωκεν.

But, according to Cowper, the words *ὀλίγον δὲ παρακλίνας ἐδίωκεν* have little meaning, being not much more than a tautology; and, since the verb *παρακλίνω* signifies to *avoid* or *lean from*, and *διώκω* to *drive* or *impel by force*, as well as to *pursue*; the probable import of this part of the sentence seems to be, that Antilochus, *declining in his course but little from the precipice*, forced Menelaus to *incline* so much *towards* it, as to render the situation of the latter perilous. Pope has, in substance, expressed this idea:

"Close up the vent'rous youth resolves to keep,
 Still edging near, and bears him toward the steep."

at *Idomeneus, the Cretan monarch, first*
Discern'd them coming. l. 623-4.

The poet ingeniously varies the incidents connected with the race, by relating what passed among the spectators as well as the actors. The dispute between Idomeneus and Ajax Oileus is happily and naturally introduced.

am *Achilles interpos'd. l. 675.*

Achilles, who had suffered so much by indulging his own anger, was well qualified to check the rising heat of that passion in others; the impropriety of which he clearly discerns now that his mind is cool. How consistent with human nature is this! The great moral of the poem being to show the pernicious effects of anger; useful lea-

sons on this subject are occasionally introduced in many parts of it ; particularly the examples of Phœnix, the preceptor, (see Book IX. l. 628,) and Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, (ante, l. 128,) are worthy of attention.

“ ——— *his whip,*
Whirling above his shoulders. l. 684 – 5.

See Mr. Pope's note on this passage.

“ ——— *Great Achilles saw*
His rueful plight with pity, and he said. l. 720 – 1.

“ Achilles gives us here a lesson of compassion for those whose success falls short of their just pretensions, and teaches us that we should not suffer fortune to triumph over merit.” — *The Scholiast*, quoted by *Cowper*. But Madame Dacier very well remarks, that this principle ought not to be applied to deprive another of his right ; and that Eumelus being a Thessalian, it is probable Achilles had a partiality to his countryman.

“ ——— *But to the gods*
He should have pray'd. l. 737 – 8.

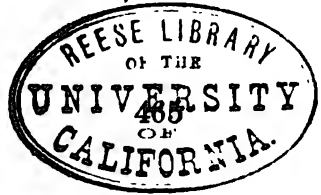
“ There is scarce a page in Homer,” says Rollin, “ which does not inculcate the duty of prayer to the gods. If a well-thrown spear strikes where 'tis aimed ; if a voyage succeeds, or a discourse makes an impression upon the hearers' minds ; if an enemy is cast to the ground, or, in short, any circumstance of advantage be gained in any point whatsoever, the whole success is ascribed to prayer ; and, on the other hand, we see several fall short of victory for want of having prayed to the gods.”

“ *But I this mare will not relinquish.* l. 746.

See Mr. Pope's excellent note on this speech of Antilochus.

“ ——— *With that, Achilles smil'd*
Benignly on Antilochus. l. 748 – 9.

The friendship of Achilles for Antilochus was so remarkable, that in the 11th Book of the *Odyssey*, the ghosts of Achilles, Patroclus and Antilochus, are represented as companions in Hades.



BOOK XXIII.

^{at} ——— *The sceptre to his hand,
A herald gave.* l. 762-3.

So, in one of the pictures on the shield of Achilles, the judges are represented as receiving sceptres when rising to pronounce their opinions. Book XVIII. l. 687-9.

^{an} *That not by fraud thou didst my car impede.* l. 785.

"'Tis evident," says Eustathius, "from hence, that all fraud was forbidden in the chariot race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit Antilochus used against Menelaus. Perhaps Antilochus, in his haste, had declined from the race-ground, and avoided some of the uneven places of it, and consequently took an unfair advantage of his adversary; or perhaps his driving so furiously against Menelaus, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned foul play, and therefore Antilochus refuses to take the oath." He seems, indeed, to have been culpable in both these respects, as is evident from the words *παραιτέψας ἔχεν μώνυχας ἵππους ἐπὶ τὸς ὁδοῦ*.

^{av} *To whom Antilochus, repentant, spake.* l. 786.

See a remarkable note of Cowper on the incidents of the race generally, and particularly on this praiseworthy conduct of Antilochus. Vol. 2d of his translation, p. 398.

^{aw} *Accept thou this, old man.* l. 828.

The affectionate regard and veneration of Achilles for the wisdom and age of Nestor, notwithstanding his own proud and violent temper, is worthy of observation. It affords additional evidence that he did not deserve the lawless character ascribed to him by Horace. Indeed, reverence on the part of the young towards the old, was considered a sacred duty by all in those ancient times.

^{ax} *O were I young again.* l. 842.

Nestor's speech on this occasion is, as usual, characteristic, and, though full of boasting, excusable in an old man like him. It is remarkable, too, that his patriotism shows itself in the midst of his vanity; for he mentions, as an extraordinary circumstance, that no match for him was found even among the Pylians, — *Οὐτ' ἀνδρῶν Πυλίων*.

^{av} ——— *Justly may I claim*

Preëminence in the cestus. l. 900–1.

I cannot think, with Pope, that Homer has described Epeius as a vain boaster. He seems only to have claimed, according to the custom of those times, the praise to which he was justly entitled; acknowledging, at the same time, that others excelled him in battle. So Achilles, in Book XVIII. tells Thetis that he was superior in valor to all the Greeks, but not in council; and Ulysses, in Book XIX., declares that the prowess of Achilles is much superior to his, but that he surpasses Achilles in wisdom. Virgil, however, has judiciously varied from Homer, by representing his Dares as an arrogant braggadocio, and causing him to be beaten by Entellus.

^{aa} *A sceptred king, who came in former days*

To Thebes. l. 911–12.

According to the rules of syntax, the word ^oOς is evidently the relative to ἀναισχος, the immediate antecedent. Mecisteus therefore, (and not Euryalus, as Cowper strangely supposes,) was the person said by Homer to have been victorious in the games at Thebes. Cowper is also unaccountably erroneous, in saying that Euryalus is “he to whom Homer gives the victory here,” when it is plain that he is almost beaten to death.

^{ba} ——— *they receiv’d*

His meed, so hardly earn’d, the double cup. l. 940–1.

Virgil, describing Dares in like circumstances, makes him spit out, with blood, some of his teeth dislodged by the blow; and with great delicacy adds, that his friends (“being called” “vocati,”) received the sword and helmet for him; not applying for them voluntarily, through shame at his defeat. The last is a remark of Macrobius, Saturnal. lib. iv. cap. 1.

^{bb} ——— *Their creaking backs*

Sounded, embrac’d by rigid, clasping hands. l. 957–8.

This circumstance, says the Scholiast, (quoted by Cowper,) “denotes in a wrestler the greatest possible bodily strength and firmness of position.”

^{bc} *Great Ajax said.* l. 968.

“It was the custom on such occasions for the wrestlers, in order

to accelerate the decision, to afford each other, by mutual consent, a fair opportunity to try their strength; sometimes offering the neck, sometimes the loins, and not seldom even the foot, to their antagonist." *The Scholiast*, quoted by *Cowper*.

¹⁴ *Ye both are victors.* l. 987.

It seems that Ulysses was not adjudged the victor, because he had not been able to lift Ajax, after Ajax had lifted him. Ajax therefore had shown superior strength; Ulysses, dexterity. They both (as appeared from their being about to renew the conflict,) considered the victory undecided. In the last effort certainly neither prevailed, since they fell side by side.

¹⁵ *Phœnician traders.* l. 998.

The Phœnicians were famous in ancient times as the most commercial people in the world. The people of Tyre and Sidon were remarkable also for skill in the arts and sciences. The prophet Isaiah calls Tyre "the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." See also Ezekiel, ch. 26 and 27. So, when Solomon was about to build the temple, he sent to Hiram, king of Tyre, for workmen.

¹⁶ *With great Ulysses.* l. 1012.

It seems astonishing that Ulysses became a competitor in the foot-race, immediately after enduring so severe a wrestling-match with Ajax. The poet could not have demonstrated the hardy character of this indefatigable hero by any circumstance more conclusive.

¹⁷ ——— *ill-fated Ajax fell,*

By Pallas smitten. l. 1036-7.

The carelessness of Ajax occasioned his fall, which therefore is ascribed to Minerva. See ante, note ¹ to l. 351-2. Cowper is wrong, I think, in supposing that Ulysses tripped up his heels. If he had done so, Ajax no doubt would have accused him of foul play.

¹⁸ *His mouth and nostrils fill'd with mire obscene.* l. 1040.

"He had disputed with Idomeneus, much his senior, in terms coarse and disrespectful, and is therefore punished in the mouth." — *The Scholiast*, quoted by *Cowper*.

^{bi} ——— clad in mail complete,
And arm'd with deadly weapons. l. 1069–70.

This was, indeed, a very dangerous game, but necessary, perhaps, for perfecting martial skill by practice. The tilts and tournaments of more modern times, were exercises of a similar nature, and with the same object in view.

^{bj} Yet Diomed receiv'd the mighty sword. l. 1096.

Diomed, though he had not drawn blood from Ajax, had the advantage in the contest. Achilles therefore gave him the sword of Asteropeus, to which the victor was entitled, assigning to Ajax (I presume) such other parts of the suit of armor as would make his share equal in value to Diomed's. See Pope's note.

Ajax Telamon, though greatest in battle next to Achilles, obtained no prize in any of these games. Homer's reason for this probably was, that such was the fact, according to tradition; for the games at the funeral of Patroclus were not merely his invention, but actually solemnized; as appears by the circumstance that the tripod won by Diomed in the chariot race, was consecrated by him to Apollo, and deposited in the temple at Delphi; a proof of which was the following inscription upon it:

Χάλκεός εἰμι τρίπους, Πυθῶ δ' ἀνάκειμαι ἀγαλμα,
Καί μ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ θῆκε πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
Τυδείδης δ' ἀνέθηκε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
Νικήσας ἱπποῖσι παρὰ πλατὺν Ἑλλήσποντον.

I am that brazen tripod, (sacred now
To Phœbus' shrine,) once offer'd, as a prize,
By swift Achilles at Patroclus' tomb.
Tydides won me, in the chariot-race,
Along the shore of wide-spread Hellespont,
And here devotes me to the Pythian god.

^{bk} Achilles next produc'd an iron ball. l. 1098.

The Greek word here used is *σόλος*. According to the Scholiast, quoted by Clarke, the *σόλος* differed from the *δίσκος* or quoit, in this, that the quoit was flat and partly concave, but the *σόλος* round and spherical.

^{bl} *Of iron a supply for rural use.* l. 1107.

"The poet in this place speaks in the simplicity of ancient times; the prodigious weight and size of the quoit is described with a noble plainness, peculiar to the Oriental style, and agreeably to the manners of those heroic ages. He does not set down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, as to its bigness or weight, but as to the use it will be of to him who shall gain it. We see from hence, that the ancients, in the prizes they proposed, had in view not only the honorable, but the useful; a captive for work, an ox for tillage, a quoit for the provision of iron. Besides, it must be remembered, that in those times iron was very scarce; and a sure sign of this scarcity is, that their arms were of brass." — *Eustathius* and *Dacier*, quoted by *Pope*.

^{bm} ——— *He whose arrow cuts
The cord that binds her.* l. 1138–9.

"That Achilles provided for such an event seems to argue both the great skill of the archers and his proportionably high opinion of that skill." — *Cowper*.

^{bn} ——— *forthwith, the skill of Teucer rose.* l. 1141.

In the original it is βλη Τετραγοιο, the strength of Teucer. I have taken the liberty of changing a word, as this was a contest, not of strength, but of skill.

^{bo} *He loos'd his arrow smartly from the bow.* l. 1145.

I have here almost borrowed a beautiful line of Shakspeare — *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act ii., Scene 2d.

^{bp} ——— *And to Phœbus vow'd.* l. 1157.

Teucer, though præeminent in skill, loses the prize and Meriones wins it, because the former made no vow (as the latter did) to Apollo. See ante, note ^{ap}. Both the archers used the same bow, that neither should have any advantage over the other. So, in the preceding game, one ball only was used. How Merion could (in conformity with Cowper's notion) aim his arrow before he fixed it to the string, I cannot understand!

²⁴ *And, clinging there, hung low her lithesome neck
And feebly-flapping wings.* l. 1165 - 6.

The verse in the original is very expressive :

'Αυχὴν' ἀπεκρέμασεν, σὺν δὲ πτερὰ πνικρὰ μασθεῖν.

²⁵ *Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son.* l. 1178.

“There is an admirable conduct in this passage. Agamemnon never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value ; so that he is a candidate for this, only to honor Patroclus and Achilles.”—*Eustathius*, quoted by *Pope*. See Cowper's correct remark on the good manners displayed by Achilles and Agamemnon on this occasion.

THE ILIAD.



BOOK XXIV.

The redemption of Hector's body by Priam — The funeral of Hector.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

THE games were finish'd ; to their several ships
Dispersing went the multitude ; and they
The banquet there, and sweet repose enjoy'd ;
But, comfortless, remembering still his friend,
Achilles wept.^a To sleep's all-ruling sway 5
He yielded not, but turn'd from side to side,
Regretting brave Patroclus' manly form
And martial spirit, now forever flown.
Revolving pensively the toils and woes
He bore with him, in wars of heroes bold, 10
And voyages upon the stormy main,
A flood of tears he shed ; this way, and that,
Tossing incessantly, supine or prone,
Or on his sides alternately outstretch'd.
Then, starting up, with tortur'd heart he roam'd 15
Disconsolate, the lonely sea-beat coast ;
Nor fail'd to watch Aurora's earliest ray
Obscurely glimmering on the restless waves
And misty shores of ocean. Coupling then
His fiery coursers to the car, he dragg'd 20
The corse of Hector in its rear again ;

And three times trailing it around the tomb
 Of dead Patroclus, to his tent return'd,
 Leaving expos'd and prostrate in the dust
 Unhappy Hector ! But Apollo, him 25
 From all pollution sheltered ; pitying much
 The man, though reft of life. That powerful god
 Cover'd his body with Jove's heavenly shield,^b
 The golden Ægis, that, uninjur'd still,
 When rudely whirl'd along, it might remain. 30
 So stern Achilles, in his wrath, abus'd
 Illustrious Hector. But the powers divine
 Blessed forever, with compassion view'd
 Him outrag'd thus ; consulting, they advis'd
 The watchful Argicide to steal him thence. 35
 This counsel was by all the gods approv'd,
 Save Juno, Neptune, and the blue-eyed maid ;
 They persever'd in hatred, as at first,
 To sacred Ilion, Priam and his realm ;
 Paris the guilty cause, who foully wrong'd 40
 The goddesses,^c when to his cot they came,
 And her preferr'd, who tempted him with lust
 Impure, disgraceful source of war and woe.
 When now the twelfth bright morn appear'd in heaven,
 Apollo thus harangued th' immortal gods : 45
 Cruel, ye powers, and merciless ye are !
 Has Hector never, on your altars, burn'd
 Fat thighs of oxen, or of kids select ?
 That none of you have had the heart to save.
 His lifeless, cold remains, and them restore 50
 To his beloved wife and infant son,
 His parents and his people ? Soon would they
 Kindle the funeral flame, and pay with care
 The last poor honors granted to the dead.
 But ye, with partial favor crown his foe, 55

The terrible Achilles, ruthless chief,
 Disdaining all the ties of equity,^d
 Whose stony heart, obdurate, cannot yield.
 Like a fell lion, confident in strength,
 Who, by ungovernable rage impell'd, 60
 And thirsting still for blood, invades at night
 The trembling fold, Achilles has renounc'd
 All pity, and, indeed, all sense of shame,
 That powerful feeling, which, to mortals oft
 Much good or evil causes.* Heretofore, 65
 Have other heroes been of friends bereft,
 Much nearer to their hearts; brothers or sons
 Tenderly lov'd; but, after tears and sighs,
 Their sorrow they suppress'd; for, by the fates,
 Patient of grief the mind of man is fram'd; 70
 But, savage-like, he fastens to his car,
 And rudely drags illustrious Hector's corse
 Around his comrade's tomb; no honor this,
 Or benefit to him! Brave though he be,
 Let him refrain, and not provoke our wrath 75
 By wantonly insulting senseless clay!
 To this, the white-arm'd queen, with wrath inflam'd:
 God of the silver bow! as thou hast said,
 So be it, if with equal honors, ye
 At last, will Hector and Achilles grace! 80
 Hector, a mortal, suck'd a woman's breast;
 But great Achilles, from a goddess sprang,
 Whom I brought up and cherish'd, and betroth'd
 To noble Peleus, favorite of heaven.^f
 Then, at those nuptials, ye, immortals, all 85
 Were present, and, with thy melodious harp,
 E'en thou, the banquet didst participate;
 Associate, now, of perfidy and crimes!
 To her the cloud-assembler, Jove supreme:

Juno, indulge not thus in discontent. 90
 For equal honors never shall be given
 To Hector and Achilles ; yet of all
 The mortals who in Ilion dwell, the gods
 Most dearly Hector lov'd, and I approv'd.
 For never did he fail, with grateful heart 95
 To render offerings pure to powers divine.
 My altar never wanted, from his hand,
 The feast of just equality, the fumes
 Of odorous sacrifice, the plenteous flow
 Of generous wine, in full libation pour'd ; 100
 Such are the honors due from men to us.
 Yet let us not, by theft e'en him release,
 Nor could it be in secret from Achilles ;
 For Thetis constantly, both night and day,
 Watches great Hector's corse.^c If some one now 105
 Would Thetis hither call, I would pronounce
 A word, requiring her attentive ear ;
 That splendid gifts Achilles might accept
 Of Priam, and to him his son release.
 He said, and Iris, tempest-wing'd, arose 110
 To bear the message. She, between the shores
 Of Samos and of rocky Imbros, plung'd
 Precipitate, beneath the dark-blue main.
 The splashing waters sounded. Down she went,
 As sinks the lead upon an angler's line, 115
 Which, to a circlet thin of horn, attach'd,^b
 Descends, to fish voracious, bringing death ;
 And Thetis, in her hollow grot she found,
 With many other goddesses marine,
 Seated around her ; she among them mourn'd 120
 Her gallant son's unhappy fate, who soon
 To die was doom'd,¹ in fruitful Troas, far
 From his dear native land. Approaching, thus,

Her errand Iris, swift of foot, announc'd :
 Thetis, arise ! Jove calls thee hence away ; 125
 Jove, sire eternal, infinitely wise.
 To her the silver-footed dame replied :
 Ah ! wherefore does the power omnipotent
 Request my presence now ? I loathe to be
 Among th' immortals, since unbounded woes 130
 My heart oppress. Yet I, obedient, go ;
 For never must a word of his be vain.
 This said, the venerable goddess took
 Her veil, of sable's deepest dye, and went,
 Preceded by the maid with feet of wind. 135
 Before them, ocean's billows, parting wide,
 Gave ample passage ; they, ascending, reach'd
 The shore, emerging there, and thence to heaven,
 With instant transit flew. They found on high
 The thund'rer Jove, with all the blessed gods 140
 Living forever, seated round his throne.
 Thetis, a seat, near that of Jove himself,
 Accepted from Minerva. Juno brought
 A golden cup, and plac'd it in her hands,
 Soothing her sorrow with consoling speech. 145
 She tasted, and return'd it ; then the sire
 Of men and deities discourse began :
 Obedient, Thetis, thou hast hither come,
 Though sad and woe-begone, not without cause,
 Which thou canst ne'er forget, and I know well. 150
 But, wherefore here thy presence was requir'd
 I will inform thee. Nine successive days,
 Among th' immortals strife has been afloat,¹
 Concerning Hector's corse, and great Achilles,
 Conqueror of cities. Some by stealth to take 155
 The carcass, urge the watchful Argicide.
 But honor for Achilles, I prefer,

Retaining reverence and love for thee.
Go, quickly then, to yonder camp, and bid
Thy son obey ; tell him, the deathless gods 160
Are much offended ; more than all the rest
Myself ; that he, with fury unrestrain'd,
Still keeps the corse of Hector at the ships,
Nor has releas'd it. Justly so reprov'd
He may my anger fear, and Hector yield. 165
But I, to Priam great of soul, will send
My messenger, to move him to redeem
His much-lov'd son ; going with gifts himself,
To gratify Achilles. Jove thus spake ;
Nor did the silver-footed dame refuse. 170
She, swiftly from Olympus' summit flew,
And at her son's pavilion soon arriv'd :
She found him there, groaning incessantly,
With undiminish'd anguish ; while his friends
Were busy, making ready a repast ; 175
And, in his tent, a sheep of weighty fleece
Lay slaughter'd. Near himself a seat she took,
And, pressing tenderly his palm, began :
How long, my son, with unavailing grief,
Wilt thou corrode thy heart ; rememb'ring not 180
E'en needful food, or love's delightful joy ?
For, ah ! not long for me the breath of life
Is destin'd to be thine, but death and fate
Invincible attend thee. But do thou,
Now listen to thy mother, for I come 185
A messenger from Jove. He says the gods
Are much offended ; more than all the rest
Himself ; that thou, with fury unrestrain'd,
Retainest Hector's body at the ships,
Nor hast releas'd it. Yield it therefore now, 190
Though late, and for the corse a ransom take.

To her the swift Achilles thus replied :
 Let him who brings the ransom, hither come
 And take the carcass, since Olympian Jove
 Announces such to be his sovereign will. 195
 So they convers'd, the mother and the son ;
 And many words they spake in conf'rence sweet.
 But Jove, to sacred Ilion, Iris sent :
 Go, Iris, quickly, leave the blest abodes,
 And to the Trojan king, in Ilion, bear 200
 My mandate, to redeem his son belov'd ;
 Going in person, to Achaia's fleet,
 With costly gifts, Achilles' wrath to calm ;
 Alone, by no one of the sons of Troy
 Attended, but a herald stricken in years, 205
 To guide his mules and smoothly-rolling car,
 And bring the lifeless hero, whom the might
 Of great Achilles slew, to Troy again.
 Let him not think of death, nor in the least
 Be daunted ; such a potent guard and guide 210
 We will provide him ; Hermes,¹ by whose arm
 The jealous Argus fell. Conducted safe
 By him, Achilles' self he shall approach,
 Within his tent ; nor will Achilles slay,
 But guard him e'en from others ; for that chief 215
 Is not of sense and reason destitute,
 Nor rash, nor obstinately bent on ill,
 But kindly will a wretched suppliant spare.
 He said ; and Iris, swift, with feet of wind,
 Flew with the message charg'd. To Priam's house, 220
 She came, and cries of sorrow heard within.
 Around the wretched father sat his sons,
 Bathing his vesture with quick-dropping tears,
 He, shrouded in a cloak which veil'd his face,
 Lay on the floor, a desolate old man, 225

Besprent with ashes, by his own hands shed
O'er all his venerable head and neck,
While, on his hearth in frantic grief, he roll'd.
His daughters and the consorts of his sons,
Were mourning for the heroes, many and brave, 230
Who lay, by Grecian hands, of life bereft.
Beside him stood the messenger of Jove,
And whispering spake : he trembling, heard the sound.
Take courage, son of Dardanus ; fear nought ;
For not announcing evil, I am here, 235
But good ; a messenger I come from Jove,
Who, though remote, considerate care for thee
And fond compassion feels. He bids thee go,
Thy son to ransom, to Achaia's fleet,
With costly gifts Achilles' wrath to calm ; 240
Alone, by no one of the sons of Troy
Attended, but a herald stricken in years,
To guide thy mules and smoothly-rolling car,
And bring the lifeless hero, whom the might
Of great Achilles slew, to Troy again. 245
And think not thou of death, nor in the least
Be daunted ; such a potent guard and guide
Shall thither lead thee — Hermes, by whose arm
The jealous Argus fell. Conducted safe
By him, Achilles' self thou shalt approach, 250
Within his tent ; nor will Achilles slay
But e'en from others guard thee ; for that chief
Is not of sense and reason destitute,
Not rash, nor obstinately bent on ill,
But kindly will a wretched suppliant spare. 255
This said, the goddess swift of foot withdrew.
Then aged Priam bade his sons bring forth
His smoothly-rolling carriage, drawn by mules,
And on it bind a large capacious chest.

He to a chamber went with sweets perfum'd, 260
 And wainscoted with cedar. There, beneath
 Its lofty ceiling, heaps of wealth profuse
 Lay treasur'd. Hecuba he call'd, and said :
 Unhappy queen ! a messenger of Jove
 Has from Olympus come, and bids me go, 265
 My son to ransom, to Achaia's fleet,
 With treasures charg'd, Achilles' wrath to calm.
 But now the dictates of thy mind declare ;
 For mine excites me urgently to go
 Yonder, among the ships and tents of Greece. 270
 He said ; his consort, shrieking, answer'd thus :
 Ah ! whither now has flown that manly sense,
 Which once diffus'd thy fame in foreign lands,
 And with thy people gave thee high renown ?
 /What, singly venture to the ships of Greece, 275
 To the dread presence of that ruthless man
 By whom thy sons, so many and so brave,) *He. and his*
 Have been destroy'd ! Surely, of temper'd steel
 Thy heart is made ! If that un pitying wretch,
 Bloody and lawless, catch thee, be assur'd 280
 He will not spare, nor reverence at all .
 Thy venerable age. Then let us, still,
 Sitting retir'd within our dreary halls,
 Lament for him whom cruel fate design'd,
 (When by her hand his vital thread was spun, 285
 And I became his mother,) to be made
 The prey of bloodhounds, from his parents far,
 Basely expos'd by a remorseless foe,
 Whose heart I wish my teeth could now hold fast,
 And greedily devour !^p Then should he feel 290
 Due vengeance, for his treatment of my son.
 Since Hector died not as a coward dies,^a
 Not flying, nor retreating from the fray,

But standing resolute in glorious fight
 For Ilion's sons and Ilion's lovely dames, 295
 To her the monarch old, of godlike form :
 Restrain me not desiring to depart,
 Nor be thyself an evil-omen'd bird,
 To keep me in my house. From this design
 I cannot be dissuaded ; for if any 300
 Dwelling on earth, e'en priests, or soothsayers,
 Or prophets had declared it, I had deemed
 The word fallacious, and consented not ;
 But having heard and seen a deity,
 Confess'd before me, I obey, and go 305
 Submissive, for the mandate of high Jove
 Will not be fruitless. If it be my doom
 To perish at the ships of hostile Greece,
 I wish it ; let Achilles slay me there,
 Forthwith, when in my longing arms my son 310
 I shall have clasp'd, and vented all my grief.
 He said, and open'd wide his splendid chests,
 A regal wardrobe ; thence twelve robes of state
 He took ; twelve ample vests, of price immense ;
 As many carpets ; cloaks, as many too, 315
 Of comely fashion ; twelve rich tunics rare.
 Ten talents forth he brings of gold, full-weight ;
 Two radiant tripods ; twice two caldrons bright ;
 And last a sculptur'd bowl, most beautiful,
 A present from the Thracians, when he went 320
 Ambassador to Thrace, a glorious boon ;
 Yet even this he spar'd not, to redeem
 His much-lov'd son. But from his portico
 He drove the thronging Trojans, adding words
 Reproachful, prompted by intemperate grief : 325
 Begone, ye wretches, infamous and vile !
 Have ye not woes abundantly at home,

That hither thus ye flock to torture me ?
 Is it a trifle, think ye, that my heart
 Is rent with anguish by the hand of Jove, 330
 Since I have lost my best, my noblest son ?
 Ah ! soon yourselves will feel that heavy loss !
 Becoming now more easily a prey
 For hostile Greeks, your great defender slain !
 But ah ! before these aged eyes shall see 335
 Your city sack'd and utterly laid waste,
 May I be gone to Pluto's dark abode !
 So saying, he assail'd them with his staff,
 And they, dispersing, left their wretched king.
 He, raging still, sharply rebuk'd his sons ; 340
 Good Helenus and Paris, Agathon,
 A godlike youth, Polites, brave in fight,
 Pammon, Deiphobus, and Antiphon,
 Hippothous, and illustrious Dius. These,
 His nine remaining sons, their hapless sire 345
 Sternly reprov'd : Be quick, ye worst of sons,
 Ye scandal to my name ! O that ye all
 Had perish'd at the ships, in Hector's stead !
 Wretch that I am ! My children were the best
 In fertile Troas once ; now all are gone ! 350
 Mestor, the mighty chieftain ; Troilus,
 Conspicuous in the fight, on whirling car ;
 And Hector last, who was a deity
 Among the sons of men, for not of man
 He seem'd the progeny, but of a god ! 355
 Relentless Mars has slain them all, and none
 Are left me now but these, my ignominy,
 Liars and dancers, great in nothing, save
 In beating time to music's wanton sound,
 And common plunderers of my people's wealth ! 360
 Why speed ye not ? Will ye not now, at length,

The wain make ready,¹ and upon it place
 These treasures, that we soon be on our way ?
 He said ; and at their father's rage dismay'd,
 They soon drew forth his splendid vehicle, 365
 Smooth-rolling, beautiful, and newly fram'd ;
 Upon it tied the chest, and from the wall
 Took down the yoke, of boxen wood ; two curves,
 Indented, with a central pin between,²
 And by two rings connected well ; with this 370
 They brought its leathern band, nine cubits long,
 Affix'd it to the pole's extremity,
 With care, and o'er the ring-bolt cast the ring ;
 Thrice round the pin, on both sides, drew the brace
 Firmly, then bound its ends beneath the yoke. 375
 Now on the polish'd wain aloft, they heap'd
 The precious ransom, of uncounted price,
 For glorious Hector ! To the wain they join'd
 The mules,³ strong-hoof'd, well-broken to the draught,
 By Mysia's people given to the king, 380
 A splendid present. Priam's favorite steeds,
 With pampering fondness cherish'd by himself,
 In royal stalls, they coupled to his car.
 Meanwhile the rev'rend king and herald, each
 Revolving prudent schemes in thoughtful mind, 385
 Were girded for their journey.⁴ Hecuba,
 The mournful queen, approach'd them, bringing wine
 Of pleasant flavor in a golden bowl,
 To make libation ere they left their home.
 She stood beside the steeds, and thus she spake : 390
 Take this, and pour it forth to father Jove,⁵
 With prayer, that he may bring thee home again
 Deliver'd from thy foes, since to the fleet
 Thy mind impels thee, not with my consent.
 But thou, besides, entreat great Saturn's son, 395

Dread ruler of the black and dreary clouds,
 Idæan Jove, whose all-pervading eyes
 Look down and view thy realm on every side,
 And ask him now to send his favorite bird,
 His speedy messenger, surpassing all 400
 The feather'd race in vigor, to the right,
 Appearing manifest ; that, seeing him,
 With full assurance to Achaia's ships
 Thou mayst proceed ; but, should the thund'ring god
 His messenger refuse thee, I would then 405
 Urge thee to stay, nor rashly venture hence,
 Though strongly moved, to yonder hostile fleet.
 Majestic Priam answer'd : I assent
 To this thy counsel sage, for good it is
 To raise our pious hands to Jove supreme ; 410
 He may perhaps commiserate and save.
 He said ; and bade a servant maiden pour
 Fresh water, from the limpid running stream,
 Upon his hands. The maiden brought a ewer
 And laver. With clean hands, he from his spouse 415
 Receiv'd the bowl, and, standing in the court
 Before his palace-gate, with eyes on heaven
 Devoutly fix'd, pour'd forth the sparkling wine,
 And thus to Jove his solemn prayer address'd :
 O father Jove, dread ruler from the brow 420
 Of Ida's holy hill ! supreme in power
 And glory ! grant that I may safely come
 To stern Achilles' tent, and be receiv'd
 With kindness and compassion. Send me, now,
 Thy favorite bird, thy swift-wing'd messenger, 425
 Surpassing all the feather'd race in strength,
 Appearing on the right ; that, seeing him,
 With full assurance to the ships of Greece
 I may proceed ! So pray'd the king, and Jove,

The wise and good, his supplication heard. 430
 Forthwith he sent his eagle, surest sign
 In augury of all that soar on high ;
 Of plumage glossy black, strong-wing'd and swift,
 O'ertaking soon his prey, known by the name
 Of percnos to the gods.* His ample wings, 435
 Extended, seem'd a palace' lofty gates,
 With double folding valves expanding wide,
 So broad were they outspread ! Upon the right
 Made manifest, and soaring o'er the town
 They saw him, and rejoic'd ; their bosoms all 440
 With cheering hope dilated. Priam straight
 His burnish'd car ascended ; from the court
 And loudly-echoing portico he drove.
 The mules before him drew the four-wheel'd wain,
 Well-govern'd by Idæus ; in their rear 445
 The monarch, stooping forward, lash'd his steeds,
 With urgent haste progressing through the town,
 Attended by a throng of weeping friends,
 Who for him mourn'd as on the way to death.
 But when the city they had left behind, 450
 And reach'd the plain below, then Priam's sons
 And sons-in-law return'd to Troy again.
 The sorrowing father, and Idæus old,
 Proceeded on their way, not unobserv'd
 By Jove all-seeing ; he commiserates 455
 Unhappy Priam, and to Hermes straight
 His will pronounces : My beloved son,
 (For thee it pleases most, of all the gods,
 With mortals to associate as a friend,^{aa}
 And their requests benignantly to grant,) 460
 Go now, and Priam to Achaia's ships
 So secretly conduct, that not a Greek
 Shall see him or suspect, until he reach

Achilles' presence. So the thund'rer spake ;
 Nor did th' ambassador of heaven, who slew 465
 The star-eyed Argus, disobey ; ^{ab} forthwith
 His beauteous sandals to his feet he binds,
 Ambrosial, golden, fledg'd with pinions broad,
 Which waving bear him o'er the wat'ry waste,
 Or boundless earth, associate of the winds. 470
 He takes his rod, by whose soft touch, in sleep
 He closes eyes of mortals when he will,
 Or frees again from slumber's drowsy sway.
 So arm'd, the potent Argicide begins
 His airy flight ; full soon he reach'd the realm 475
 Of Troas, and the shores of Hellespont.
 There, like a youth of royal race he seem'd,
 With downy beard commencing first in growth,
 When loveliest is the pleasing morn of life.
 But they, meanwhile, the tomb of Ilus pass'd,
 And check'd their mules and horses at the ford, 480
 To give them drink in Xanthus' pleasant stream,
 For shadowy twilight o'er the field was spread.
 The watchful herald, through the shade, perceived
 Hermes approaching, ^{ac} and to Priam spake : 485
 Consider, son of Dardanus ! great care
 And prudence this adventure now demands.
 I see a man, who speedily, I fear,
 Will slay us both ! Come, let us quickly fly !
 Or shall we clasp his knees, and supplicate 490
 His pity, that he spare our feeble age ?
 He said, and Priam's mind, with fear confus'd,
 Was horror-struck ; upon his trembling limbs
 His hair stood all erect ; astonish'd quite,
 Helpless he stood ! But Hermes, gracious power 495
 Beneficent, approaching, clasp'd his hand,
 And with inquiry kind address'd him thus :

Whither, O father, dost thou urge these steeds
 And mules laborious, through the shades of night
 Ambrosial, when sweet sleep holds other men ? 500
 Hast thou no fear of valor-breathing Greeks,
 Thy foes inveterate, who are here at hand ?
 If one of them should see thee, journeying thus
 In night's dark hour, with such a precious load
 Of treasure freighted, where would be thy hope 505
 Of safety then ? Truly, thou art not young ;
 Thy comrade too is old, unable both
 In combat to resist a wrathful foe.
 But I will not molest thee, rather guard
 Thy life from violence ; so strikingly 510
 Thou dost remind me of my aged sire !
 To him the reverend king : Indeed, my son,
 Things are as thou hast said ; but surely now
 Some god protects me with benignant hand,
 Who thee has sent to be my guard and guide 515
 Auspicious ; thee, in countenance and form
 Comely and noble, and of mind discreet.
 Happy thy parents are, most generous youth !
 To him the god, ambassador of heaven :
 Well hast thou spoken, venerable man ! 520
 But come, inform me, and with candor say :
 Art thou removing from thy city now
 These treasur'd heaps of wealth, to be consign'd
 To foreigners, who may some part at least
 Keep safely from thy foes ? Or do ye all 525
 Abandon sacred Ilium, driven at last
 By terror, since your bravest hero's slain ;
 Thy son, the great in arms, who fell not short
 In valorous deeds e'en of the Greeks themselves ?^{ad} 530
 Majestic Priam answer'd : Who art thou,
 O best of men, and of what parents born,

Who dost so kindly tell me of the fate
 Of my unhappy son ? The messenger
 Of Jove replied : Old man, thou temptest me
 By this inquiry, and wouldst ask me, too, 535
 Of godlike Hector ! Often have I seen
 Him in the battle, where brave heroes reap
 Immortal fame ; especially that day
 When on the ships he made his fierce attack,
 And slew the Greeks with direful slaughter. Then, 540
 Astonish'd at his deeds, we gazing stood,
 Inactive, not permitted by our chief,
 Achilles, whom his wrath from fight withheld,
 To mingle in the fray.) His soldier I,
 One of the Myrmidons, came o'er with him 545
 In the same ship ; ^{as} Polyctor is my sire,
 A wealthy man, but aged, stricken in years
 As thou art ; he at home retains six sons,
 While I, the seventh, selected by the lot,
 Follow'd Achilles to the war, and now 550
 Have come into the champaign from his ships ; ^{as}
 For at the dawn of day the black-eyed Greeks
 Will set the battle in array about
 Your city ; they indignantly endure
 This short delay, impatient for the fight, 555
 Nor can their leaders check their martial rage.
 To him the godlike senior : If, indeed,
 A soldier thou of Peleus' son, Achilles,
 Tell me, I pray thee, now, and tell me true,
 Whether my son continues at the ships, 560
 Or has been thrown, dismember'd, to the dogs ?
 Benignly then, the potent Argicide :
 Thy son, old man, remains untouch'd by dogs
 Or birds of prey ; neglected in the tent
 He prostrate lies, near great Achilles' ship. 565

This morning was the twelfth since dead he lay,
 Yet free from taint putrescent, free from worms
 That feed on carcasses of warriors slain !
 'Tis true, that when Aurora's dawn appears,
 Achilles drags him cruelly around 570
 His friend Patroclus' tomb. But even so
 He has not injur'd him ! Admiring thou
 Wouldst view him ; to behold how fresh and fair
 He breathless lies, from gory stain exempt,
 And undefil'd ! Though numerous were his wounds, 575
 For many Greeks in him their javelins flesh'd,
 All now are closed, so highly is thy son.
 Favor'd by heaven, though dead ; the blessed gods
 So tenderly regard and honor him !
 At hearing this the good old king rejoic'd, 580
 And thus replied : O son ! 'tis surely good
 To pay just honors to th' immortal gods ;
 For never did my Hector, while he liv'd,
 Forget in princely halls the powers divine,
 Who dwell on high Olympus ; therefore, they 585
 Have not forgotten him in doleful death.
 But come, accept of me this handsome cup,
 And, with the gods, protect and guide me hence,
 Until I reach the tent of Peleus' son.
 To him again the messenger of Jove : 590
 Old man, thou temptest me,^{ah} a stripling ; yet
 Thou canst not move me presents to receive
 Without Achilles' knowledge. Him I fear,
 And in my heart such robbery abhor,^{ai}
 The gods revering and their vengeful power. 595
 But I would freely guide thee and conduct,
 Even to distant Argos faithfully,
 By sea or land ; that none, defying me,
 Should dare insult thee, or thy life assail.

So spake the god ; and springing to the car, 600
 He caught the reins and whip, and spirit breath'd
 Immense into the coursers and the mules.
 Soon to the Grecian towers and trench they came,
 Just when the guards were busily employ'd,
 Their evening meal preparing ; on them all, 605
 The potent Argicide shed sleep profound.
 Himself the gates threw open, and withdrew
 The bars without delay ! Into the camp
 He brought the Trojan king, and presents rich
 Heap'd high upon his car ; thence, to the tent 610
 Of Peleus' son ; a structure eminent,^{al}
 Which for their chief, the Myrmidons had built
 Of fir-trees lopp'd and plan'd. Its lofty roof
 Was thatch'd with pliant reeds, closely inwoven,
 Mown from the marshy shore. The spacious court 615
 Around it they enclos'd with palisades,
 The gate securing with a single bar,
 A pine-tree huge ! Three Greeks were requisite
 To lift th' enormous beam into its place,
 And three to take it down, three other Greeks ; 620
 But singly great Achilles barr'd the gate
 With that huge beam.^{ak} Now Hermes, sire of arts,
 Remov'd it for old Priam, and within
 The tent's enclosure brought the loaded wain
 With presents for Pelides. From the car 625
 He leap'd, and thus the Trojan king address'd :
 Now, aged Priam, know, that I have come
 From heaven to thee ! a deathless god I am, —
 Hermes, sent hither by my father Jove,
 To be thy guardian power ; again to him 630
 I now return ; unwilling to appear
 In presence of Achilles. 'T would debase
 Our higher nature, if a god, endued

With immortality, should publicly
 Such favors show to mortals. Entering thou, 635
 Embrace the knees of Peleus' mighty son,
 And by his father old, his mother fond,
 And youthful son, adjure him ;^{al} that thy prayer
 To tender pity may his bosom move.
 This said, the god departed and return'd 640
 To high Olympus. Priam from the car
 Alighted, and Idæus left, the steeds
 And mules entrusting to his care : himself
 Through the pavilion took his way direct
 To where Achilles sat, belov'd of Jove. 645
 Within the tent he found him, and with him
 Two comrades only ; brave Automedon
 And Alcimus, heroic branch of Mars,
 Who minister'd before him. From repast
 He just had risen, and before him still 650
 The table stood. By all unseen came in
 The Phrygian king, a tall, majestic form,
 And clasp'd Achilles' knees, and kiss'd his hands ;
 The parent kiss'd those dreadful murd'rous hands,
 By which so many of his sons were slain !^{am} 655
 As when, by direful fate, a wretched man
 Is forc'd to fly for luckless homicide,
 Seeking a refuge in a foreign land,
 And, suddenly, in some rich stranger's hall,
 Is seen a suppliant, all astonish'd, there 660
 Gaze on him ; so Achilles was amaz'd
 Beholding godlike Priam ; while the rest
 Look'd at each other, wond'ring ! Low on earth
 The wretched man implor'd his pity thus :
 O great Achilles, equal to the gods ! 665
 Remember now thy father,^{an} old like me,
 And tottering on the verge of doleful age.

Perhaps this moment him encompassing,
 Inveterate foes oppress ; no friend at hand,
 The woes of war and ruin to repel. 670
 Yet he has comfort when good tidings come,
 That thou art living still ; daily he hopes
 To see, from Troy return'd, his much-lov'd son.
 But I, completely wretched, once, alas !
 Was happy, in a race of gallant sons, 675
 Excelling all in Troas' wide-spread realm !
 Not one of them is left ! When hither came
 Achaia's host, full fifty sons were mine ;
 One mother bore nineteen ; the rest were born
 Of other dames : now cruel Mars, of these 680
 By far the greater number has destroy'd ;
 And one, who stood alone, my hope, my joy,
 Defender of my city, and of all,
 Him (fighting for his country) thou hast slain ;
 My Hector ! For his sake, hither I come, 685
 E'en hither, to the hostile fleet of Greece,
 To ransom him of thee ; and presents bring
 Of boundless price. O rev'rence the gods,
 Achilles, and commiserate me ; persuaded
 By memory of thy father. I, indeed, 690
 Am much more wretched ; truly, I have borne
 What never man on earth before myself
 Has undergone, the hand of him who slew
 My children, humbly to my lips to raise !
 He said, and in the chief emotions strong 695
 Of sorrow for his aged father, rais'd.
 Then, taking Priam's hand, he gently turn'd
 The poor old man away, together both
 Sobbing aloud ! One for his godlike son,
 Heroic Hector, pour'd a flood of tears, 700
 And prostrate lay before Achilles' feet ;

The other wept for father and for friend,
 Alternately. Their groans were heard afar,
 And echoed from the tent's high roof. At length,
 When great Achilles satiate was with grief, 705
 And in his breast and limbs, convulsive throbs
 Of anguish thrill'd no longer, from his seat
 He rose, and, kindly raising by the hand
 The venerable king, with pity view'd
 His hoary head and beard all white with age.⁸⁰ 710
 Then thus he sooth'd his woe : Unhappy man !
 What ills hast thou endur'd !⁸¹ How couldst thou come
 Hither alone, amidst our hostile fleet,
 E'en to the presence of the man who slew
 Thy gallant sons, so many, and so brave ? 715
 Surely, of temper'd steel thy heart is fram'd !
 But now be seated : let us, for a time,
 Permit our sorrows in our hearts to rest,
 However keenly felt ; for sighs and tears
 No benefit can bring. Such is the thread 720
 Spun by the gods for miserable men,
 That we must live in trouble ; they on high,
 Be free from care and woe. Two urns are plac'd
 On Jove's exalted threshold ;⁸² fill'd with gifts
 Of natures opposite ; with evil one, 725
 With good the other. He to whom is dealt
 A mingled draught of both, sorrow endures,
 And bliss enjoys, successive ; but the wretch
 To whom the bad is without mixture given,
 Is doom'd to infamy and horrid want ; 730
 By meagre famine through the world pursued,
 He restless wanders, scorn'd by gods and men !
 What signal honors did the powers divine
 Decree to Peleus, in his natal hour !
 With joyful splendor and abundance bless'd, 735

He shone preëminent among mankind,
 And bravely rul'd the warlike Myrmidons,
 To him, besides, a mortal though he was,
 The bounteous gods a goddess gave to wife.
 Yet even him has Jove's all-ruling will 740
 Afflicted. From his bed no princely race
 Of gallant sons to regal sway succeeds.
 One only son is his, to early death
 Predestin'd ! Nor, while living, do I now
 Cherish his age, but from my country far, 745
 Continue here, a deadly bane to thee
 And thy unhappy sons. Thou, too, old man,
 --- As we have heard, hast been for bliss renown'd ;
 Possessing all that Lesbos' isle contain'd,
 (The seat of Macar once,) ^{ar} and all, above 750
 In spacious Phrygia ; with the lands beside
 Confining on the unmeasur'd Hellespont.
 And thou in children and in riches, all
 The people of thy kingdom didst excel :
 But since the gods this dire calamity 755
 Have brought upon thee, war and blood of men
 Surround thy city. But to heaven submit,
 And yield not thou to sorrow uncontroll'd,
 Fruitless and vain. Thou canst not from the dead
 Recall thy son : Ah ! sooner must thou feel 760
 Thyself, some other stroke of cruel fate.
 To him majestic Priam thus replied :
 Ah ! give not me a seat, belov'd of Jove,
 While Hector lies neglected in thy tent ;
 But grant him quickly to my longing eyes, 765
 And take the ransom we have brought. Mayst thou
 Enjoy that ransom, and return in peace
 To thy dear native land ; ^{as} since thou hast now
 Permitted me to live, and view the light.

The stern Achilles, with a wrathful glance 770
 Eyed him, and said : " Provoke me not, old man !
 I have determin'd Hector to release ;
 For sent by Jove himself, my mother came,
 Daughter of old Oceanus. I know,
 Nor canst thou hide it, some one of the gods 775
 Conducted thee, O Priam, to the ships,
 No mortal would have dar'd, though young and bold,
 To penetrate, alone, Achaia's camp ;
 Nor could, unnotic'd by the guard, have pass'd,
 Nor easily remov'd the pond'rous beam 780
 And bolts, access preventing to my doors.
 Now, therefore, with thy sorrowful complaints
 Urge me no farther, lest I suffer not
 E'en thee, a sacred suppliant, in my tent,
 And so infringe the dread commands of Jove. 785
 He said ; the monarch trembled and obey'd.
 Then, like a lion, from his tent rush'd forth
 The fierce Pelides ; not alone ; with him,
 His warlike servants went ; Automedon
 And Alcimus, whom most the hero priz'd 790
 Of all his comrades, since Patroclus' death.
 They from the yoke releas'd the steeds and mules ;
 They led the rev'rend herald to the tent,
 And gave him there a seat ; then, from the wain,
 Remov'd the ransom of great Hector's head, 795
 Inestimably rich. Two cloths they left
 To shroud the dead, a splendid tunic, too,
 That, cover'd decently, the lifeless chief
 To Ilion might return. Pelides bids
 The captive maidens carefully to bathe 800
 The body, and anoint it, carried forth
 In secret, that old Priam should not view
 His ghastly son ; lest, agoniz'd at heart,

He might not wrath restrain, but irritate
 Achilles, who might slay him in his rage, 805
 Infringing e'en the dread commands of Jove.
 When now the maidens had the body bath'd
 And well anointed, they around it drew
 The snow-white shroud and vest. Achilles' self,
 Uplifting, laid it on the funeral bed.^{av} 810
 His brave attendants bore it to the car,
 And plac'd it there aloft. Then, with a cry
 Of lamentation, he the name invok'd
 Of his beloved friend: Patroclus! now,
 Be not offended, if in Pluto's hall 815
 The tidings thou shalt hear, that I restore
 Heroic Hector to his father's arms!
 For he a ransom not unseemly brings;
 Of which a portion large, and worthy thee,
 I dedicate to thy lamented shade! 820
 He said; and, thence returning to the tent,
 Resum'd his seat with carvings rich adorn'd,
 Just opposite to Priam: then, again,
 He kindly thus the mournful king address'd:
 Thy son, old man, according to thy wish, 825
 Is now restor'd; upon the funeral bed
 He lies; and, with Aurora's early dawn,
 Thou shalt behold him on his way to Troy.
 But let us now be mindful of repast;
 For even Niobe, unhappy dame,^{av} 830
 Renounc'd not food, when, in her palace, dead,
 All her twelve children lay; six blooming sons,
 And six fair daughters, slain together! These,
 Apollo, with his silver bow, destroy'd,
 And those, Diana, terrible in wrath, 835
 Stern huntress of the wild. The deities
 Offended were, because, with impious pride,

She claim'd with great Latona equal praise :
 Boastful, she said, the beauteous goddess bore
 Two children only, while herself had twelve. 840
 But they, though two they were, resistless, slew
 Her numerous offspring ! Steep'd in blood they lay,
 Nine days, forsaken, none to bury them ;
 For Jove had all her people turn'd to stone !
 But on the tenth, the gods who dwell in heaven 845
 Consign'd them to a tomb. The mournful dame,
 Fatigued, at last, with unavailing grief,
 Of food was mindful. Now, indeed, she stands,
 A marble statue, somewhere in the wilds
 Of rocky mountains desolate and drear, 850
 In Sipylus,^{aw} where, fame reports, the nymphs
 Have secret beds, the sylvan goddesses,
 Who lead the dance round Acheloius' springs.
 There, though a stone, she still retains the woes
 Inflicted by the gods. Come, then, let us, 855
 Divine old man, to nourishment attend.
 Again hereafter, mayst thou mourn thy son
 Convey'd to Ilion : many tears for him
 Will then be shed, not without ample cause.^{ax}
 Achilles spake, and, quickly rising slew 860
 A fleecy sheep ; his comrades skinn'd it soon,
 And neatly made it ready ; they dissect
 The limbs adroitly, and on spits suspend ;
 Then roast them well, and from the fire remove
 The feast prepar'd. Automedon, the bread, 865
 In splendid canisters, around the board
 Distributed ; the meat, Achilles carv'd.
 They to the plenteous food before them spread,
 Their hands extended. When of meat and wine
 They had enough, and appetite had ceas'd, 870
 Then Priam, son of Dardanus, admir'd

(Achilles,^{av} gazing o'er his manly shape
 And beauty ; for he seem'd a present god,
 In majesty and grace ! ^{az} Achilles, too,
 With admiration view'd the Dardan king ; 875
 His noble aspect comely and benign,
 And charm'd with listening to his sweet discourse.
 When each, delighted had the other view'd,
 The godlike senior said : Now, lov'd of Jove,
 Dismiss me to repose, that we the boon 880
 Of sleep refreshing, may at last enjoy ;
 For never have my sorrowing eyelids clos'd
 In slumber, since my hapless son was slain ; ^{ba}
 But, groaning constantly, with boundless grief,
 Prone have I lain on earth, grovelling in dust, 885
 Before my palace-gate. Now, also, food
 I first have tasted, and have swallow'd wine,
 Which, till this moment, never touch'd my lips.
 He said ; Achilles bade forthwith his friends
 And captive maidens to prepare the beds 890
 Within the portico, and on them lay
 Rich coverlets of purple ; over these
 To spread large carpets, warm and smooth ; with cloaks
 Fleecy and thick, above them to be drawn.
 They from the hall went forth, bearing a torch, 895
 And speedily two beds had ready made.
 Then thus Achilles ; in the monarch's breast
 Alarm excited : ^{bb} Now, belov'd old man,
 Retire at length to rest ; but not within ;
 Lest some one of Achaia's councillors, 900
 As is their constant custom, ^{bc} hither come,
 About her interests to consult with me.
 If any of them should chance to find thee here
 In night's dark-fleeting hour, instantly
 To Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, 905

He would reveal it ; thence, perchance, delay,
 In the redemption of thy Hector's corse,
 Might be produc'd. But now, inform me this :
 How many days dost thou desire, to pay
 Due funeral honors to thy godlike son ; ^{b4} 910
 That peacefully, till then, I may refrain,
 And from the war withhold Achaia's host ?
 To this replied the venerable king :
 If such thy gracious purpose, that I pay
 Due honors to the funeral of my son, 915
 This I request, Achilles, and my wish
 Will then be gratified, for we are coop'd,
 Thou knowest, in the town ; from Ida's hills,
 Far distant, wood must be procur'd, and fears
 Incessant haunt the Trojans : let us mourn 920
 Nine days, the hero, in our dreary halls ;
 The tenth, commit his ashes to the earth,
 And give a public banquet ; on the eleventh,
 Raise high his monument ; and, on the twelfth,
 Renew the war, if war we must again. 925
 To him again Pelides : Be it so,
 Divine old man, as thou hast said. The war
 I will suspend, until the day propos'd.
 So saying, by the right arm's wrist he grasp'd
 The reverend king, to give assurance firm, 930
 And fear remove. Then in the portico
 Priam retir'd to rest ; ^{b5} and near him lay
 His aged herald, ruminating both,
 With anxious minds, for both were old and wise.
 But, in the tent's recess, Achilles slept, 935
 And by his side Briseis, rosy-cheek'd,
 His lovely consort. Now, were all the gods
 And chiefs equestrian wrapp'd in sweet repose,
 To sleep's kind sway submitting, save the sire

Of arts, sage Hermes ; he was watchful still ; 940
 Contriving, from the navy to conduct
 The king, unnotic'd by the sacred guards ^m
 Who kept the bulwarks. Hovering o'er his head,
 The power divine address'd the sleeping king :
 Old man ! how thoughtless art thou now of ill ; 945
 Sleeping, surrounded by a host of foes,
 Since stern Achilles spar'd thee ! Add to which,
 Thy dear-lov'd son, a costly ransom paid,
 Thou hast redeem'd ; but thee to ransom, too,
 Thy children, left at home, would have to yield 950
 A treasure thrice as large, if Atreus' son,
 And all his Greeks, should know that thou art here.
 He said ; and Priam, terror-struck, from sleep
 His herald rous'd ; ^{ns} for them, the guardian power
 Their mules and horses to the chariot join'd. 955
 Quickly he drove them, through that hostile camp,
 Unseen of all ; but when they reach'd the ford
 Of gulfy Xanthus, clear, pellucid stream,
 Whom Jove, immortal sire of gods, begat,
 Thence, Hermes to th' Olympian height return'd ; 960
 And fair Aurora, clad in saffron vest,
 O'er all the earth diffus'd her cheerful beams.
 They to the town, with doleful cries and groans,
 The coursers drove, and mules with Hector dead.
 Their coming none perceiv'd, of Ilion's sons 965
 Or lovely daughters, save Cassandra, fair
 As golden Venus. ^{bu} On the citadel
 Of Pergamus she stood, and thence observ'd
 Her much-lov'd father, standing on his car ;
 And on the wain his herald, known full well 970
 As public crier. ^{bl} On the funeral bed
 She saw the lifeless corse, and, with loud shrieks,
 Proclaim'd it through the town : Ye Trojan men,

705 -

And Trojan women, hither come, and see
 Your Hector, dead ! if ever ye rejoic'd 975
 To meet him, glorious from the field of fame ;
 For he was, erst, the glory and delight
 Of Ilion and his people ! Not a man
 Or woman then, was left within the town ;
 All, by intolerable anguish driven, 980
 Pour'd from the gates, and crowded round the car
 In throngs tumultuous. Foremost of them all,
 The wife affectionate, and mother fond,
 Embrac'd their Hector's head, and o'er him rent
 Their hair, in agony. Around them stood 985
 The multitude in tears. They would have wept,
 And wail'd their hero slain, there standing, sad,
 Before the gates, e'en till the sun had set,
 If Priam, from the car, had not restrain'd
 The sorrowing crowd : Give way, and let the mules 990
 Now pass ; hereafter ye may have your fill
 Of mourning, when the dead is carried home.
 With that the throng divided, and the car
 Roll'd inward. At the royal dome arriv'd,
 They laid great Hector on a splendid couch, 995
 And round him station'd masters of the song,
 Singing a mournful dirge, in measur'd strains,^{bk}
 With sounds of heartfelt woe ; and, while they sang,
 The females' plaintive cries, responsive, rose.
 Among them, fair Andromache began 1000
 Her lamentation ; ^{bl} in her snow-white arms,
 Clasp'd heroic Hector's clay-cold cheek.
 My husband ! thou hast fallen in thy prime
 Of manhood, leaving me disconsolate,
 A helpless widow, in thy lonely house. 1005
 Our little son, a tender infant now,
 His days of manly strength will ne'er attain.

- 7 2 5

Long ere that time, this city overthrown
 Will lie in ruins ; thou, her only hope
 And guardian, thou, who bravely didst protect 1010
 Her matrons, and their infants, being gone !
 Ah ! soon, those matrons must be forc'd away
 In Grecian ships, myself among the rest !
 Thou, too, my hapless boy, must go with me,
 Condemn'd, a wretched slave, in servile tasks 1015
 To labor, for some hard unfeeling lord ;
 Or else, a ruthless Greek may hurl thee down
 From Ilion's lofty tower,^{ba} tremendous death,
 Avenging so, his brother, or his sire,
 Or son belov'd, whom Hector may have slain ; 1020
 For many of the Greeks, by Hector's arm,
 Have bit the ground ; for, in the cruel fight,
 Thy father, O my son, was ever fierce ;
 And therefore, now, his country mourns him dead !
 O Hector ! thou, unutterable grief 1025
 And agony, hast on thy parents brought ;
 But woes exceeding all, to me hast left !
 For, in thy dying moments, thy dear hand
 Was not extended, from thy bed, to me ;
 Nor didst thou speak one last momentous word^{ba} 1030
 Which I had always treasur'd in my heart,
 Remembering, night and day, with pensive tears.
 Weeping, she spake ; the matrons wail'd around ;
 And Hecuba, among them, vents her grief :
 O Hector ! dearest to my heart, by far, 1035
 Of all my children ! surely, when alive,
 Thou wast a favorite of the gods ; for now,
 When cold in death thy corse has been their care.
 My other sons, by stern Achilles seiz'd
 Were sold by him, beyond the barren main, 1040

To Samos, Imbras, and the bleak, rough coast
 Of rocky Lemnos; but, bereaving thee
 Of life, by ruthless steel, he dragg'd thee oft,
 With unrelenting rage, around the tomb
 Of him thy valor slew; disgraceful act, 1045
 Which did not him restore to life; yet, fresh
 Thou still continuest, like one newly dead,
 Whom Phœbus' silver bow, with arrows mild,
 Has gently slain.^{bo} So spake the weeping dame,
 Exciting in the multitude around 1050
 Ungovernable grief. Among them next
 Unhappy Helen, thus her woe express'd :
 (Hector ! beloved most by me, of all
 My consort's brethren ! Paris, truly, grac'd
 With godlike beauty, is my consort now, 1055
 Who brought me from my home ! Ah ! would to heaven
 That I had died before that fatal day !
 This, now, I count the twentieth tedious year,^{bp}
 Since first I hither came, and left, alas !
 My native country ; yet no angry word, 1060
 Or scornful, have I ever heard from thee !
 And if, at any time, another's tongue
 Reproach'd me ; of thy brothers, or their wives,
 Or sisters clad in robes with sweeping trains,
 Or else thy mother ; for thy sire has been 1065
 Indulgent still, as if his child I were,
 Thou didst rebuke them, and their wrath disarm
 By thy benignity and soothing speech.
 I therefore weep, with aching heart, for thee,
 And mourn, with thine, my own unhappy fate ; 1070
 For no one now, in spacious Troy, remains
 A friend to me ; but all abhor me quite.
 So spake the lovely mourner. Groan for groan)

The crowd immense reëchoed. But the king
 Proclaim'd again his orders. Bring ye now 1075
 Wood to the town ; and fear not, in the least,
 A Grecian ambush ; for Achilles gave
 His promise, when uninjur'd from his ships
 He sent me, that until the twelfth day dawns,
 Achaia's host shall trouble us no more. 1080
 He said ; their mules and oxen to their cars
 They coupled, and, forthwith, beyond the walls
 Assembled. Nine successive days they toil'd,
 And brought, from Ida's hills, huge heaps of wood.
 When the tenth morning, rosy light from heaven, 1085
 To men display'd, they, weeping, carried forth
 What once was valiant Hector. On the pile
 They laid that breathless body ; kindling soon
 Aspiring flames ; and, when appear'd again
 The rosy-finger'd daughter of the dawn, 1090
 Aurora, then all Ilion was conven'd
 Around the pyre of Hector, chief of men.
 When they had met, and full the concourse, first
 They quench, with dark-red wine, the glimmering fire
 And glowing embers ; next, his brethren sad 1095
 And fond associates carefully collect
 His snow-white bones, bemoaning as they toil'd,
 And bathing, with abundant tears, their cheeks ;
 These they deposit in a golden urn,
 Which purple cloths, of texture glossy smooth,
 From eyes of mortals hid ; then in the grave 1100
 They laid it, ^h cover'd thick with heavy stones,
 And o'er it diligently rais'd a tomb ;
 While, station'd all around were watchful guards,
 Lest, ere the work was done, the warlike Greeks 1105
 Should, unawares, assail them. ^h Having heap'd

The lofty mound, they thence to Troy return'd,
And there, assembled in the splendid halls
Of Priam, delegate of Jove, enjoy'd
A sumptuous banquet. So the funeral rites
They finish'd, to illustrious Hector due.⁶⁰

1110

NOTES.

BOOK XXIV.

^a *But comfortless, remembering still his friend,
Achilles wept.* l. 4-5.

The sorrow of Achilles for Patroclus, so repeatedly described by the poet, is always accompanied with some variety in the sentiments and manners of the mourner, though the passion is still the same. There is therefore no tedious repetition of the same speeches or circumstances. The melancholy reflections of the restless hero, have in them a gloomy dignity, suitable to his character. "He does not recollect," says Pope, "any soft moments, any tendernesses, that had passed between him and Patroclus; but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land and the dangers by sea, in which they had been companions. Thus the poet, on all occasions, admirably sustains the character of Achilles; when he played upon the harp in Book IX. he sung the achievements of kings; and in this place, there is an air of greatness in his very sorrows. Achilles is as much a hero when he weeps as when he fights."

^b ——— *That powerful god
Cover'd his body with Jove's heavenly shield.* l. 27-8.

The Scholiast, quoted by Cowper, says: "That the two lines of the original, in which Apollo is said to have rendered this service to the body of Hector, were rejected by some of the ancients, because the *Ægis* belonged not to Apollo, but to Jupiter; because to use it for the protection of a dead man had been to defile it; and because Venus, having anointed the body with oils, to prevent it from being torn when dragged behind the chariot of Achilles, there was no need of the *Ægis* to effect the same purpose." But for my part I cannot see the force of any of these objections. Jupiter might easily lend

Apollo his *Ægis*, as he did in Book XV.; that celestial, incorruptible shield could not have been defiled by touching a dead body by Jupiter's command, when Apollo himself was not defiled by taking in his arms the corpse of Sarpedon, in Book XVI.; and the service now in question might properly be rendered by Apollo, in addition to the unction by Venus. Really, the liberty taken by some ancient critics, of rejecting as spurious any verses of Homer which happened not to please themselves, appears ridiculous enough. Lucian, (in his *True History*,) alluding to this, pleasantly says, that "he asked the ghost of Homer whether he wrote those verses that were rejected, and he owned them all to be written by himself; upon which," says Lucian, "I could not but think with myself how that foolish couple of grammarians, Zenodotus and Aristarchus, had bantered the world with their impertinent observations."

° *Paris the guilty cause, who foully wrong'd*
The goddesses. l. 40-41.

The story of the judgment of Paris evidently is an allegory; the plain meaning being, that Paris, the young prince of Troy, preferred the love of women (represented by Venus) to royal power and dignity, (of which Juno was the patroness,) and to wisdom or science, typified by Minerva. By making this improper choice, he ruined himself and his country.

° *The terrible Achilles, ruthless chief,*
Disdaining all the ties of equity. l. 56-7.

(Apollo, in his anger against Achilles, represents him, perhaps, in colors a little too harsh. See ante, note ⁱ to Book I. l. 296-7.

° ———— *shame,*
That powerful feeling, which to mortals oft
Much good or evil causes. l. 63-5.

"Shame," says Cowper, "is a blessing to man, if he is properly influenced by it; a curse, in its consequences, if he is deaf to its dictates." Perhaps the meaning of Homer was, that shame, where well-directed, is a blessing; where ill-directed, a curse. If a man is prevented from doing evil by shame, or the fear of reproach, it does him great good; if, through improper shame, or base subserviency to the erroneous opinions of the multitude, he is afraid of doing good, or dares not deviate from their corrupt practices, it is productive of very mischievous effects.

*' Whom I brought up and cherish'd, and betroth'd
To noble Peleus, favorite of heaven.* l. 83-4.

Juno, the goddess of the air, is said to have been the nurse of Thetis, because the sea is partly supplied with water by rain from the clouds. The fiction of the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, may have arisen from the circumstance that Peleus, being king of a maritime country, obtained great wealth by commerce. Another explanation, too, may be given. His wife may have been actually a beautiful virgin, brought to Phthia by sea, from some foreign country, and therefore (poetically, or in Oriental style,) called a daughter of the ocean, or goddess of the sea. When Achilles lost his armor by the death of Patroclus, he probably purchased from some trading vessel, a new suit made by skilful foreign armorers. Thetis, the maritime goddess, was therefore said to have procured him that suit from Vulcan, the god of artificers. The presence of the gods at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, may allude to the custom of exhibiting their statues or images on occasions of great public solemnity. In like manner, the gods were said to have feasted with the Æthiopians.

*' For Thetis constantly, both night and day,
Watches great Hector's corse.* l. 104-5.

The words of the original are plainly applicable to Thetis, and not to Achilles. It is not necessary to suppose that Thetis was always personally present. If some of the sea-nymphs, by her direction, watched the body in her absence, it might with propriety be considered as constantly guarded by her. Achilles could not, any more than Thetis, have been always personally watching the body. Cowper is therefore certainly incorrect in his translation, and in the reason given for it in his note. It may be remarked, too, that the tender simile of a mother tending her son, would be very improperly introduced in describing the watchful malice of Achilles towards the corpse of his enemy. Cowper's translation is,

"Yet steal him not, since by Achilles' eye
Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night
Watches him, as a mother tends her son."

^b Which, to a circlet thin, of horn, attach'd. l. 116.

"The angler's custom was, in those days, to guard his line above the hook from the fish's bite, by passing it through a pipe of horn."
The Scholiast, quoted by Cowper.

¹ *Her gallant son's unhappy fate, who soon
To die was doom'd.* l. 121-2.

The poet has often before informed us that Achilles was to die in a short time at Troy; but the repetition has a good effect in this place, where the sorrow of Thetis for her son's approaching fate is necessarily mentioned. Yet I cannot think, with Pope, that "these words are very artfully inserted." They certainly give the reader no information that he did not possess before.

¹ ——— *Nine successive days,
Among th' immortals, strife has been afloat.* l. 152-3.

See Mr. Pope's judicious note on the subject of the multiplicity of machinery made use of by Homer for the redemption of Hector's body. I concur with him in opinion, that, considering the character of Achilles, celestial interposition, together with the influence of his mother Thetis, were necessary to pacify him, and prepare him to yield to Priam's entreaties; and "that the poet has conducted this whole affair with admirable judgment."

¹ ——— *rememb'ring not
Thy needful food, or love's delightful joy?* l. 180-1.

The mother puts her son in mind of his love for Briseis, which, in his sorrow for the death of Patroclus, he seems to have forgotten.

The language of the original in this place seems indelicate; but Pope very well remarks, "that as we are not competent judges of what ideas words might carry in Homer's time, so we ought not entirely to condemn him; because it is possible the expression might not sound so indecently in ancient, as in modern ears." Achilles seems to have taken the advice of Thetis, as appears by the sequel. See post, l. 937.

¹ ——— *such a potent guard and guide
We will provide him; Hermes.* l. 210-11.

This story of Mercury (or Hermes) conducting Priam safely to the Grecian camp, is only a poetical or marvellous way of telling that he was protected by the law of nations; Hermes being the god who presided over treaties and truces; the protector of ambassadors, and even of enemies in their lawful correspondence. The sacred character of the herald who accompanied Priam, protected him from any insult or injury from the Grecian army.

^a *Not rash, nor obstinately bent on ill.* l. 217.

The character of Achilles, here pronounced by the mouth of Jupiter, was therefore not intended by Homer as completely bad or good; but as Clarke says he described him, "*qualem fama accepisset*," such as tradition reported him to have actually been. He was neither foolish, nor rash, nor wilfully wicked; that is, he transgressed only when under the influence of excitement. He was persuaded (as the Indians in America are at this day,) that revenge for the death of his friend was a sacred duty; but, in general, he was not disposed to reject the prayer of a suppliant.

^a *He, shrouded in a cloak which veil'd his face,
Lay on the floor a desolate old man.* l. 224 - 5.

The scene in Priam's palace is melancholy indeed. What a dreadful picture is here presented of the miseries of war! But, doubtless, many other houses of private persons in Troy who had lost their sons in battle, presented scenes equally mournful. Kings, who obstinately involve their subjects in war, do not consider the miseries they occasion, until sorrow is brought home to their bosoms by their own losses. The grief of Priam is very naturally described, in conformity with the Oriental custom of mourning. He lies on the ground, defiled with ashes, and, as we are afterwards told, abstaining from food altogether. So the prophet Isaiah says, that the daughter of Zion, "being desolate, shall sit upon the ground." The sons of Priam are described as sitting around their father, moistening his vesture with their tears, but saying nothing; it being impossible to comfort him by words. In like manner, the friends of Job "sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

Eustathius says, that Homer covered the face of Priam because he could not represent his grief. But surely the poet was not obliged to describe the face of Priam, for the purpose of giving an adequate idea of his grief. The difficulty of expressing sufficiently the sorrow of a countenance, might induce a painter (but not a poet) to throw a veil over it.

^a ——— *he trembling, heard the sound.* l. 233.

The Scholiast (quoted by Cowper) says that "his spirit, broken down with sorrow, was alarmed even by the gentlest sounds, and conjectured that the message, however softly suggested, would prove a terrible one."

*Whose heart, I wish my teeth could now hold fast,
And greedily devour !* l. 289-90.

Horrible as this expression is, it does not seem unnatural in Hector, and therefore is excusable in the poet, considering the warmth of a mother's feelings smarting under so severe an affliction.

For Hector died not as a coward dies. l. 292.

The partiality of a mother for her son is here manifest. In her fondness, she forgets that he ever fled from Achilles.

*—— But from his portico
He drove the thronging Trojans.* l. 323-4.

See an excellent note of Mr. Pope on the subject of this natural description of the melancholy effects of extreme sorrow, on the temper and deportment of Priam. Even the sympathy of his people (who sincerely mourned for Hector) offended him, in the disturbed state of his mind ; when, had he listened to reason, it would have given him pleasure. "The unhappy," says Plutarch, "ought not to give way to anger ; for others are prevented from pitying them, when they become vexed and quarrel with those who bear a part of their burthens." As an example of such conduct, he mentions this of Priam. How different is the behavior of a Christian, who is blessed with the consolations of the gospel ! But unhappy Priam, in his pagan darkness, had no such comfort.

*—— Be quick, ye worst of sons,
Ye scandal to my name !* l. 346-7.

"Priam here treats all his sons with the utmost indignity, calls them gluttons, dancers and flatterers. Eustathius very justly remarks, that he had Paris particularly in his eye ; but his anger makes him transfer that character to the rest of his children, not being calm enough to make a distinction between the innocent and guilty. That passage where he runs into the praises of Hector, is particularly natural ; his concern and fondness make him as extravagant in the commendation of him, as in the disparagement of his other sons ; they are less than mortals, he more than man." — Pope.

*—— Will ye not now at length,
The wain make ready ?* l. 361-2.

Priam, in his impatience, forgets that he had previously given no

order to his sons. In like manner, that great master of human nature, Shakspeare, introduces the tyrant Richard, in his vexation, flying into a passion with his minion Catesby, for not going to the duke of Norfolk, when he had not told him what message to deliver.

Richard says :

“Dull, unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke !”

Catesby answers :

“First, mighty liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.”

Richard replies :

“O true, good Catesby. Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.”

Richard III. Act iv. Scene 6.

“——— *two curves*

Indented, with a central pin between. l. 368—9.

Such appears to be the meaning of the word *δευαλός*, as used in this place. The reins, says Eustathius, were drawn through the rings by which the two parts of the yoke were connected. These rings, I think, were attached to the central pin.

“——— *To the wain they join'd*

The mules. l. 378—9.

“It is necessary to observe to the reader, to avoid confusion, that two cars are here prepared ; the one drawn by mules to carry the presents and to bring back the body of Hector ; the other drawn by horses, in which the herald and Priam rode,” says Eustathius. But the last remark is not correct ; for it is expressly said afterwards, that the herald drove the mules and Priam the horses. It appears, therefore, (as indeed prudence required,) that the herald rode before in the carriage loaded with the presents intended for Achilles ; and Priam behind, in a separate car. No doubt the herald wore a badge or dress, by which his office would be known to the enemy.

“*Were girded for their journey.* l. 386.

The word *ζευγυρόσθην*, occurring in this place, ought evidently to be *ζωνυρόσθην*, as suggested by Clarke. I have therefore adopted his judicious alteration.

² *Take this, and pour it forth to father Jove.* l. 391.

This was exactly conformable to the general custom of the ancients, to begin no journey of importance without sacrifice and prayer.

³ ——— *Send me now*

Thy favorite bird, thy swift-wing'd messenger. l. 424 – 5.

It seems strange that Priam, after receiving the message from Jupiter by Iris, should wish a confirmation of that message by an omen ! But his anxiety and fear, in consequence of the very dangerous nature of the expedition he was about to engage in, made him desirous of all possible assurance. Perhaps, too, he might be afraid that the supposed communication by the goddess was a delusion of his own fancy. So Gideon, after the angel of the Lord had appeared to him, and told him that he should save Israel from the hand of the Midianites, requested several supernatural signs, (which graciously were granted,) for the purpose of satisfying his mind that God indeed had sent him. See the Book of Judges, ch. vi.

⁴ ——— *known by the name*

Of percnos, to the gods. l. 434 – 5.

According to the lexicon, the word percnos signifies black, or spotted with black.

^{5a} *For thee it pleases most of all the gods,*

With mortals to associate as a friend. l. 458 – 9.

In the ideas entertained by the heathen of the benignant character of Hermes, they seem to have had some obscure intimations of the benevolent Mediator. The stories told of his familiar correspondence with men, were probably derived from traditional accounts of angels conversing with Abraham and other patriarchs.

^{5b} *Nor did th' ambassador of heaven, who slew*

The star-eyed Argus, disobey. l. 465 – 6.

This beautiful description of the flight of Hermes is repeated by Homer himself in the Odyssey, and copied by Virgil in the Æneid, with a remarkable improvement, as appears from these lines :

Tum virgam capit ; hâc animas ille evocat Orco

Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit ;

Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.

Æn. IV. 238.

Milton's sublime description of the descent of the angel Raphael is superior to both.

^{aa} *The watchful herald through the shade perceiv'd*
Hermes approaching. l. 484-5.

The herald, being foremost, was the first who saw a man coming to meet them. This whole transaction, stripped of the marvellous, simply was, that Priam met with one of the Myrmidons, who paid respect to his royal dignity, and to the herald, his attendant, and, at his request, conducted him safely to Achilles. The following conversation might naturally have taken place between Priam and the Myrmidon, son of Polyctor, if he was such a man as Hermes appeared to be.

^{ad} *Thy son, the great in arms, who fell not short*
In valorous deeds, e'en of the Greeks themselves. l. 528-9.

The patriotism of a Greek would induce him to give his own countrymen the preference to all others. Mercury therefore, personating a Greek, allows not even to Hector superior praise.

^{ae} *In the same ship.* l. 546.

This circumstance, as well as the wealth of his father, is thrown in, to show his respectability and gain the confidence of Priam.

^{af} *Have come into the champaign from his ships.* l. 551.

He might have been sent into the field as an advance guard, or to reconnoitre the motions of the enemy.

^{ag} *——— O son! 'tis surely good*
To pay just honors to th' immortal gods. l. 581-2.

The religious spirit of Homer's works has often before been remarked. Mr. Pope says, "If the reader does not observe the morality of the Iliad, he loses half, and the nobler part, of its beauty; he reads it as a common romance, and mistakes the chief aim of it, which is to instruct."

^{ah} *Old man, thou temptest me.* l. 591.

The words used before, (in l. 390 of the original, and 534 of this translation,) are here repeated:

Παῖδά ἐμὸν, γυρνάδ.

^{ai} *And in my heart such robbery abhor.* l. 594.

"The cup being designed as a present to Achilles, a soldier of his might be justly said to defraud him if he accepted it." — *The Scholiast*, quoted by *Cowper*.

ⁿ1 ——— a structure eminent. l. 611.

Mr. Pope appears to have misunderstood the description of this tent (or rather house) built for Achilles by the Myrmidons. He says,

“Of fir the roof was rais’d, and cover’d o’er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore ;
And, fenc’d with palisades, a hall of state,
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.”

It is evident that not the roof only, but the body of the building, was made of fir-trees. It was not the hall of state, but the enclosure or court around the whole building that was fenced with palisades. The gate of that enclosure (not the door of the building) was barred with a pine-tree ; for, when Hermes removed the bar, he “brought in the presents for Achilles ;” that is, within the enclosure or court he brought the carriage loaded with those presents, as appears manifestly by the circumstance that when Achilles came forth afterwards, he found the presents still on the carriage, and had them taken down and carried into the tent. See post, l. 578–9, of the original. When Hermes is said to have brought in the loaded wain, the meaning must be, that he made a passage for it, or caused it to go in ; for he did not descend from Priam’s car drawn by horses, until this had been done.

ⁿ2 But singly, great Achilles barr’d the gate
With that huge beam. l. 621–2.

“If it was a proof of great strength in Diomed that he could wield and hurl a stone which two strong men of Homer’s days could not have lifted, what must have been the strength of Achilles, who could manage a weight unmanageable except by three strong men of his own days !” — *The Scholiast*, quoted by *Couper*.

ⁿ3 And by his father old, his mother fond,
And youthful son, adjure him. l. 637–8.

Eustathius remarks, “that, although Mercury directs Priam to plead with Achilles not by the mention of his father only, but by his mother and his son also ; the ancient king, through excess of grief, very soon forgets two-thirds of his instructions.” — *Clarke*. See Pope’s note. But the language of nature, imploring compassion, was sufficiently energetic, though unassisted by the instructions of the god of eloquence.

*“ The parent kiss’d those dreadful murderous hands,
By which so many of his sons were slain ! l. 654 – 5.*

No circumstance could have been imagined more humiliating and distressing to Priam than this. He therefore pathetically adverts to it in the conclusion of his address to Achilles. These few words, too, forcibly bring to the reader’s mind all the terrible exploits of Achilles and misfortunes of Priam. The scene in the tent would indeed, as Pope observes, furnish an excellent subject for a painter.

“ Remember now thy father. l. 666.

The first words uttered by Priam were calculated to penetrate immediately to the heart of Achilles. The venerable appearance and pathetic address of the aged king were sufficient to induce him to imagine, for a moment, that his father Peleus knelt before him. The whole speech is certainly moving and persuasive in the highest degree. How forcibly does Priam describe the probable misfortunes of Peleus ; how feelingly compare them with the sorrows himself endured ! With how much fondness does he praise, yet how delicately and judiciously introduce the name of Hector, that Achilles may not be offended by that odious sound ! He appeals to the generous sentiments of a magnanimous and patriotic enemy, by saying that Hector died fighting for his country ; thereby delicately insinuating that he ought not to be regarded as an object of inveterate hatred, for slaying Patroclus ; having done it in honorable combat, in defence of his country. He mentions, but does not dwell upon the value of, the ransom he has brought, supposing that the hero he was addressing would be but little influenced by mercenary considerations. He concludes with entreating Achilles (the son of a goddess) to reverence the gods, and imitate them in showing mercy to the wretched ; reminding him again of his father, Peleus, and demonstrating, by one brief but agonizing burst of sorrow, his own superlative misery. It was not possible that even Achilles should remain unmoved by such a supplication.

“ ——— with pity view’d

His hoary head and beard all white with age. l. 709 – 10.

The reader cannot but sympathize with the unfortunate Priam, and feel uncommon delight at perceiving the heart of Achilles relenting ; the terrible emotions of anger and hatred, at length succeeded by compassionate kindness. How skilfully and naturally is this great change in his hero’s frame of mind, brought about by the poet.

²² ——— *Unhappy man !*

What ills hast thou endur'd ! l. 711 – 12.

The consolatory speech of Achilles to Priam, sets the hero before us in a new but very agreeable light. His anger being appeased, he manifests much humanity and tenderness, with uncommon sense and extensive knowledge. His education by Phoenix and Chiron, with the instructions of his mother, Thetis, made him indeed one of the most accomplished princes of the age in which he lived.

²³ ——— *Two urns are plac'd*

On Jove's exalted threshold. l. 723 – 4.

This beautiful and instructive allegory has been censured by some philosophers. But the Scriptures justify the opinion of Homer, that the Supreme Being is the dispenser of adversity as well as prosperity, though not the author of moral evil, or sin. So the Lord, by his prophet Isaiah, says to Cyrus : " I am the Lord, and there is none else : I form the light, and create darkness : I make peace, and create evil : I, the Lord, do all these things." Job also says : " What ! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil ! " That is, in our present imperfect and sinful state, is it not necessary, for our correction and improvement, that we should suffer that which appears to us to be evil, as well as enjoy the delights of worldly bliss ?

²⁴ *The seat of Macar once.* l. 750.

The Scholiast, quoted by Clarke, says that Macar, the son of Crinacus, settled Lesbos, or built the city of that name, (for the words *ἐκείνος τῇν Λέσβον*, may have either of these significations,) and reigned there. The poet in this place (as I understand him) mentions the extent of Priam's kingdom originally, before the war with the Greeks ; stating that he reigned over the island of Lesbos, the whole of Phrygia lying above Lesbos, that is, Phrygia Minor, (which lay chiefly higher up the Ægean sea, or to the east and north-east of Lesbos,) and the regions bounded by the Hellespont. Cowper's translation does not present this idea at all, and I think is erroneous. Pope has presented it, very poetically and correctly.

²⁵ ——— *Mayst thou*

Enjoy that ransom, and return in peace

To thy dear native land. l. 766 – 8.

The wish here uttered by Priam was susceptible of a construction

highly offensive to Achilles. It contained not only a request for the immediate restitution of the body of Hector, but a suggestion or insinuation that Achilles might be prevailed upon to relinquish the farther prosecution of the war, and return home. The regret previously manifested by Achilles, at remaining far distant from his country, and being a scourge to Priam and his family, induced perhaps the poor old king to entertain this groundless hope, and indirectly to express it. Achilles therefore fires again with anger for a moment. See Mr. Pope's note.

" *The stern Achilles, with a wrathful glance,
Eyed him, and said.* l. 770 - 1.

Cowper says he was "mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly."

" ——— *Achilles' self
Uplifting, laid it on the funeral bed.* l. 809 - 10.

Achilles seems disposed, by personal attention to the body of Hector, to make all the amends in his power for the outrages he had committed upon it. According to modern (or rather Christian) ideas, he would have done better if, generously, he had refused the ransom offered by Priam. But such true magnanimity was not to be expected in those days. It appears that he dedicated a large part of that treasure to the manes of his friend Patroclus; in what manner (whether by burning it at his tomb, or depositing it with the urn in which his bones were,) does not appear.

" *For even Niobe, unhappy dame.* l. 830.

Eustathius remarks that the children of Niobe probably died by a pestilence, or some other sudden calamity, and therefore were said to have been killed by Apollo and Diana. The Scholiast, quoted by Cowper, says, "the true history of her transformation is said to be this; that a statuary placed a figure of her, so finely executed in marble, on the tomb of her twelve children, that spectators frequently said, 'It is Niobe herself in stone.'"

" *In Sipylus.* l. 851.

The Scholiast, quoted by Clarke, says that Sipylus was a mountain of Lydia and Magnesia, in which a river named Acheloius had its

source. The *Universal History* (Vol. V. p. 496,) says it was a city in Phrygia or Mæonia, the residence of Tantalus. Probably the city and the mountain both had that name.

^{xx} ——— *many tears for him*

Will then be shed, not without ample cause. l. 858-9.

The Greek word *πολυδάκρυτος* signifies not only one who is much lamented, but one who deserves to be so. Cowper very well remarks, that "nothing could more recommend Achilles (everywhere else the inspirer of terror) to our esteem and love, than this stroke of judicious tenderness thrown into his character at last."

^{xy} *Then Priam, son of Dardanus, admir'd*

Achilles. l. 871-2.

Priam is called the son of Dardanus, though Dardanus was not his father, but his remote ancestor; because Dardanus, the son of Jupiter, was the most renowned of all his ancestors. So in the Scripture Christ is called the son of David, though remotely descended from David.

^{xx} ——— *for he seem'd a present god,*

In majesty and grace! l. 873-4.

The feelings of Priam and Achilles are highly honorable to them both. The reader is delighted to dwell on this peaceful scene, where all the stormy passions are hushed into repose, and the two enemies, lately so violent in mutual hatred, are gazing at each other with affectionate admiration. How great must have been the beauty and majesty, which attracted so much attention under such circumstances!

^{ba} *For never have my sorrowing eyelids clos'd*

In slumber, since my hapless son was slain. l. 882-3.

That Priam was able to abstain altogether from sleep (and food, as he afterwards says,) for twelve or thirteen days, (the time which had elapsed since the death of Hector,) seems astonishing. But in the heroic times, men accustomed to severe bodily exercises and hardships, must have been able to undergo such privations as would, to the more effeminate moderns, be intolerable. So, in the 12th book of the *Odyssey*, Ulysses, when shipwrecked, is said to have continued upon the mast ten days, and consequently without any nourishment.

^{bb} *Then thus Achilles, in the monarch's breast*
Alarm exciting. l. 897-8.

Such appears to me the plain meaning of the word *ἐκπρόσθεον*. I see no reason for supposing (with Eustathius and Clarke) that Achilles intended to excite in Priam a false or groundless fear.

^{bc} *As is their constant custom.* l. 901.

"The poet here shows the importance of Achilles in the army; though Agamemnon be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice, and thus he promises Priam a cessation of arms for several days, purely by his own authority." — *Eustathius*, quoted by Pope. Cowper judiciously remarks, "that though Achilles, in his late conference with Thetis, modestly waived all pretensions to superiority in counsel, the attention paid him, as a councillor, by the principal persons of the army, is a sufficient proof that they at least had an exalted opinion of his senatorial as well as of his military talents."

^{bd} *How many days dost thou desire, to pay*
Due funeral honors to thy godlike son? l. 909-10.

It is remarkable that the suggestion of a truce, for the purpose of paying funeral honors to Hector, comes from Achilles himself, without any previous solicitation by Priam. This circumstance is very honorable to the hero, and shows that his anger is thoroughly appeased.

^{be} ——— *Then in the portico*
Priam retir'd to rest. l. 931-2.

It may be asked, would not Priam have been as much exposed to observation in the portico, or ante-chamber of the tent, as anywhere else? The answer seems to be, that in the apartment where Achilles sat, he would have been certainly seen by any person coming in; but in the portico, where lights were not kept burning, the beds might be so placed as to be less liable to observation. It appears that the tent had only four apartments, (except perhaps storerooms, and chambers for the captive females,) viz. the portico, or ante-chamber, the hall, or sitting-room of Achilles, a bedroom for himself, another for his friend Patroclus, (see Book IX. l. 904,) which probably was now occupied by Automedon and Alcimus.

^{bf} ——— *the sacred guards.* l. 942.

Whatever was eminently valuable or useful, was frequently called sacred. So this epithet was applied to salt, wheat, &c.

^{bs} *He said ; and Priam, terror-struck, from sleep
His herald rous'd.* l. 953 - 4.

Priam's fear that the Greeks might retort the perfidy of the Trojans by a breach of the law of nations on their part, induced him to leave their camp very early in the morning, conducted by the same Myrmidon who attended him the preceding evening. But, poetically, all this is ascribed to the agency of Hermes. It seems that Priam's visit to Achilles was not known to the other chiefs of Greece, until Achilles himself informed them of it, after Priam had returned to Troy. The situation of the ships and encampment of Achilles, being (as we are told in Book XI. l. 12 - 13,) on one of the outskirts of the fleet and army, rendered it easy for Priam to negotiate with that prince, without being observed by the rest of the army.

^{bh} ——— *save Cassandra, fair
As golden Venus.* l. 966 - 7.

Cassandra was said to have been a prophetess. Her knowledge of the will of the gods might therefore have prepared her particularly to expect the safe return of her father, and to be on the look-out for him.

^{bi} ——— *his herald, known full well
As public crier.* l. 970 - 1.

Such, I think, is the meaning of the word *ἀστυβοῶτην*. It seems that in ancient times, before bells or drums were invented, heralds were used to convene the people on public occasions. In like manner, among the Mahometans, even to this day, a muezzin, or public crier, is employed to call the people to prayers in their mosques.

^{bk} *And round him station'd masters of the song,
Singing a mournful dirge, in measur'd strains.* l. 996 - 7.

"This was a custom generally received, and which passed from the Hebrews to the Greeks, Romans, and Asiatics. There were weepers by profession, of both sexes, who sung doleful tunes around the dead." — *Dacier*, quoted by Pope. An example of this custom may be found in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, ch. ix. v. 23. The Jewish ruler's daughter being dead, (whom our Savior after-

wards restored to life) the minstrels and the people were making a noise in the house where she lay.

^{bi} *Among them, fair Andromache began*

Her lamentation. l. 1000 – 1.

The fertility of Homer's genius is conspicuous on this occasion. The lamentations over Hector, though full of pathos, are skilfully varied, so as not to repeat what had before been said. The speeches of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, are so different, (as Pope justly remarks) "that not a sentence spoken by the one, could be made use of by the other. Andromache speaks like a tender wife, Hecuba like a fond mother, and Helen mourns with sorrow arising from self-accusation; Andromache commends his bravery, Hecuba his manly beauty, and Helen his gentleness and humanity."

^{bm} *Or else a ruthless Greek may hurl thee down*

From Ilion's lofty tower. l. 1017 – 18.

"The poets who succeeded Homer, were probably induced by this passage," says the Scholiast, quoted by Clarke, "to tell the story that Astyanax was thrown from the top of the wall by the Greeks."

^{bn} ——— *one last momentous word.* l. 1030.

This is a very natural expression of sorrow. The mourner for a deceased friend, finds a melancholy comfort in meditating on his last words, and complying with his last requests.

^{bo} ——— *like one newly dead,*

Whom Phæbus' silver bow, with arrows mild,

Has gently slain. l. 1047 – 9.

Hecuba compares the appearance of Hector's body to that of a person recently dead, who died suddenly; because the face of one who has died in that manner is not emaciated by sickness. The arrows of Apollo are called mild, because in sudden death there is but little pain.

^{bp} *This now I count the twentieth tedious year.* l. 1058.

The Scholiast, quoted by Clarke, says that ten years were consumed in collecting the armament of the Greeks, and ten years in the war.

¹⁰⁴ ——— *then in the grave*

They laid it. l. 1101-2.

The urn in which the bones of Patroclus were deposited, was not laid in his tomb, as was the usual practice; because that urn was reserved for the purpose of receiving the bones of Achilles afterwards, according to the request of the ghost of Patroclus.

¹⁰⁵ *Lest, ere the work was done, the warlike Greeks*

Should unawares assail them. l. 1105-6.

Notwithstanding Priam had told them not to fear any ambush; the Trojans had the precaution to be on their guard against a sudden attack. Conscious, probably, of their own perfidy in breaking the truce, (in Book IV.) they dreaded retaliation by the Greeks. But the poet represents his countrymen as honorably faithful to their engagements.

¹⁰⁶ ——— *So the funeral rites,*

They finish'd, to illustrious Hector due. l. 1110-11.

And thus the sublime and beautiful poem of Homer is concluded with majestic simplicity; leaving the mind of the reader in a state of pleasing melancholy, reflecting on the vanity of human affairs, manifested in the deaths of the famous Hector, and so many other brave heroes; not forgetting that (so often mentioned by anticipation) of Achilles himself, by whose fatal wrath such dreadful effects were produced.



ERRATA. VOL. II.

- Page 122, line 2, from bottom, for suppositious read *supposititious*.
 " 136 " 22, for your read *yon*.
 " 143 " 261, a period after *Pelides*.
 " 144 " 312, a colon " *thunder*.
 " 156 " 713, a period " *heard*.
 " 177 " 20, after appearing insert *derived*.
 " 197 " 203, for hast read *hadst*.
 " 202 " 389 " brass-check'd read *brass-check'd*.
 " 230 " 17 " which probably must read *what probably might*.
 " 239 " 59 " peferring read *preferring*.
 " 239 " 72 " Apeudes " *Apseudes*.
 " 239 " 78 " Mœa " *Mœra*.
 " 259 " 736 " borders " *border*.
 " 284 " 243 " will " *will*.
 " 343 " 124 " the " *thy*.
 " 348 " 295, before vengeance insert *thy*.
 " 418 " 39, for ships read *ship*.
 " 495 " 737, a period after *Myrmidons*.

